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Textual Criticism for the Preacher

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To the average preacher there is no more uninteresting or uninviting field of study than the textual criticism of the New Testament. Many do not even know the meaning of the phrase. It is not taught in all our theological seminaries. I once asked a graduate of one of the leading American theological schools if he had studied textual criticism in his course of training. He said that he had had it in homiletics. He betrayed such a blissful ignorance of the theme that I did not have the courage to disillusion him.

Some ministers still betray a certain amount of exasperation over the subject and hold a kind of grudge against Westcott and Hort who have robbed them of some of their favorite texts like John 5:4 with the story of the periodic visit of the angel to the pool of Bethesda, Acts 8:37 with the confession of the Eunuch, 1 John 5:7 and 8 with its clear statement of the doctrine of the Trinity. I well recall as a college student the irritation of various ministers, when in 1881 the Canterbury Revision appeared. It made a great sensation for one of the New York dailies printed it in full. The ministers, who objected, preferred the wonderful English of the Authorized Version, as many people of culture do still, including Prof. William Lyon Phelps of Yale University. But there were others more like the old preacher who said that the King James Version was good enough for the Apostle Paul and it was good enough for him.

Others objected to the new text that lay behind the Canterbury Revision (and the American Standard Version). They had come to feel that the *Textus Receptus*, the Greek text from which the Authorized Version was made, was the original text and they did not want to see it tampered with. They felt that some scholars were trying to rob them of parts of the New Testament. Drs. Burgon and Miller made a vigorous protest against the text of Westcott and Hort and so of the Revisers. The fight of Burgon and Miller was

made with great ability and earnestness and not without much learning. But it was a losing fight and it is now lost for good. At bottom Westcott and Hort are right. Hort never answered Burgon, not because he could not do so, but because he preferred for the facts that he had produced to speak for themselves. He knew that he could afford to wait and that the truth would win in the end.

It is not here claimed that the text of Westcott and Hort is correct at every point. After all, the text which they print is simply their opinion of the correct text in the light of all the evidence. But it is opinion regulated by a scientific view of all the data that has, in its main outline, stood the test of time.

The intelligent minister today cannot afford to remain in complete ignorance of this subject. If he does, he may find himself preaching from a text that some of the Sunday School teachers may know is not genuine. Or he may be unable to form an intelligent opinion on the point at issue and have to rely wholly upon the opinions of others. Few things are more dreary than pulpit quotations of scholars on any given point, whether *pro* or *con*.

It is impossible for the preacher to escape the issues of New Testament textual criticism. In Luke 2:14 shall he say "men of goodwill" or "goodwill among men"? In Matthew 6:13, shall he use the Doxology as a part of the text? In Matthew 6:4 and 6 shall he use the words "openly" or not? In John 7:8, did Jesus say "I go not up" or "I go not yet up"? In John 9:4, shall we read "We must work the works of him that sent me," "We must work the works of him that sent us," or "I must work the works of him that sent me"? In John 7:53-8:11 what shall we do about the story of the woman taken in adultery? Did Mark end his Gospel at 16:8 or not? In Romans 5:1, did Paul write, "We have peace," "Let us make peace," or "Let us keep on having peace"? In 1 Timothy 3:16, did Paul write "God manifest in the flesh," "Which was mani-

fest in the flesh," or "Who was manifest in the flesh"? Did Paul leave out "at Ephesus" in Ephesians 1:1? In John 1:18, did John write "Only begotten Son," or "Only begotten God"? These instances are sufficient to show how important the subject of textual criticism is to the minister.

It is a technical study, but it can be first approached from the popular side. Paterson Smyth's *How We Got Our Bible* is a fascinating little book and it will introduce one to the beginnings of the topic, as well as to the study of the canon, a different subject. Cobern's *New Archaeological Discoveries in Their Bearing on the New Testament* will also prepare one in a helpful way to later interest in the further study of the subject. If one has read thus far, he will certainly desire to go further. The simplest and clearest little handbook on the subject is that by Kirsopp Lake, now of Harvard University, called *The Text of the New Testament*, (108 pages). It is one of the Oxford Church Text Books and gives the gist of the matter in a way that the reader can understand, even without a teacher. But one who wishes to get a firm grasp on the theme will wish to do more.

There are other books that one can read like Souter's *The Text and Canon of the New Testament* (pages 1 to 145 on the Text, and it is done with great ability and judgment), Kenyon's *Handbook to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament* (pages 1 to 379, but up to 313 devoted to a full and accurate discussion of the material and history of textual criticism), Nestle's *Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament* (with many details of value about the manuscripts), and Gregory's *Canon and Text of the New Testament* (pages 297 to 539 on the Text and written in a lively and captivating style). Gregory's discussion is non-technical, though written by the modern master of the subject. What Gregory has here written will serve splendidly to whet one's appetite for the more technical discussions by Lake, Nestle, Souter and Kenyon. A popular manual is Schaff's *Companion to the Greek Testament and the English Versions*. I have, myself, written an *Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament*, a book that is designed as a text-book for class use. It will be ready for the market by the summer and is now on the press. I have taught the subject for a generation and have never taught anything that created more interest among the men of scholarly instincts and training. The men get a sense of satisfaction in learning how to deal with the sources of our knowledge concerning the text of the New Testament that is gratifying in the extreme.

I have given this list of modern books about the subject in the hope that many ministers who read this article may be stimulated to revive their knowledge if they ever knew

anything about it, and also with the desire to stir some up to take hold of it if they know nothing about it. Even if one does not become an expert in it, he will gain a sense of independence in reaching probable conclusions that will be satisfying.

Dr. John A. Broadus was exceedingly fond of teaching textual criticism. He used to say that it came nearer to being an exact science than anything else in New Testament study. One feels that his feet are striking solid rock. He is not simply up in the air of speculative theory.

There is also a splendid training in clear thinking in this study. One balances the various forms of evidence before he reaches a final conclusion. This mental process calls for insight, weighing evidence, delicate balancing of probabilities, clear grasp of all the data, honesty in deciding. These qualities are not confined, to be sure, to this study, but they are so demanded by it that one gains a fine intellectual drill in the exercise of them.

I am well aware of the fact that most ministers are busy men and many of them find it difficult to get time for the necessary sermon preparation. But it will pay any preacher to cut short some of his light reading and add to his intellectual pabulum by a stiff brush, now and then, with the text of the New Testament.

To be sure, one will need the two volumes of Tischendorf's *Novum Testamentum Graece* (eighth edition) if he wishes to have the best apparatus for his work. These two volumes are indispensable for one to be able to have the full information before him on any passage. Many of the critical commentaries give some of the important readings in the leading manuscripts, but they do not undertake to give them all.

It was the task of Dr. Casper René Gregory to produce a new edition of Tischendorf brought fully up to date with all the new manuscripts added to the information that Tischendorf had. He was ready to begin writing after a life-time of preparation. Then the Great War came. Dr. Gregory was seventy years old, but, though an American by birth, of Huguenot ancestry, he left his home in Leipzig and went to the front for Germany and was killed. His death was one of the real tragedies of the war. He wrote a number of books, but not the book for which he had toiled.

But some younger man will, doubtless, begin to get ready for Gregory's unfinished task. Interest in the subject cannot be allowed to die out because Gregory was killed. The subject is too vital for all who love Christ and also love the New Testament for no further progress to be made in it.

I have already observed that Caspar René Gregory was an American by birth, though he spent most of his life in Germany as Pro-

fessor of New Testament Textual Criticism in the University of Leipzig. He married the daughter of Dr. J. H. Thayer, of Harvard University, author of Thayer's *Greek-English Lexicon of the New Testament*. He became the best equipped man in the world on his specialty and allowed his love for his adopted country to carry him to the battlefield and to his death, a tragedy of patriotism and scholarship. A generation of New Testament students must now suffer for his recklessness and daring.

But Gregory is by no means the only American who has rendered good service to the cause of New Testament Textual Criticism. Dr. Philip Schaff was a contribution of Germany to American Scholarship. He was connected with the Union Theological Seminary of New York during his later years, though he came over to the German Reformed Theological Seminary of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He was Chairman of the American Revision Committee and did invaluable service on it. His Chair was Church History, but he was a man of great learning as is shown in his *Companion to the Greek Testament and English Versions* (1883. Third Edition 1889). He did much to create interest in textual criticism in this country.

Dr. Ezra Abbott of Harvard University was a man of large scholarship and much enthusiasm concerning New Testament textual criticism. His *Notes on Scrivener's Plain Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament* edited by Dr. J. H. Thayer is valuable for the careful correction of the data in Scrivener's work. Schaff says: "In the department of Textual Criticism and microscopic accuracy, this modest and conscientious scholar is *facile princeps* in America, with scarcely a superior in Europe." (*Companion*, &c., pp. V and VI).

Dr. B. B. Warfield held the Chair of New Testament Interpretation in the Western Theological Seminary at Pittsburgh before he went

to Princeton for the Chair of Systematic Theology. While at Pittsburgh, he wrote his excellent *Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament* (1886). Had he continued in New Testament work, he would certainly have done much more in this important field.

Among present workers in New Testament textual criticism, America can boast of Dr. E. J. Goodspeed of the University of Chicago, who has published a series of studies in texts: *The Newberry Gospels*, 1902; *The Toronto Gospels*, 1911; *The Freer Gospels*, 1914; *The Bixby Gospels*, 1915; *The Harvard Gospels*, 1918; *The Haskell Gospels*, 1918. Dr. Goodspeed has also produced a brilliant American Translation of the New Testament (1923).

Dr. H. A. Sanders of the University of Michigan has edited *The Washington Manuscript of the Four Gospels* (the Freer Gospels of Goodspeed above) in Part I and with photographic fac-simile in Part II.

This remarkable manuscript of the fourth or fifth century A. D. is now in Washington as the gift of Mr. C. L. Freer of Detroit, who bought it in Egypt. It is an occasion of national pride that this document is in this country.

Harvard has always been a center of interest in the text of the New Testament. That was pre-eminently true in the case of Ezra Abbot and then of J. H. Thayer. It is true now of Dr. James Hardy Roper as seen in his recent article, "Three Papers on the Text of Acts" (copied from Harvard Theological Review for April, 1923). It is true also of Dr. Kirsopp Lake, now of Harvard, whose *Text of the New Testament* has already been mentioned.

It is hoped that enough has been written to create some interest in this fascinating subject among some who read this article. No one who takes hold of this study will regret the time that it takes.

The Mission of the Church in an Industrial Age

First Article

REV. JOHN McDOWELL, D. D., New York, N. Y.

To understand the mission of the Church at any given time we must know the time itself, and we must know also the Church, what it is and what it is for.

No argument will be needed to prove that we are living in an industrial age. Our entire life is colored by the demands of industrialism. That industrialism dictates in education is seen in the ever increasing demand for a so-called practical education; that it commands in legislation is shown in the rapidly increasing number of bills introduced in our law-making bodies asking for "industrial legislation"; that it demands recognition in the

church is apparent from the establishment of a so-called "Labor Sunday," and from the fact that every denomination has either a commission or a committee on the relation of the church to industry. In fact, so far-reaching is the influence of modern industry that it may be said with truth that the fundamental institutions of human society, namely, the home, the school, the state and the Church are threatened with a complete transformation which will change their character and thus impair their influence. If the Church is to be a vital factor in modern life it must dominate industrialism—it must make clear the fact

that it has a mission in an industrial age—and, further, it must prosecute that mission with untiring energy and unflinching earnestness.

What then is the mission of the Church in an industrial age? Before we can define the mission of the Church we must know what the Church is. What is the Church? There are almost as many definitions of the Church today as there are men, for everybody claims the right to define the Church. So we have the theologian, defining it in terms of doctrine, the moralists in terms of ethics; the churchman in terms of ritual; the Romanist in terms of government; the reformer in terms of sociology. No doubt there is some truth in each of these definitions, but no one of them or all combined give us a full-orbed definition of the Church. By the Church we mean the Christian Church, and for information regarding the nature and mission of the Christian Church we must go to the New Testament. There is no other authority. All other books speak with authority on the Christian Church only in so far as they are in harmony with the teaching of the New Testament. What then, is the New Testament definition of the Church? According to the Apostle Paul, the Christian Church is the "Body of Christ." Several times he thus defines it. In Paul's mind the Church was more than a mere aggregation of individuals or a formal organization of societies. The apostle always thought of the Church as "The Body of Christ"—not merely a body of doctrine, or a body of ritual, or a body of government. To Paul the Church was the body of Christ. It was not a mechanism but an organism. An organism in which Christ is the animating spirit and the vital life, an organism which stands today in the same relation to Christ as his own body stood to him in the days when he was here in the flesh. According to the New Testament the church is not a human institution. It is divine—divine in its foundations, in its purpose, and divine in its power. The Church belongs to Christ, not to man or any class of men. He purchased it. Paul says, "with his own blood." Men forget this fact in these days and frequently speak of the Church as though they owned it and could do as they pleased with it. The Christian Church is not a body of either priests, or preachers, employers or employees, capitalists or laborers. It is the Body of Christ, the channel through which he continues his spirit in the world, and the instrument through which he carries on his work among men.

What, then, is the mission of the Christian Church as the Body of Christ to an industrial age?

The mission of the Church is to fill industry with the spirit of Christ. The real issue in the industrial world today is one of spirit rather than of system. Shall industry be commercialized or Christianized? This is the most

important question confronting the Church today. The future character of civilization, as well as the future influence of the Church is involved in it. What does it mean to fill industry with the spirit of Christ? It means three things: First, it means the displacement of commercial service by Christian service. Commercial service is governed by the law of supply and demand. Christian service is governed by the Golden Rule. Commercial service aims to meet a demand. Christian service aims to meet a need. The usual object of commercial service is gain. The object of Christian service is usefulness. Second, it means displacing self-interest by social service. Fill industry with the spirit of Christ, which is the spirit of sacrifice and self-denial, and no sphere of human life will afford such splendid opportunities for heroic service. Strikes will cease, lockouts will be unknown, peace will reign in the hearts and homes of employers and employees. Third, it means the displacing of law with love. Law cannot command the best service of men. Christian service and sacrifice are love in action. History shows clearly the inability of law or force to make employers and employees work together for good. This end can only be attained in an atmosphere where love reigns. The Church should seek at first to make the spirit of Christ, which is the spirit of service, sacrifice and love, reign in the industrial world.

Second: The mission of the Church is to teach industry the mind of Christ concerning the industrial and social problems of the day. The Church should declare that Jesus Christ is the final authority over all human life in its social as well as its individual aspects; that righteousness and justice can be realized in the complex conditions of human life only through the application to all human affairs of the principles of the kingdom of God as taught by Jesus Christ. And, furthermore, the Christian Church is under imperative obligation to show how these Christian principles apply to industry and to all human activities. We believe that this teaching ought to be given by the Church definitely in relation to present practical conditions. Indeed, the time has come when the Christian Church everywhere must speak its mind concerning particular problems now threatening society if it is to hold its place of leadership as a spiritual teacher and guide.

Third: The mission of the Church is to inspire industry to do the work of Christ. The work of Christ is primarily the work of saving men, saving them physically, mentally, morally and spiritually.

When industry is Christianized it will be the largest evangelistic agency in the world. Why should not the saving of man be the object of industrialism rather than the saving of money? Why should not the saving of life rather than destroying life be the dominant

motive in the commercial life of the day? It will be when John's vision is realized of the times when the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our Lord. The kingdom of industry will then be an agency for bringing the world to Christ and for putting Christ into the world.

What Our Young People Think of Their Mothers and Fathers

Message for Mother's Day in May

REV. HENRY H. BARSTOW, D. D., Auburn, N. Y.

What mothers and fathers think of their young people is given full opportunity for expression in every home and in endless discussions in the public press. In a special way the subject has been made emphatic of late in the unusual amount of material evoked by popular interest in the "flapper" and her flaunting and funny mannerisms. Her vogue, however, is pretty well outworn. We are no longer permitting ourselves to feel that society is in special peril on account of her. Bobbed hair has become pretty well standardized. Even jazz has ceased to afford matter of sensational interest for the minister's Sunday evening sermon. We cannot quite bring ourselves to accept the cigarette as a mark of advancing womanhood, and yet we are forced to admit that if it wrong for the girl it is also wrong for the boy or the man.

On all these matters, and many others, parents, preachers, teachers, editors and numberless other adult wisdom vendors have had their say without stint. Surely the young people should be admitted to court to express their opinion of their alleged superiors. The writer, feeling the force of this contention, arranged a series of Sunday evening services last January on the general theme, "As Others See Us and as Christ Sees Us." There were four services used, with the following sub-topics: "What Five Christian Young Women Think of the Modern Young Man"; "What Five Christian Young Men Think of the Modern Young Woman"; "What Five Christian Parents Think of the Modern Young People"; "What Five Christian Young People Think of the Modern Parent."

The material was supplied by carefully selected representatives of the groups mentioned. Not one failed to have the material in on time. In every case the subject was handled in a serious and thoughtful manner. There was not a note of flippancy or sarcasm. The point of view and the object was mutual helpfulness, and the universal testimony was that the object was accomplished.

The letters were handled in the pulpit anonymously, and simply as illustrative material in a real sermon. "Friendship" was

In filling industry with the spirit of Christ, in teaching industry the mind of Christ, and inspiring industry to do the work of Christ, the Christian Church of the twentieth century will find its largest opportunity and its greatest glory.

the real underlying theme. In each case effort was made to bring the light of the mind of Christ upon the subject discussed. There is no lack of material in that line. The series created widespread interest among young people and old as well, and large congregations gave earnest attention and appreciative comment.

The last topic is the one that especially concerns this article. Space limitations of *The Expositor* prevent complete quotation. A brief review reveals a sympathetic and thoughtfully discriminating judgment. They are fair, open-minded, and appreciative; but they also put their fingers on some vital deficiencies.

Regarding the confidence which the average young person has in his or her parents' opinions, one writer says: "As sacred as is that devotion to their parents, there is one thing still more sacred and that is the respect for what they believe to be right. Troubled or weakened relations between the parents and children nearly always come when the young man or woman realizes his ability to make his own way and begins to build upon this trust in himself."

"When any young man comes to his parents for advice and they insist that their standards are right because of their experience, making the young man either distrust himself or disappoint his parents, he will disappoint those he loves. I am glad that God has made honest regard for our opinions even stronger than appeals of love."

Another letter says regarding the attitude of the modern parents to their children: "There are some parents who are so busy with their own affairs, that they have no time to be interested in their own children or do they desire to understand them."

"We all have ideals and parents should see to it that their young people have high ideals founded on Jesus Christ. And what is most essential is that the parents should live those ideals in their daily life. Saying one thing to one's child and then doing just the opposite oneself is a very poor policy."

Congratulating the modern parents on

treating their children like human beings, another writer says, "The modern parents make the home more interesting and sociable. This is shown in the fact that we are allowed to entertain our friends in the home. We also feel we are allowed to bring them in at any time without first having raised the shades in the parlor, aired out the musty smell and spending the day before polishing silver. The parents also join in the fun and seem to enjoy it."

Speaking of exceptions, this writer further states: "There are some parents who do not like their neighbor's children to come into the house because they perhaps move a chair an inch out of place or some other little thing that amounts to just about as much. In the meantime their own are into things that would horrify them if they only knew it. They forget that they were young once or else they never learned how to live and enjoy life as it was meant that we should."

Another writer pins laurels to the modern parents and says: "The parents of today are all right and we young people are certainly lucky to have the kind of parents that we do. In the days when they were young, their fathers and mothers were the rulers of the family. What they said was law and to disobey that law was sin. But we must think of the many changes that have come since those days—of the improvement in education and environment. Today we are taught to depend upon ourselves and are given a large choice of vocation which they didn't have, thus making them dependent on their elders to choose for them."

"But today the parents are companions; they are the pupil as well as the teacher. They join in our pleasures and sympathize in our troubles, trying to see the same side of things that we do. I think that that is one reason why the mothers and fathers are so much younger at 40 or 50 than they used to be."

Regarding the old fashioned parent one writer states: "The so-called 'modern' parents wonder at the young people for seeking outside interests but have so many themselves, they are seldom home. In fact the place where they live is no home. But the old fashioned parents who keep open house for their children at any and all times will not have to worry over their young people's friends. They know their young folks are not going away from home to meet people they shouldn't. Modern parents are too lax in discipline and when they do say 'don't' they give no reason for their disapproval. Young people do not want to be treated as children so are apt to do wrong things in order to investigate. The parents do not consider them responsible and do not give them the chance to develop initiative."

The bearing of this material on the use of "Mother's Day" by ministers and churches is quite evident. We have been accustomed to

make the day one of unstinted glorification of our mothers. The propriety of this is difficult to question and more difficult to modify. The day offers a great opportunity for the sentimentally inclined to indulge in a luscious riot of lachrymal distillation. That sort of thing offers no real honor to our mothers and befuddles the real purpose of the day. As thus used it should be called "Grandmother's Day," for it is applied mainly to the mythical mothers of a previous generation. They do not specially need our adulations and certainly should not be misrepresented for their super-excellence or otherwise.

The real target of "Mother's Day" should be the mothers who sit before the pulpit with their up-to-date problems, their all-too-well-realized deficiencies, their honest longing for guidance and help in dealing with the tough and sometimes tragic situations in their own homes. Some of them who are utterly unawake to what the deeper issues of motherhood are need a severe jolt. The flappers on the pathways of youth are certainly no more open to reproof than the Mah Jong maniacs of the adult social set. The Chinese had the sense to unbind the feet of their women in the light of advancing knowledge. Are our women in danger of entangling their senses in this latest imported Oriental futility? Probably not longer than until some other like bewitching kick for jaded self-indulgence displaces it.

I am not pleading for abatement on the fullest appreciation of the place and power of motherhood. I am suggesting that the church and the ministry cannot afford to fail in giving to the motherhood right now in its ranks the message of the Lord of Mary and Martha, the woman of Samaria, and the widow of Nain. In giving that message we may with the clearest justice get the point of view of our young people, who are being most directly affected by present day mothers and fathers, and who as the letters quoted above show have some mightily worth while opinions on the subject.

One special point appeals to me as worthy of emphasis. The letters stress it strongly. It is the relation of friendship between parents and children: friendship in its fundamental sense of companionableness utilized for mutual good. Mothers and sons especially miss out at this point. The average boy up until he is about twelve is mother's boy and gladly admits it. After that he tends more to follow his father. The mother dimly senses the difference but often does not understand it. Her worst reaction to it is irritation and effort to insist on maintaining the old relationship. That simply widens the breach and increases the difficulty. There is only one way in which mother can keep the respect as well as the love of the teen-age son. She must learn to understand base ball, basket ball, foot ball, boating,

swimming, hunting, gang life, etc.; in a word must overcome the woman's natural indifference and sometimes aversion to these things and prove that she is that supreme thing in a boy's gallery of ideals—a good sport. The subject is capable of endless enlargement and application but most ministers with any instinct for young people's work will see the point and know how to impress it upon the anxious mothers of budding men and women in their charge. Some writer with the correct idea has put it in the following verses:

"We read about the mothers of the days of long ago,

With their gentle, wrinkled faces and their hair as white as snow;
They were "middle-aged" at forty, and at fifty donned lace caps,
And at sixty clung to shoulder shawls and loved their little naps.

"But I love the modern mother who can share in all the joys,
And who understands the problems of her earnest-hearted boys;
She may boast that she is sixty, but her heart is twenty-three,—
My glorious, bright-eyed mother who is keeping young with me!"

Putting the Punch Into Publicity

REV. WILLIAM L. STIDGER, D. D., Detroit, Mich.

"What is your idea of two or three fundamental laws for church publicity?" I asked a certain Bruce Barton, son of a preacher, himself alert to the interests of the church, and a real, live prophet of the magazine and advertising world.

"First, that you advertise your Master and your Church and your Gospel before you advertise yourself. Second, that you deliver the goods when you advertise, for that is also a fundamental law of publicity in the business world."

"What do you consider the fundamental law of church publicity?" I asked Dr. Christian Reisner, the pioneer authority on such matters in the great church world.

And he also said like unto the expert advertising man in the business world, that you must advertise your church and not yourself, and that you must "deliver the goods," with the additional statement, "The quickest way to kill a poor breakfast-food is to advertise it. So it is with a church or a preacher. The quickest way to kill a church attendance or service is to advertise it for something that it does not turn out to be, and get a big crowd there. They will not come back!"

There are several fundamental advertising appeals which will always win people. May I call them "Advertising Focuses?" I call them that because I have the idea that an "ad" written for a church must focus the attention of the readers of the "ad;" and, in turn, the "ad" must focus the interest of the readers on the church and the service that it sets forth. In fewer words it must focus!

The Seasonal Focus

One of the strongest focuses that I have ever used is the Seasonal Focus. People think in terms of seasons and weather continuously. I doubt if there is any one thing that people gossip about and discuss more generally and more continuously than the weather or the season. It is true the world over. I have heard it said in the Philippines, "It has never been

this rainy before," and on the island of Borneo, "This weather is unusual," and in California, "Usually we don't have have this much frost," and in New England, "This is the most severe winter we have had in years."

Stores, theaters and other business concerns use this Seasonal Focus in their appeal to the public. Why not the church? Is it New Year's? Why not use the idea in your advertising. Is it hot weather? Why not use the appeal in your "ad" this week? Why not make your church cool in some of the many ways that it can be made cool and then focus that interest?

I illustrate with an "ad" that I used at one time in mid-summer:

**"Cool as a Cave
THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH
Invites You!
FEATURES:**

A
Illustrated Preliminary Sermon with pictures for ten minutes:

YOSEMITE—GOD'S DREAM COME TRUE!

B
Sermon in the Morning:
"THE COOLING RIVERS OF THE BIBLE"

C
Sermon in the Evening:
"THE SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS OF THE BOOK"

Corner Fifth and Santa Clara
"The Church with the Cross, the Chimes and the Crowds!"

The same appeal may be made in the winter time of a church that is as "Warm as Toast," or the church that is "Well Ventilated and Clean," or the church that is "Always Cleaner and Better Ventilated Than any Theater in Town." At least we can do that, for even if we are in a little town we can boast that our churches are better ventilated, cleaner, more sanitary than the picture houses, and in these days of scientific knowledge of the spread

of diseases this focus has a most powerful unconscious appeal.

The Fight Focus

Everybody likes a fight, whether it be a verbal battle or a fist fight or a tournament or a football game. Everybody is interested in the ring of a challenge. The battle between the church and the theater is a world-old battle. The battle between right and wrong is age-old. I have never been in any town or city that early in my ministry I did not issue a challenge to the theaters in the town that I could put up a better, a stronger, and a more helpful program than any of them; and that I could get a bigger crowd.

The Focus of Expectation

By this focus in your "ad," I mean the focus of expecting things to happen and of putting it into your "ad." If you don't expect a crowd yourself you can't focus the idea of the readers of your "ad" to that thought. I slip into my "ad" such phrases as: **Our crowd started to come last Sunday an hour and a half before time for the service!** Or a phrase like this: **"We promise no good seats after seven!"** Or this may suggest that they had better get there early and avoid the rush: **"Our best seats are gone by seven!"**

These suggestive lines may be put at the bottom of an "ad" as a "P. S." and they will have a powerful effect in suggesting success in the minds of those who read them. It soon gets noised abroad that folks are coming to a certain church and lining up for seats.

The Focus of Light and Color

Color, light, music, motion, gossip, have a powerful appeal I have found by practical experience in writing "ads" that have a punch in them to get folks to church. In the following type of an "ad" I have the focus of light in the word "ILLUMINATION," the focus of singing in the phrase, "The Big Sing," the focus of the idea of a story in the phrase 'Tito' of 'Romola.'

Following is the "ad" without display: **ILLUMINATION!** of Beautiful "Resurrection" Window for the First Time To-night. Strange Light Effects on Beautiful thirty-foot art glass window with tomb, white angels, and three crosses showing in the distance. Other lights in church off at this time; beautiful music; silence. You will remember this scene forever.

BIG SING AT 7 O'CLOCK. STORY SERMON ON 'TITO' OF 'ROMOLA.' Come early, for the Church is already crowded, even at ordinary services. "Follow the Light of the Revolving Cross" to Corner of Fifth and Santa Clara.

The Group Focus

One may always focus with great power in a group psychology. A Mason is always interested in an "ad" that starts off:

"MASONS! IT IS YOUR NIGHT AT THE ST. MARK'S CHURCH."

Special nights for "POLICEMEN," for "ODD FELLOWS," for "LAWYERS," for "TEACHERS," for "BOY SCOUTS" and "SOLDIERS" with that single word at the top of the "ad" will focus that group's attention to your copy.

The Focus of Musical Interest

Most people are interested in music. Focus this interest for the Kingdom of God, whether you are the Pastor of a church in a rural community or in a small town or a city. It works everywhere. That interest is universal.

The Professional Focus

One may use the professional psychology. I once had a service for Prize Fighters, Barkeepers and Gamblers and invited them especially. It shocked the community a bit but I answered their criticisms by inquiring what Jesus came to do, to save that which was already saved or to "save them who were lost." I took as my sermon John Masefield's "The Everlasting Mercy." I had a gang of ring men present and they were much impressed by the story of the conversion of Saul Kane. Once when I was arrested for speeding I advertised that I was going to preach on "What I Thought of the Traffic Department of the City." I had a half dozen of the police there and as a result of that service made a life long friendship with one of the best known policemen in America.

The Racial Focus

In a country like ours, which has for its population in Eastern cities ninety per cent foreign folks, the racial focus is strong. We are all interested in the racial questions. Use that interest to focus attention to your "ad."

The Magdalene Focus

Every human being is interested in the Magdalene, whether it be the one that Christ so beautifully forgave or the "Modern Magdalene." Every theater focuses in this interest, only it caters to the lowest part of that interest, while we, the church, have a glorious right to focus on the uplift part of that natural human interest in the fallen woman. Any "ad" that has the word "Magdalene" or "Outcast Woman" or "Scarlet Letter" will get attention.

The News Interest Focus

The preacher who has gumption enough to focus his sermon and his "ad" copy on some vital news-interest will win attention. Once I used this phrase at the head of my "ad" during the "Flu" scare:

"FLU! FEAR KILLS MORE FOLKS THAN THE FLU!"

It wins instant attention. I have proved it time and time again.

Focus on Public Men

If in any way you can use in your "ad" the interest that all people have in public men, in already well-advertised men, it is a good focus and will attract attention.

These advertising ideas follow great fundamental laws of human psychology and they never fail. The secret of the successful advertiser in business or for the church is that of segregating these great human interests and then appealing to them directly. Many more might be mentioned, such as the focus of "Home" and "Children," the focus of "Romance," the focus of "The Dramatic," the focus of "Love" and others.

And the beautiful and helpful part about this type of advertising is that it works as well in a rural community, in the small town, in the county paper that comes out but once a week, as it does in the city. In fact, it will work better.

I'll wager that the country preacher who will insert an "ad" in display in the county paper will start something in his community and that something will not all be criticism. It will be downright interest. I have an idea that it would be easier to get attention, easier to get a crowd ad easier to get results by advertising with a punch in a country church or a small town church than it is in a city where church advertising is not so rare.

Drama Sermon: "Welcome Home"

The Modern Prodigal—Breaking Home Ties—The Far City—Two Years

(Suitable for Mother's Day)

REV. A. J. ARCHIBALD, Nashua, New Hampshire

(Any pastor is free to use much or little of what is here given; but it is doubtful if he can make much success with any sermon but one of his own preparation. Such sermons should be delivered without manuscript, or with very little by way of notes. The man who writes his own sermon will not find the delivery difficult. Committing another man's sermon is difficult. It is well if you can to publish the outline of the drama sermon in the church calendar or on a slip. This will enable the listeners to follow without much explanation. But if the preacher feels that such explanations are necessary it is no more awkward to make them than it is for a reader or elocutionist to say: "I will now read 'The Chariot Race from Ben Hur.'" These sermons are published not so much for use by others as to prove suggestive to them. This drama, "Welcome Home," proved as effective an evangelistic message as the writer ever delivered.—A. J. A.)

PART I—LEAVING HOME

(In this part the preacher must impersonate both father and son. No special garments or equipment necessary. Have pulpit removed and a few chairs on platform.)

Son. Father, I hate to tell you, but I am going to leave home. Oh! I knew it would hurt you; but I cannot help it, I have just got to leave. There is a world out there that I have not explored. I have been talking to the fellows and they tell me that I am a fool not to see things for myself, there is so much to see. In fact, when I talk to them I feel like a veritable ignoramus. I am an "innocent." I feel the tug of the world and I must go. There are great big cities with millions of gay and happy people and such opportunities to

learn something and to have a good time. They say that you can often get hold of more there in a day than you can in a small place like this in a life-time. You have chance. That is what I want, one grand, big chance for fun and wealth.

Father. I have not been unhappy here, neither have I failed to acquire.

Son. I thought you would say that. You have done well and made a good living, but think how you have toiled and moiled for it. Out there in the great world you might have made twice as much by the flip of a coin or a turn in the market. Even you might have bettered yourself. . . . Well that was not very respectful. Forget it, Pater! I am intoxicated with excitement at the thought of going. I can feel myself on the road, going some where at last.

Father. We have done our best for you here to make you happy and prosperous.

Son. Yes, I know that you have been good to me. There is not one thing that I can think of that you have not done to make me happy, but the trouble is that the opportunities for the larger and richer and more glorious good times are not here at all. I am not going because of anything that you have done or not done, but because the chances out there are immense. I have something within me that swells to the occasion. I know that I can make good in such an atmosphere. I have body and brain to match the best of them and why linger in obscurity? I do not want you to think that I do not appreciate all your love and care. I do, father. I have a big bump of gratitude. But there. . . I have talked enough. I think that you understand, that having heard of the life out there I can never be content till I am away to see.

Father. If you are determined to go I will not compel you to linger. But I warn you, my son, there is no place like the father's house.

Son. In my heart of hearts I know that is true. But in spite of it, I must go. You have done pretty well, father, for one who has lived quietly. If I stayed at home with you, you would give me my full share some day, and now that I have decided to go would it be too much to ask that you give me my portion now? Of course, I have an idea that I could make good anyhow, but it would give me so much more confidence to have some capital, and I will get on a whole lot faster. It really makes little difference to you as to just when you give me my share. Will you give me mine now, father?

Father. I see no reason why you may not have it now.

Son. You will! Father, that is mighty generous of you. I will not forget this, never! When I have made my pile up there I will send you back a car load of coin just to prove that a son does not forget a father who has been fair. Father, would you just as soon give me my share in money? Give my brother John the farm and stock and implements. Give me the cash. I want to travel. The goods suit him just as well; he is a home bird. But me, I want portable wealth. Me, for the road! Thanks, father, for all your goodness to me. I am going to appreciate it as long as I live. Well, I must hurry. I have so many to tell, and some keepsakes that I want to give away now, and a few to take with me. You will have the money ready in the morning, father. I'll get away as early as I can. Good-bye for now, father. I'll not forget this. It is wonderful of you.

(At this point son is supposed to go out and the preacher impersonating father sits down in arm-chair and communes with himself as follows.)

Father. Why must our children be so blind? Why must their tender hands be pressed into the glowing flames before they will fear the fire? Why must boys be determined to learn it all for themselves? My experiences and hard-won knowledge of the outside world, he sneers at all that. He is of a newer and better breed and more sure of conquest than I could have been. Why will boys never be convinced that happiness does not depend on outside things, either in city or country, but upon heart treasures? My poor boy, going out with head so high and so self confident and they are ambuscading him right now; hiding behind hedges and in gilded palaces ready to rob him of his money. If that were all! But they will rob him of his innocence, and of his faith in men and leave my lad a hard-faced cynic. And yet, what can I do? I cannot go with him. He wants freedom. I will not force him to remain at home lest he should

say that I had robbed him of the springtime of life. I have done my best to teach and guide, and now he must sink or swim. If he makes good! Ah, that would be happiness indeed. If he goes under, alas, my heart aches at the thought. Yet many sons as good as mine have failed. And how shall I endure the agony of waiting? But I must do as I have promised him. I must hurry and collect his treasure so that he may have a fair start. He is not going to fail because I sent him forth penniless.

PART II—IN THE FAR CITY

(Here the son does all the talking, partly to his friend Harry, and partly to himself. Preacher can sit part of the time.)

Good morning, Harry. How goes it? I am not quite up to snuff. Head feels queer, but we had one evening of it, let me assure you my boy. I owe it mostly to you. You knew just where to go. You are surely a wise guy. Harry, where were you brought up, to have learned all these things? . . . Brought up in the country, eh! well then there is hope for me yet. Yes, it was one pretty night we had. Cost me a pretty penny, but worth it. Those eats! Oysters and canvas-backs, I can taste them now; and those drinks, and the company! And the ladies! Eat, I thought they would never get enough, and when the waiter brought me the bill he was doubled up under the weight of it. I never batted an eye. I am dad's boy and have his looks and his money, and hope that both will last for a while yet.

I like that little game we played. What do you call it? You get a hand dealt you, then you throw away some and take some others, then you bluff. I never saw it before, naturally I lost quite a bit last night. A child must walk before he can run. But I have lots of nerve and a good face to hide behind. I will make a real player. Just wait! Some of these days I will trim that whole gang. I was watching them grin as they swept in my coin. They thought they had me wiped out. Not yet! Not by a good big pile that I have salted away for emergency. I will get all that I lost back again, and take away their last farthing.

What will we do today, Harry? You do not know of any way that I could make a bit of money without working too hard over it? Something that I could do in the forenoon, so as to leave the afternoon and evening open for pleasure. You could not make me wise to something like that, could you? I have capital, and ought to find an easier way to a good living than a mere pauper. I had a note from father last night. He seems pleased that I am liking the city, but keeps harping on work. Wants me to get a job. If he had his way he would have me tied down to some machine or office chair for nine or ten hours every day.

But, oh! boy! not for me! No! No! I could have done that back home and saved all my shoeleather traveling.

Harry, you have been talking to me about your philosophy of life and it suits me. Remember what you said about Production? You said that nothing comes without work but that in the ages there have been millions and billions of workers and a big lot has already been produced. It has been just piled up. Now we can join in with the drudges and produce a little more, or, we can invent ways of grabbing what has already been produced. I'd rather do that. Seems to bring quicker results. Producing is slow work. Grabbing can often be done quickly.

Say, Harry, people seem mighty eager for coal just now. I wonder if I might not be able to buy a great big heap of it somewhere. Of course I would not touch the dirty stuff. Just hold it till the need became desperate. Then sell it in the heap and double my money. That is a real idea. I must make a note of that before it slips my mind.

Then I have not started on the market yet. That is a game for a young blood who can take a chance and has a steady nerve. Buy quickly, sell at a small profit and keep her turning over. Get action! That is the way these big fellows make money. They work! Not much! They buy stuff on the way up and sell on the seventeenth floor. Or they sell stuff on the way down and pick it up and deliver it in the basement. Which ever way the market was going they profited. I must get into something like that. What is the use of my money if I do not make more? Sometimes I have thought that I ought to buy some business, a factory or store or something. But you know yourself, Harry, that such things are a constant drag and burden. Youth demands freedom. No sir! I would rather lose what I have in one grand free running campaign than to turn my gay young self into a common drudge.

Of course if I live carefully I can get along for a good while without work. But it is hard to live carefully. When you get in with a bunch they expect you to treat. There are the shows and they all want to go. And after the show they are all hungry and they seem to think that there is no end to my funds. I see that I am the goat and that they are all riding me. But then I will soon be in the moneymaking game, and a few dollars more or less will not matter. What! Going Harry? Well be around right after dinner and we will go out for a good time. Same place as last night? Suits me.

(Son alone.)

I suppose father is worrying himself sick about me. I wish I had something definite to write him. I cannot tell him about those fellows and those girls. They are not just the kind that he is fond of. He would simply

die. If I told him of my moneymaking plans that would suit him no better. And yet I ought to write. (Drawing letter from pocket.) I suppose that this note that I scribbled last night is as good as I can do.

Far City, U. S. A.

Nov. 20, 1920.

Dear Dad:

Do not worry over me, I am well and happy. I see new prospects every day but have not closed with anything definite yet. My best wishes to all at home.

Your loving son,
William.

That ought to cheer him up. Does not tell him anything that will worry him. Does tell that his boy is happy, yet cautious. I really must go very carefully from now on. They think that I do not notice how I am being bled by this crowd of bums. I see it all right, and I will stand for it till I get around a bit. But not too long, William, my son, or you will be piled up on the rocks!

When I look into the mirror and see my face and my hair and my general appearance I say to myself: "Well, your parents gave you a good start as to looks and I have strength and money I really ought to make good. I know well what father would say. He would say, "If your strength and looks and money were supplemented by honest toil all would be well." But that is just what I am not going to do. Toil, and get round shouldered, and wrinkled, and hard handed, and miss everything!

Sometimes I cannot but remember that he used to talk about helping others and making the world better. That stuff used to get under my skin. I can remember promising that if I became a man I would do my part to make things right. But now I will let some other fellow do it. There are a lot of people born to right other people's wrongs. Not me! Perhaps when I am older and have made good, in a large way, I will look about and ask, What can I do to be an uplifter and an on-pusher? But not now. Today, what can I do to have a good time and to make a little money? These are my problems.

Well I must have a Turkish bath, and a haircut, and a shave, and a violet ray massage, and a shampoo, and be ready for the evening's fun. This is surely a different life from anything that they have back home. Harry says it is *The Life*. He ought to know, he has been here longer than I. I must hurry.

PART III—THE OUTCAST

(Prodigal does all the talking. Time, two years after part II.)

I've about come to the end of my rope and I thought I was clever. Now look at me. I am not looking into the mirror now. I am ashamed of the face that would look back at me. It is lined and not with years. It is

seamed with excesses and sin. Great God, my own father if I met him right now would not recognize me. Who would think that two short years could treat me this way; and these clothes! All those years while at home I never once saw garments on servant or straggler one half as dirty and ragged as these. Not once, and these form the sole wardrobe of my own father's son.

And my purse, purse! What is a purse? Oh, yes, mine was so heavy. Gold, real gold; I can hear the coins clink as I started out, and besides I had a bill of exchange. He treated me right. I went forth with my full share. Half of it was devoured by boys and girls who loved me as long as it lasted, then threw me out as a squeezed orange. When I tried coal, summer came suddenly and it was not marketable; and every stock I bought went down, and every share I sold went up. The more I played at games of chance the worse I got, until at last the morning came when I bet my last coin on the toss of the dice and lost. Broke! But I said to myself, Now I will take my father's advice and go to work. I will soon get a good job. I went from business house to business house, but those years must have left some fearful marks upon me, for employers would just look me over and turn away. So I said I must get out of the city, and out I came and went from town to town and when they asked me what I could do and what trade I knew, and I explained that I could learn anything, they smiled and waved me on. I was sleeping under hedges. I was eating stolen fruit and begging by the way and my face and garments showed the marks of such a life. I was shooed from village and city as a common tramp. I, my father's son, a hundred times was ordered to move on or be arrested. I have kept moving, and now at last I have a job. A job! Yes, I would rather have it than take to the road again. It is true that there is no job quite so low. Tending hogs! Watching swine! Lugging them food. Helping them butcher. And my food, if you call it that, well I am alive, there must be some nutriment in it. But when I think of how I ate and fed the gang that first year I left home, and how I starve now, it is a facer. And the thought has just come to me, while I am sitting here dirty and ragged and starving—over there at home, five hundred miles away, they are blowing the horn for the evening meal, and I can see them trooping in. Father sits down at the head of the board, my brother John next to him, then the steward and all the other helpers down the line. The table is groa'ing 'neath the weight of the food. There are no oysters on the half shell, and no city wines. But there are heaps of well cooked wholesome food, tasty and clean, and I turned my back on it! It was not good enough for me; but my mouth waters right now. O father! I can still hear you say, "William

have another slice of this roast lamb." And he is saying that right now to some one of the servants, while I perish with hunger.

What would I give to be back? I wish I could go to sleep and wake up to find that it had all been a horrible dream and that these two years were just a long nightmare. I would that I could wake up and be a boy at home again. Think I would leave? Well you may guess again.

Do you know that I really believe that even now if I went back home father would take me in. He would forget my sins if I told him that I was sorry. He would forgive even the squandering of the fortune if I were humble. I really believe that if I were to forget my foolish pride and go back he would find a way to make me a part of his household. There would be no more bedless nights and no more foodless mealtimes. But, no, I cannot do that. It were better to die. To go back home in these rags and admit that I had failed! To have my brother and the servants look and point and snicker and say, See his clothes! See the lines in his face! He went out with full pockets to take the world, now back a tramp and a wreck! No. No. No. I could not endure that.

And yet if it is true that I still have a choice, what a fool I am. If I have been a dunce for two years there is no reason why I should go on that way forever. If I have the right to choose and I choose pigs, then am I a fool indeed! Besides, there is something that I have thought too little of, what would father want me to do? I have almost forgotten that. He wanted me to stay at home and I refused. He wanted me to get a job and work and I would not. He wanted me to settle down solid and I was all for froth and fun. I wonder what father would like me to do now? If I could ask him, Father, what would you have me do, now that I am ragged and dirty and sin-scarred and but a caricature of your boy? What now? I know what he would say. He would say, Come home! That is just exactly what he would say, Come home! AND I'LL DO IT! I will swallow my pride, I'll wash as clean as I can at every spring I pass in the way. I'll bathe in every river and wash these rags at every chance, but I'm starting home! I'm on my way. Oh, William boy, you are on your way home! I have not been as happy for many a day. I do not know just exactly what he will say to me. I am putting him in a very hard place. There is my brother who has stayed at home and been decent, and here am I having sounded the deepest depths of sin, going back and asking to be made a son, just like home-staying John. No! I cannot do that. But I can ask to be taken in as a servant, and being a servant at home is a million times better than being a swine-herder here. I am away! Keep your pigs, ye pig owners, I am through!

PART IV—THE GREAT WELCOME

(In this part the father does all the talking. The minister can sit at first in center of platform, and walk over to right to look out of window and then hurry over to left side to welcome the lad.)

The harvest is in. My barns are bursting. My flocks and herds have prospered. My son John has been everything that a boy should be. But with all these boons, I am so wretched. I wonder where Will is today? If I had only been able to keep him at home. It was not to be. He had the wander-lust and had to go. No word from him now for a year and a half. He has failed. If he had made good he would have let me know. He may be even cold or hungry while I have all this. The thought of that nearly drives me mad. I know that I should be grateful for a son like John, but if I had twenty steady sons and any one were away, it would be just the same. Though I stay at home, my heart keeps going out after the one who is lost.

I suppose that he thinks that I do not want him home. He thinks that through sin and extravagance he has cut himself off and will never be welcome again. O William! if you but knew how this old heart aches and aches and will always ache until these arms encircle you again! But there, I do not know where he is, and it is no use worrying over him. If only he would come home. I cannot think of anything that I can reproach myself with. I gave him love and attention and tried to impress him with the highest things. I could not bind him down after he was grown, and I gave him wealth to do with as he chose. I cannot think of anything that I have left undone, and yet this calamity has come upon me; he, away in some dire condition, unknown; I, at home in prosperity, with a breaking heart. Why cannot boys stay at home and continue to share home blessings?

Every time I read of robbery or murder or sudden death, my blood runs cold for fear that he may be the victim, and I cannot go, and keep on going to see. I would be going all the time. So my nights are nightmares, and my days are full of fears. What would I not give to know that you were at home this day?

(At this point a boy is supposed to enter with a message.)

Well boy, what is it? . . . You say a ragged stranger is coming down the North Road. *(Aside.)* It might be Will! One chance in a thousand that it is my boy. Look, fellow, run to the steward and tell him to draw in the servants on the north side and let no one interfere with nor question the stranger. I am to see him first. Tell them to keep out of the way till I talk to him. Go at once; this is important.

Perhaps I can see him now. *(Walks over to left of platform to look out of window.)*

If he has made the hill I ought to be able

to see him from here. Yes, there he comes. The rags! Can it be? It is Will, in height. But so emaciated! And yet that walk. Not as jaunty as it used to be, and yet it is his. It is he! It is he! There is no doubt! I must go! No. No. I will not wait for robes nor sandals. He must be so fearful and feeling so ashamed. He might even turn and hurry away. I must reach him.

(Preacher rushes over to right side of platform.)

Will! Will! Welcome home! I have been waiting for you, hungering for you! Welcome home! . . . *(pause)* . . . Oh boy of mine! get up off of your knees and never mention that servant business to me again as long as you live. You a servant! You are my son. If you had come back with a high head it would have been difficult for us all. If you had come back knowing more than I, what could I have done? But I heard you say, "Father, I have sinned." I myself heard you say that! That makes everything right again! I will wipe your past out of my memory! Of course you can never be as well off as though you had not wasted those years and that money. But you can be home and forgiven and loved and have enough. O Steward! this is my son returned from afar, 'bring hither the best robe and put it on him. Put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet, and bring out the fattened calf and kill it, for this my son was dead and is alive again. Was lost and is found!'

Let there be no more work on this estate this day. Give yourselves over to feasting and rejoicing, for the happiest hour in the father's house is that hour when a straying son finds his way back home.

(The organist should know the last part of the sermon so that the very instant that the last word is spoken she may strike the chord and a soloist sing, "Where is my wandering boy to-night." Have congregation join in chorus. Sing whole hymn.)

PICTURES FOR YOUR CHURCH

An interesting service took place in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church in Coconut Grove, Fla., a few Sundays ago when two paintings by Howard Hilder were dedicated by the rector before he administered the sacrament of holy communion. One of the pictures represents the wise men following the star; the other, the Saviour in the garden of Gethsemane, chiding the slumbering apostles. One was given to St. Stephen's by a member, the other by the artist himself. This is a good custom for any church provided the pictures are of a high order of art. There should be a committee of which the pastor may be a member to pass on all such pictures that may be presented. There is nothing quite so discordant in a church as unartistic and dauby paintings.

How Long Should a Sermon Be?

REV. SAMUEL BLAIR, Lako Como, N. J.

This is a very old question, but nevertheless a most interesting one, especially to comrades of "the cloth."

We are living, we are dwelling in a swift and lively age. There is a constant rush on land and sea and air. More speed, more haste, seem to be the great objectives which men are seeking with feverish excitement to attain.

The velocity of the times has increased to such an extent that the taste for brevity and conciseness amounts almost to a passion. Even the church has contracted the fever, symptoms of which are unmistakably evident in those church-goers who insist that the minister pack his best thoughts into a ten-minute sermonette. And even then they want to swing in a hammock while they listen.

Occasionally we have had people tell us that they liked long sermons, while others have expressed themselves as distinctly and emphatically in favor of short, snappy discourses. Needless to say, the latter are overwhelmingly in the majority.

Strictly speaking, the day of long sermons is past, and in most cases "long-winded" preachers are looked upon with indignation rather than with admiration.

Some of us have listened to speakers who when they concluded their remarks at the end of an hour caused us to feel regretful that they did not continue speaking a little longer. (May their tribe increase!) On the other hand, who is there among us that has not "endured" a speaker whose deliverance was positively tedious and monotonous? After bearing up for thirty or forty minutes with a spirit of sublime toleration, allowing patience to have her perfect work, one has felt his powers of resistance gradually being swept away by the ever-increasing volume of the message. It is under circumstances of this kind, with no prospect of a cessation in view and unable to restrain ourselves any longer we have just wailed in bitterness of soul, "How long, O Lord, how long—should a sermon be?" It may be that only in heaven we shall have the question answered to our complete satisfaction.

Why this difference in speakers or speeches? It hinges largely on the degree of interest created or manifest lack of interest. Of course, the mental capacity and spiritual condition of the hearers,—yes, even the atmosphere of the building!—all have an important bearing and must be considered in submitting a fair answer to the above question. Furthermore, it must be remembered that "all flesh is not the same flesh," and that different discourses appeal to different temperaments. For instance: What Peter considers a clever sermon, Peterson regards as uninteresting. The sermon which Andrew concedes to be a rich

spiritual feast and which he relishes as heavenly manna, Anderson rejects as flat, dull and insipid. While John listens with gusto to what, in his opinion, is an eloquent and masterly discourse, Johnson has "no time for such stuff." And so it goes.

Whether the sermon seem long or short, interesting or uninteresting may depend in no small measure on the speaker and the speech. Sam Jones, the renowned evangelist, paused abruptly in the midst of a long sermon before a large congregation and remarked, "Those who have their little cup full can slip out now." But nobody slipped out. Mercy no! Nobody ever thought of doing such a thing when Sam had the platform. But some narrow mimic who witnessed the incident afterward made the same remark to an audience he was afflicting with some harrowing statements, whereupon the auditors promptly proceeded to "silently steal away." A mere matter of speaker and speech, you see.

Take the Sermon on the Mount, for example. A masterpiece of logic and sound doctrine. Besides, what could be more lucid? So far as is known there is no available record from which we might learn how long it took our Lord to deliver this sermon. We are confident, however, that there was no restlessness, uneasiness, or impatient fidgeting; no wishing he would get through and dismiss the crowd. On the contrary, folks were so charmed and captivated by his eloquence that all thought of time vanished. Of such character were his graphic delineations, gripping truths, impressive illustrations and telling applications that men were completely beguiled from any consciousness of the passing moments. So absorbed were the multitudes in the speaker and his message that to the flight of time they were oblivious.

Paul was thoroughly orthodox in his preaching, as may be evidenced by his words to the elders at Ephesus, Acts 20:18-35. Blessed testimony! But there was one occasion upon which Paul protracted his remarks beyond the usual bounds of propriety. Here are the facts: "Upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them, . . . and continued his speech until midnight. And there sat at a window a certain young man named Eutychus, being fallen into a deep sleep, and as Paul was long preaching, he sunk down with sleep, and fell from the third loft, and was taken up dead." A few minutes later the man under the soothing influence of whose message the youth had gone to sleep, "perceiving that his life was in him," was effective in resuscitating him, to the great comfort of all present.

But the meeting did not break up, for Paul

was not through preaching. Indeed he continued until morning, for this we have Scriptural warrant: "He talked a long while, even till break of day." Where is the minister today who would dare to go and do likewise? Breathes there a preacher with audacity so great that he never even think of such a thing?

As we were about to enter the pulpit one evening a gentleman remarked, "Short and sweet, Dominic." We were in a quandary as to what he meant. Whether he had "sized up" the speaker and condensed his opinion into those endearing words, or whether he was referring to the length and quality of the sermon he wished to hear we never fully understood. Assuming that the latter was the correct idea we gave a short address, leaving others to judge as to the "sweetness." At any rate, when we got through our friend approached us again with the remark, "You're a quitter." "Is that so?" "Yes, just as I was getting thoroughly interested you stopped."

We have always entertained the idea that it is more sensible to leave the congregation than to have the congregation leave you. In other words: One ounce of "I wish he had gone on" is worth a ton of "Why didn't he stop sooner?"

Let your sermon be brief, with withal vigorous, compact, pithy, practical, positive, prolific, pertinent and persuasive. Should you feel that it would require an hour to deliver, properly treat and do justice to any particular text or subject you may have in mind, and upon which you are about to discourse, better do justice to your people by bisecting the message. For by thus dividing the sermon you will be more apt to have the undivided attention of your hearers together with their increased respect.

Those editors who carry the "serial story" in their magazine or paper from week to week have the right idea. They cut the story off abruptly at some interesting climax, with the result that readers can hardly wait for the next issue. If we used a little of this diplomacy in our preaching I am inclined to think we would overcome, to some extent at least, the empty pew problem.

In the school of oral expression we were taught among other things that poise, eloquence, articulation, dramatic instinct and proper modulation of the voice were necessary qualifications for success in public speaking. We have since concluded that three of the most commendable features in any public speaker are: Something to say that is worth saying, the art of knowing how to "get it over" and the possession of sufficient common-sense to know when he's said enough. Or, as some one ably defines it: "Stand up, speak up, and shut up."

This latter is a weakness which some speakers evidently find great difficulty in overcoming. As a result of poor terminal facilities

it is pitiful to see them maneuvering around trying to make a landing. Sometimes a speaker turns to the chairman and says, "When my time is up just pull my coat tail." Well, that isn't so bad, since it gives the chairman, whose duty it is to keep speakers to time, the privilege of acting in similar capacity to the boy who shuts off the sparkling effervescence at the soda fountain.

It is Josh Billings, I believe, who is credited with the statement that if a speaker could not "strike ile in thirty minutes he wuz borin' in the wrong place," but still Josh would admit, were he alive and doing business at the old stand, that if the "honest-to-goodness" ile was there, a little further boring would not be amiss, after all.

It is utterly impossible and positively absurd to measure any message with a yard-stick, nor can it be measured in minutes. The time occupied in the delivery of a discourse is no criterion by which to test its influence and value. Is illustration desired? Then look at Everett, or Lincoln at Gettysburg!

Edward Everett made a two hour speech, while Abraham Lincoln delivered his immortal classic in three minutes. Everett's lengthy oration is forgotten, while Lincoln's sublime address is familiar to every school boy.

Concerning a parish of which we had the honor to be pastor for some time, a lady said: "Why they are always changing pastors. You hardly get acquainted with one minister until he is gone and another installed." Then, turning to me, she interrogated: "Why have they kept you so long?" "Madam," quoth I, "I know of no way to account for it unless, perhaps, it is because I have kept them so short."

Were we to epitomize this chronicle in a single sentence it would be as follows: Sermons, like days, are long or short according to what the minister puts into them.

SERMON TOPICS

Rev. C. Aaron King, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Orosi, Calif., says: "I am an ardent advocate for *The Expositor* and always watch the mail-box like an eagle when the time of its appearance draws near. In all departments I find useful suggestions. Possibly you might use the following list of sermon subjects which I have used with success."

"Gossiping the Gospel." John 1:35-51.

"Garbage."

"An Angel's Prayer." Luke 22:31.

"Standing Room Only." Luke 12:1, 8, 9.

"First Aid to the Injured." Matt. 2:1-12.

"An Equation." 2 Kings 2:1-18.

(As Elijah was to Elisha so is Christ to the Christian.)

"A Crazy Man in a Graveyard." Mark 5:1-20.

"A Handful of Stars." Psalm 8.

A Cowper Song Service

Melodies of a Winsome Soul—For a Sunday Evening Sing

REV. FREDERICK G. BULGIN, Harford, Pa.

Opening Hymn: "Jesus, where'er thy people meet."—William Cowper.

Scripture Reading: Romans 3:23-31.

Of all the priceless gems gathered within the covers of our hymnals I cannot help but think these melodies of this sadly winsome soul shine out with a somewhat richer luster than the rest.

It is a mingled joy to follow his life, to taste the sparkling gaiety and the gentle wit of the finest letters in the English language. Especially delightful is every one of the numerous letters he wrote to his cousin, Lady Hesketh.

But it is sad to watch the piling of the clouds and the breaking of the storms upon this gentle soul.

William Cowper was born in 1731 and died in the year 1800 in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

Those sixty-nine years, with the exception of his early youth, were years that were overclouded continually by the awful threatenings of a mental malady.

The story of William Cowper's life strikingly illustrates what has so often been observed, that God brings the sweetest melodies out of bruised and broken souls, as the most delectable perfumes are gotten from crushed and broken flowers that once bloomed in queenly grandeur.

Sing: "The spirit breathes upon the Word."
—Cowper.

He was early marked for sadness. When he was but six years of age death took from him his darling mother. Truly the ways of God are mysterious, as he afterwards so eloquently sang. This childlike heart, that needed mothering to the end of his days, was bereft of a mother's fostering care when but little more than a baby. Fifty years after her death, he wrote that he might truly say that not a day passed in which he did not think of her. Mrs. Bodham, his cousin, could not have conceived a kindlier act than that of giving to him, when he was about fifty-eight years old, a picture of the mother whose image he ever carried in his heart. He sent to her a letter full of gratitude and affection.

"The world," he wrote, "could not have furnished you with a present so acceptable to me as the picture which you have so kindly sent me. I received it the night before last, and viewed it with a trepidation of nerves and spirits somewhat akin to what I should have felt had the dear original presented herself to my embraces. I kissed it, and hung it where it is the last object that I see at night, and, of course, the first on which I open my eyes in the morning."

Of that mother he had beautifully written:

"My Mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,

Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son
Wretched e'en then, life's journey just begun?

May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore
The parting word shall pass my lips no more."

We cannot but feel the tender delicacy and fine sensitiveness of such a mind. The quivering response to the memory of mother love was not lessened by the storms of fifty years that beat upon his head. But that gentle being, so finely poised, was also violently swayed by the eddies and the undercurrents that swirled about his life.

It was only in his early boyhood, and then with some exceptions, he enjoyed an all too short season of sunshine. His life was like a day that opens bright with the full orb'd splendor of the rising sun and in a few short hours is overcast by ominous and threatening clouds.

Sing: "Hark my soul, it is the Lord."
—Cowper.

One night, taking a short cut home, he walked through the graveyard blithe and happy. The sexton, so it happened, was digging a grave by the light of a lantern. Identically as the grave digger in Hamlet cast poor Yorick's skull upon the earth so did this sexton. And the skull hit the youthful Cowper on the knee. The thought of that human skull, that once had held a living brain and eyes to gaze upon the world smote the all too sensitive conscience of the poet. There was awakened within him vivid thoughts of eternity. He said afterwards that he reckoned that skull as among the best religious documents which he received at Westminster school, which he was attending at the time of this event.

The occurrence is significant in that it was an early harbinger of those many prickings of conscience that filled this gentle unoffending soul with the bitterest despair.

It is a pitifully sad story. First an excessive nervousness. Then, as the malady advanced, it needed not a skull to awaken his fears. Every book he opened was likely to cause a painful pricking of conscience. The laugh of a street lounge; a ballad trolled on the street corner by a wandering musician; the salutation of an acquaintance; these things at different times spoke woe to his soul.

He was terrified in his dreams. He shrank from the sight of his fellow men. He had intolerable anguish in the thought that he could not escape the All Seeing Eye.

When his brother John, pierced to the heart

by his brother's misery, tried to comfort him, he got but one answer, "O brother, I am damned! Think of eternity and think what it is to be damned."

For a long while the horror of this malady was upon him.

Then one day the light broke through the clouds. He picked up a Bible, left by accident upon the window bench, and there he read that verse in Romans declaring that God had sent forth his Son to be the propitiation for sins through faith in his blood. The words proved a blessed consolation to his much troubled heart. They contained a balm for the sickness of his soul.

It was a terrible price to pay, but out of such experiences was woven the fabric of that deepest and best of all the evangelical hymns.

Sing: "There is a fountain filled with blood."—Cowper.

That hymn was wrought out of stuff that was

"Heated hot with burning fears and
Dipped in baths of hissing tears."

No wonder it has never lost its power to sway the souls of men haunted by the tragedy of sin.

"That hymn," wrote one to William T. Stead, "was the hymn which first opened my eyes to the need of a Saviour and brought me to Christ." Many other such testimonies to its power could be gathered. One glimpse may be given.

There was a minister called upon to visit a family where the little child had just died. The father he found to be a man with violent prejudices against religion. It seemed impossible for the minister to make any religious approach to the man's mind. He was determined in his attitude of opposition. By chance some quotation was made of Cowper's hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood." That hymn was the one chance to get beneath the man's skin. He had loved that hymn from his earliest years and his love for it he had kept through all the changes of his mind concerning the things of religion.

A considerable time after the death of his child a bad accident befell this man. While working his arm was drawn into revolving machinery and an amputation was necessary. It was doubtful if the patient would recover. While he lay very low, the minister who had gone to see him on the death of his child, sat by his bedside. He noticed that he appeared to be whispering something. Bending over him he faintly caught these words:

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

In Cowper's words he had found comfort at the last and a voice to confess his faith and as multitudes of others have found in

them, words that answered to the deepest needs of the soul.

There is a verse in the Psalms to the effect that God setteth the solitary in families. I take it to mean that God will set a home circle about his beloved for their care and consolation. He will not leave the true soul to battle through alone. And God truly set this solitary William Cowper in a family. It was the Unwin family. A chance happening threw them together. They recognized each other at once as kindred souls.

Sing: "Sometimes a light surprises."—Cowper.

There was thus begun a friendship unique in the annals of literature. The name of Mary Unwin will always be linked with that of William Cowper. But no breath of suspicion has ever been cast upon the character of that pure woman who mothered the motherless poet and watched over him with a tenderness that time and his afflictions only made stronger.

They were a happy family, Mr. and Mrs. Unwin with their daughter and a son who was preparing for the Christian ministry. Cowper visited them incessantly and at last, so congenial were the associations of that home, it needed but an invitation for the poet to make his abode with them. They lived together in perfect felicity. Then a sad tragedy overtook them. Mr. Unwin was thrown from his horse and his immediate death was the result. The home circle was thus broken but Cowper and Mrs. Unwin continued to live together as a mother with her grown up son.

They sought a new location where they might make their home and in course of time received an invitation from the Rev. John Newton, Vicar of Olney, to settle in that place.

An acquaintance was thus begun that left its mark upon the poet's life and labor. John Newton's zeal in the gospel was pronounced, and Cowper became filled with a like enthusiasm. They labored together in pastoral work and in writing of the Olney Hymns. Many happy years were spent at Olney. But the threatenings of his malady never left him. His bright intellect at times became overclouded—but the clouds would pass. The tedium of his life was brightened by the correspondence and visits of his cousin, Lady Hesketh. But the one unfailing anchorage in all the changing scenes was that truly mother soul Mary Unwin.

When old age had rendered her incapable of ministering to him they held together bringing to each other what comfort was possible. When Mary Unwin died poor Cowper's mind was tottering. He looked upon her dead face then turned away without a word and never mentioned her again.

Then other lives were filled with solicitude for the poet's welfare. Goldwin Smith remarks that in any condition where only the fittest survive, Cowper must inevitably have

gone to the wall. Never was there one less fitted to battle with the elements in the struggle for existence. But, as Isaiah long ago observed, He stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind. His life was never free from the east wind but God sheltered him. With the sheltering hand of God about him

he wrote for us poetry that shall for ever enrich our heritage of English literature and also those poems that fill a deeper need—the need of the soul for God in Christ.

Sing: "O for a closer walk with God."—Cowper.

Poetry of the Bible

M. LIGHTBURNE, San Antonio, Texas

Poetry combined with music was an attendant upon many of the scenes of Hebrew life as pictured in The Bible. Its fresh simplicity, its stainless purity, its lofty purposes, are all intensely interesting.

Under Divine inspiration the Hebrews carried religious poetry to the highest degree of perfection.

All of the poetry of the Bible is lyric in the sense that it gives a vivid expression of the writer's internal emotions. The Hebrews' chief subject was first religion, then patriotism.

The poetry produced by the Hebrews was sublime, lofty, but abrupt, containing many metaphors and personifications. It was so arranged that much of it could be sung or chanted at worship and was characterized by a certain melodious flow and cadence which is now irrevocably lost.

Poetry is found throughout the Bible, from the song of Lamech in Genesis to the Apocalypse. This poetry has a peculiar "balance," as the rapid stroke of alternate wings or "as the heaving and sinking of the human heart." It is the rhythm both of thought and of words. Thought corresponds to thought in repetition, contrast, or response; like wave answering to wave, each wave different, yet controlled by the same tide of emotion.

But aside from this we also have a rhythm of parallelism. That is each verse must consist of at least two corresponding parts, which parallelism is generally in thought or at least in form. This is indicated in the printing of the American Standard Version.

In Psalm 8:4 we have an example of a synonymous thought,

"What is man that thou art mindful of him?
And the Son of man, that thou dost visit him?"

Then in Proverbs 15:1 we have an antithetical arrangement:

"A soft answer turneth away wrath;
But grievous words stir up anger."

In the Book of Lamentations we have a mere rhythmical parallelism. That is, there is no similarity of thought.

In Hosea 4:17 we have an irregular thought in this example,

"Ephraim is joined to idols;
Let him alone."

While in Hosea 14:9 we have a triple parallelism:

"For the ways of the Lord are right,
And the just shall walk in them,
But the transgressors shall fall therein."

One of the reasons we have lost a great deal of the beauty of the poetry of the Bible is that in the King James Version the poetical parts are not so clearly separated as they were in the early Hebrew manuscripts.

The songs of Moses and of Balaam and of Deborah are some of the most splendid and impassioned poems of the world.

David was the greatest Hebrew poet; pre-eminently the sweetest singer of all Israel. He found poetry a "wild flower," but he planted it on Mount Zion and nurtured it with kindly care. It never died away; during the Exile and the Return many Psalms were produced of remarkable sweetness.

In the songs of the Psalmist we have as it were the Ivy and the Passion Flower entwined; but as we meditate upon all the poetry of the Bible it brings to mind a garden in which the fairest flowers bloom, yet over which blew tempestuous winds.

The Bible contains poetry of all kinds. The Book of Job is drama. The Songs of Moses and of Miriam and of Deborah are the greatest triumphal songs ever sung. Proverbs and Ecclesiastes are didactic and philosophic poems of great beauty and wisdom. In the Song of Solomon we have an exquisite pastoral; while Lamentations is a most pathetic elegy. The Psalms were and are yet continually heard in the fields and vineyards of the Hebrews. The plowman as he held the plow chanted the Hallelujah. The reaper, the vinedresser, and the shepherd all sang the songs of David. And when these people labored where the meadows were colored with flowers and the singing birds made their complaints, their beautiful songs no doubt sounded even more sweet.

As we know that flame enkindles flame, so the fervor of the Psalmist in his praises became a part of us as we meditate thereon and warms us to a glow of love and thankfulness which is something more than a pale reflex of his own.

These are not modern poems from any standpoint, yet where can we find anything of more perfect beauty? It seems that in their beauty and splendor they will ever "shine as the firmament and as the stars forever and ever."

Church-Like Business Attendance

A Waking Dream or Parable With Points

REV. GARNER OSBORN, Hornick, Iowa

A farmer not far from an Iowa village got up one fine morning and said to his wife, "Why not go to the village this morning? You know that we have not been there for a year, and we have nowhere else to go this morning. Our children, too, are becoming regular heathens. They hardly know what a town looks like." So the family dressed in their best and drove into the town.

Going up to one of the stores he found it closed, which thing astonished him. He remembered however that he had made no calls on the merchant for several months. He must pay him a visit and exhort him to start going to the store again. He called at the man's house where he met with this: "Well, you know that for a long time the roads were so bad so that no one came to town, and I got out of the habit of work, and by the time the roads were better I could not seem to get started again."

Then he visited one of the other merchants. In a very dignified manner he informed the farmer that the last time he opened up some seemed to be making fun of his clothes, and he was not going to stand for that kind of thing any longer.

The third merchant had bought a bushel of potatoes of a farmer who had taken care to put his few big potatoes on top of the measure. He was through with hypocrites. He would have no more dealings with farmers.

The postmaster he expected would be faithfully at work. He would buy a postage stamp and visit with him long enough to put him in a good humor. But the postmaster, he found, did not like to get up in the morning and he would rather stay away from work than to come trailing in late. The hardware merchant liked business but he would rather not make money than to have to deposit in a place that needed papering as bad as did his bank. His competitor said that every morning before he could get to work some of his relatives would come in for a visit and after they left it was hardly worth while to open up. One of the bankers said that he found most people so prosy and uninteresting and with such droning voices that he could stand it no longer. The other banker met our friend on the street and informed him that people talked too much about money and until they could talk about something else they could count him out.

The farmer gathered his family and started for the railway station so that the children could watch people get off the cars, but the trainmen knew of a picnic in the city and were anxious to get there, so made no stop. The barber was forced to close shop because people had become too cultured to have barber

work done on them. There were cob-webs over the lodge-room door. People had quit because it never varied its meetings which were always the same. Its members could now get original stuff on the radio at home. The furniture dealer said that he had been a good business man in the town in which he had previously lived but because all were strangers in this place he could not get interested. The lumberman said that he could do better business in the woods by the side of a running brook than he could in a dreary lumber yard. He must hear the music of the birds. Some one had criticised the druggist for mistakenly selling peppermint lozenges in place of headache tablets and the criticism hurt him so badly that he could never get over it. No one took any risks and activity was so slight that there were never any broken bones so that the doctor was left without a job and was leaving.

It was getting late, so that the farmer bethought himself of the movie-theater where he could take his family and forget his troubles. But at the last show many of the patrons had served notice that they would no longer attend a theater where people would not shake hands with them as they went out, so there was nothing to do but close.

Feeling that his day was utterly wasted the farmer drove home with the family wondering what he could do to revive business. At home he found no mail, but remembered that the carrier could not afford an automobile, would not bother with a horse, and would not stoop to catch rides with some one else.

At nine o'clock he drove back to the village where he was to meet the town council and plan a system of rewards for those who were never late nor absent from business. No one came to the meeting as it was too much bother. Public men must have a little time at home with the family. He noticed that there were no street lights and asked the marshal about it, who said that electric lights might be all right for those people who liked them, but as for him he did not believe in electricity. The mayor he found would not send his children to the public school because the professor was so dudish that he would not mow his own lawn but hired a boy to do it for him. He believed that professors ought to do something to earn their living. Some of the teachers failed to meet classes because so many of the pupils were mentally second-raters, while the children did not like teachers who set themselves up as being smarter than other people.

Then the farmer made a few uncomplimentary remarks about the place and started for home, going by way of the church, where he saw the janitor sweeping out for the Sunday

service. Engaging him in conversation he found that the church officials were thinking of closing the church, though it would be the last place of all to close, so determined were some of the more religious people. The sight of the church clarified the thinking of the farmer a little. The weighty reasons for non-attendance at business which he had been gathering all day now somehow began to have a familiar sound, as though he had heard them all previously. Suddenly it occurred to him: These, and many more, were his own oft expressed excuses for not attending church.

MOTHER CHURCH

Rev. R. Lincoln Long, D. D., Toledo, Ohio.

From the time of the New Testament women who "followed him and ministered unto him," woman's place in the church has been a unique feature of Christianity, and every principle of the ideal home is paralleled by fundamental principles of a true church. That the home has been divinely instituted is clearly proven by the relation of the church to the home and the influence of the home in the church.

The local church is to the community what mother is to the family. When we speak of modernizing the church and of the united church movements we must remember that the local church and the spirit of motherhood within her are essential to any movement which will long endure. As of the home, so of the church, the principle of motherhood will survive revolution and change. The church will always be the ideal heart of the community. We speak of the community church, but in a very large sense every church is a community church and the parish is mothered by the influence of the church. She may be modernized, mobilized and drawn into political conflict, but underneath fashion's latest garb the mother-heart will endure. Men speak of conducting the affairs of the church upon business principles. If that means giving mother her just proportion of the fruits of industry, it is good. For without her silent partnership business would become the striving of the wolf pack. But let us not call her share an "allowance," and let us remember that there are items in her daily journal which never can be accurately posted upon the bookkeeper's ledger.

In a true sense the Mother Church cannot be and should not be strictly conducted upon a business basis. The ideal mother is the soul of economy and most of them work miracles with a few loaves; but mother, as well as the church, cannot and must not be commercialized. Finding it impossible to estimate her value in dollars and cents her children and her husband will rise up and call her blessed and her spiritual works will praise her in the city gates.

Bojer, in "The Great Hunger," asks and

perhaps all of us are asking today: "Are the children of the earth grown so homeless? Do they fear to take a moment's rest? Do they dread to look inward and see their own emptiness? Are they longing for something they have lost—some hymn, some harmony, some God?" As we think of mother today, let us also think of our church, and as we honor and bless and pay tribute to mother, let us honor, pay tribute to and keep sacred her Master's House.

MOTHER'S DAY SOUVENIR

Rev. C. Emery Smith, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Roanoke, Indiana, last year gave the attendants on his Mother's Day services as a favor a little souvenir card. It was handsomely printed and illustrated with a picture of two carnations. Mr. Smith states that he does not know who is the author of the verses. They are signed F. J. S. The verses are as follows:

In Life's Garden

Out in Life's Garden, where sympathy grew,
God planted a soul—'twas the soul o' you.

Life's wonderful garden, Love, seeking, went
through

'Till he found a heart—'twas the heart o' you.
I have sought through life's garden of roses
and rue

And I find one sweet blossom, all jeweled with
dew—

Love, sympathy, faith—all unchanging and
true—

Are the heart of my flower—dear mother,
'tis you.

—F. J. S.

FOR BETTER MUSIC

Among our large fellowship there are always a considerable number who are looking for a special type of church hymns and suitable music for religious education. To these we recommend a pamphlet on "Church Music and Religious Books" published free by The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

A beautiful book has just come to us entitled "Famous Hymns: With Stories and Pictures," by Elizabeth Hubbard Bonsall, The Union Press, Philadelphia. There are 49 hymns, each hymn printed in full with the music so that it can be played and sung. Then the story of the hymn is told. On the opposite page is a beautiful picture illustrating the sentiment or teaching of the hymn, with helpful comments. The book is sheet music size, beautifully bound and dedicated to boys and girls. Such a book as this should be in every Christian home where there are boys and girls.

With these interesting and helpful aids to better music we suggest "One Hundred and One Hymn Stories" by Carl F. Price, Abingdon Press, N. Y., and "Better Music in Our Churches," by John M. Walker, Methodist Book Concern, N. Y., \$1.25.



The Expositor

Editorial Confidences

G. B. F. HALLOCK, D. D., *Editor-in-Chief*

WOMAN AND HER WORK: MOTHER'S DAY

"They talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper—yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a featherweight of worth
Without a woman in it."

Let us think a little in connection with Mother's Day of the ministry of women in general. Good women have been the support of the home, the church, and of all that is best in civilization from the earliest days until now.

We cannot forget woman's physical ministry. Our Lord himself, notwithstanding his lonely grandeur and his infinite sufficiency for the work he came to do, received from the women who followed and ministered to him, and from the sisters in the home at Bethany, a comfort and a cheer which no disciple of the other sex—not even the beloved John—could give. What shall we say, or, rather, what shall we not say—as we recall woman's physical ministries at the sacred altar of the home, at the bedside of the sick and dying, in the houses of wretchedness and want; of the charm of her presence in hospital and prison; of a Florence Nightingale hovering like an angel of mercy in the track of the demon of war; of Elizabeth Fry entering like a messenger from heaven the foul and morally polluted atmosphere of the English prison cells; of your mother and my mother who so lovingly and tenderly ministered light and comfort and beauty into our lives? There are ways without number in which a true woman, be she young or old, can make herself a blessing to the world in this lower round of her physical ministry.

Then, not more necessary, but perhaps more important, is her social ministry. Varied as her gifts may be; versatile as her adaptability to different sorts of work; valuable as her contributions to the sum of human achievement; beautiful as may be the results of her efforts in many fields, the peculiar power of woman as woman—a power which she can never abdicate, though she may fatally abuse

it—is the power of influence. Here she exerts a mighty, measureless, winning force. Martin Luther said to his wife: "You make me what you will; you have full sovereignty here." The honored Samuel Morley was wont to say, "I am much what my mother made me." But do not think that it is only as wives and mothers women have this influence. It belongs to all good women. This power is inherent. It is something they cannot relinquish. To be sure it is a tremendous responsibility, yet it is a most unspeakably blessed endowment. They may use it, their social ministry, in the interest of everything true and pure and lovely and of good report.

And all this applies with added force to the thought of woman's spiritual ministry. Our twentieth century women live in the opening day of the recognition of woman's spiritual ministry, woman's work for woman, woman's work in the Church, woman's work in the Sabbath School, woman's mites for missions—no, woman's dollars by the millions for missions and lives by the thousand for the Gospel of the kingdom. A recent writer says: "I stand amazed before the revelations of the last decade of years as to how a woman may help Christ's Kingdom come. What unused and unguessed forces have been lying latent all these years! It is verily the dawn of a new day, and there scarcely has been a brighter since the angels made the Judean hills ring with melody when Jesus was born."

MEMORIAL DAY LESSONS

The Gospel exalts patriotism to a Christian virtue whenever it is held in a Christian spirit. It is one of the happy facts that our Memorial Day acts so strongly in the direction of keeping this higher form of patriotism alive. Is there no lesson of loyalty to God and native land when our rising generations are told of men like Commodore Perry, before his battles placing the American flag on the capstan of his ship, and the Bible on the flag, and then with his men gathered round him, singing together the Old Hundredth Psalm? Or of Nathan Coffin, urged and threatened to induce him to enlist with his nation's enemies, replying: "Hang me if you will to the yard-arm of your ship, but do not ask me to become a traitor to my country!" Or of General Reed,

of the Revolution, offered fifty thousand dollars as a bribe, replying: "Gentlemen, I am poor, very poor, but your king is not rich enough to buy me!"

It means something for God, as well as for home and native land when we see such unselfish devotion as was displayed by our men of the Revolution, and of the Civil War, the men of Santiago, the Hero of Manila Bay or of later days in the World War.

Christian patriotism—this is what our people learn and find strengthened by the observance of each recurring Memorial Day, a patriotism which is opposed to selfishness, and all self-seeking which reproves all anarchy and disorder, which denounces every attempt to plunder the treasury by turning public office into a way of serving only private ends. These things, and others like them, do not grow in the same soil, they do not live in the same heart with Christianity and Patriotism.

Our Memorial Day teaches also the value of peace. It shows war at best a necessary evil to be justified only by a righteous cause. It shows the cost of war. What the Civil War cost us in dollars and cents some day may be wiped out and forgotten, but that it cost us hundreds of thousands of precious lives will never be forgotten while Memorial Day continues to be observed. At a great price obtained we this freedom. It was the price of blood—the blood of a nation's heroes, whose memories we honor. Nor will they soon be forgotten, for

"On Fame's eternal camping ground

Their silent tents are spread;

And Memory guards with solemn round

The bivouac of the dead."

Our nation will not soon forget the value of peace purchased at such a cost. Memorial Day is a definite reminder of the price paid.

The day brings lessons also of gratitude and hope. Memory is the mother of gratitude. When we recall our national blessings, how much cause we have for gratitude to God! We can truly say, "He hath not dealt so with any nation." "The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." Our dear old flag, "with not a stripe erased and not a star obscured," waves over a broad undivided nation of free people—the happiest people in the world, if we had the good sense to appreciate it. It is no fiction when ours is spoken of as "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

THE PEOPLE

Throw the responsibility for the success of your church in good measure on your people. Yet show that this is by no means to relieve yourself. Explain the greatness of the work to be done, that it outreaches by a wide margin the whole church, and that it would be impossible for both you and them fully to accom-

plish it. In a meek and earnest way, without a thought of being a lord over God's heritage, induce your people to allow you to levy on their services. Make it clear you cannot fight the battle alone.

CARE AND CULTURE OF CONVERTS

In order to give our boys and girls a living and working faith and create church loyalty it is necessary to give them definite instruction and teach them how to pray and how to live the Christian life. A genuine conversion is a good beginning. Nothing can take the place of renewing grace. There is only one door into the kingdom of God. Christ is the way. No one can enter but by him. But the responsibility of the church is only well begun when the revival is over. The culture and care of young converts challenge the utmost concern of the church. The converts have been received with open arms and accorded a royal welcome into the communion. When the spiritual thermometer drops the young people feel the chill and wonder why the same warm greetings are not in evidence. The church should never lose interest in them. They have cost her too much to be put in cold storage where they will be frozen to death. There is nothing like work to keep people warm and well. Teach the young converts; yes. But set them to work. They love work, activity. Feed them, yes; but also do not fail to find them all something to do.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The editor sat in his uneasy chair:

His thoughts ran on apace:

How can I crowd a yard of report

Into a foot of space?

'Tis three to one, you surely see,

The thing cannot be done.

Therefore the poor editorial "we"

Will have to "cut 'er down."

And now, dear Expositor contributors,

That nothing may go wrong,

Please send ideas one yard deep

But only one foot long.

DAILY VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL

It is generally agreed by those who are interested in the spiritual development of children and youth that the time which they have free is the time which plays a very great part in their final character development. The largest single block of time which boys and girls have free today is the summer vacation time. How this time shall be used is frequently a perplexing problem. It becomes the problem not only of the parents, but of the pastor and Sunday School teacher as well.

There are so many things which tend to break down the development of the religious character of boys and girls that it is but natural that those interested in this development should be concerned to substitute some-

thing worth while for unworthy things. The Daily Vacation Bible School is a Church agency which helps meet some of the difficulties occasioned by the free time of these boys and girls. It is an agency by which the Church not only keeps the boys and girls from contact with those things which are unworthy, but brings them into contact with worth while things.

APPEAL TO MEN'S HOMING INSTINCT

One day a carrier pigeon tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's home in Christiana. Instantly the window was opened, and the wife of the famous arctic explorer in another moment covered a little messenger with kisses and caresses.

The carrier pigeon had been away from the cottage thirty long months, but had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen, stating that all was going well with his expedition in the polar regions. Nansen had fastened a message to the bird, and turned it loose.

The frail carrier darted out into the blizzard air, flew like an arrow over perhaps a thousand miles of frozen waste, and then another thousand miles of ocean and plains and forests, to enter the window of its waiting mistress and deliver the message which she had been awaiting so anxiously.

We boast of human sagacity and endurance; but this loving carrier pigeon, after an absence of thirty months, accomplished a feat so wonderful that we can only give ourselves up to amazement and admiration.

But men have a homing instinct, too. And it is one of the strongest emotions to which we as ministers can appeal.

During Absalom's rebellion David was at one time forced to remain an exile from Jerusalem. We see him with yearning desire facing Jerusalemward, exclaiming: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." How beautiful in his exile God's house and service seemed! And how intense was his longing desire to enjoy them! "My heart and my flesh crieth out;" he longed, he fainted, he cried out in his desire to be restored to the enjoyment of God in his sanctuary. But he wanted also God himself, the sense of his presence, of his love, of his communion: "My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." You have had that feeling—that you wanted God, wanted his presence, wanted him in your life, in your heart, your soul—your heart and your flesh crying out for the living God. There are multitudes of people everywhere who are well acquainted with this lonesomeness of heart, this homesickness of the soul, and especially in the way of desire for a name and place in the sanctuary of God's Church. David

in his banishment even begrudged the happiness of the little birds that made their nests about the temple structure. He could wish himself with them; for we hear him crying out in his spiritual homesickness: "Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God; blessed are they that dwell in thy house."

The Church is the spiritual home to God's people today as truly as was ever the Jerusalem temple to David. And every soul needs just such a home. Every true Christian should have a church home. God intended it to be so. It is one of the very best signs that we are Christians if, like David, we love God's house and worship and people. God knew that in religion his people would need such associations. He met that need by founding the Church, the perfection of human society, where human society suns itself in the full radiance of his fatherly love.

For one thing, there is need of the church home as a resting place for the soul. What a sad, uneasy thing life must be without a home! There is no sickness more bitter than homesickness. It is said that many a Swiss has sunk a martyr to his longing for home. We believe that there is such a restlessness, an uneasiness, a homesickness of the soul, which every Christian must feel who lives without a church home. And, oh, how much of church homelessness there is in the world!

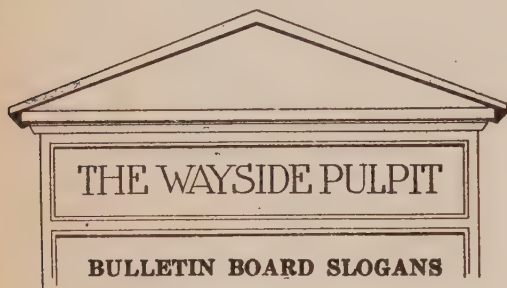
There is need of this home in the sanctuary also as a feeding place for the soul. We need God's truth to nourish and to strengthen us. Without it our faith becomes weak, our souls become sickly and ready to die. Our souls need the Church and its ordinances as our bodies need bread; and the Christian who neglects that spiritual nourishment thus to be obtained must inevitably become weak in faith, cold in love, and sickly in soul. We need the church home as a place in which to grow spiritually strong.

There is need of this home as a place of sympathy and fraternal help. God calls his Church a family. He intends that each individual church shall be a family where are found love and sympathy and mutual helpfulness. It is one of the tests of discipleship that if we love God we will love our brethren also. And let us not forget and let our people not forget that, notwithstanding all that is said to the contrary by the enemies of Christ, there is a sympathy and a love, there is a spirit of encouragement and of helpfulness found among the members of Christ's Church that is not found in the outside world.

Among the mountains of Switzerland, where the difficulties and dangers of travelers are great, they have a way of binding a group of adventurers together. Before they commence the slippery and perilous ascent a strong cord

is bound around the waist of each, and all are then tied together; so that every one helps the others. Just so helpful have the ties of Christian church relationship been found to multitudes of members, as they have felt the uplift of mutual sympathy, the on-push of united effort, and the inspiration of a common purpose and love. And there are so many difficulties in the Christian life that we really need all the help we can get. Blessed, very blessed, are all they who find a home in God's house!

Wise are we, too, as ministers, when both to those in the church and those out of it we appeal to their homing instinct.



Cold storage plants are to carry meat and vegetables through the hot weather—not religion.

Love of the right use of money is the root of much good.

Wickedness has a habit of running past the red sign before it stops.

The man who is not envious or covetous is a millionaire.

The smile is a universal language.

Sapwood character makes poor building material.

You do not need the church! Do not deceive yourself—nobody needs it more.

Looking at the earth six days in the week, let us take one day to look up and get our bearings.

The highest motive in church going is to get in tune with the Infinite.

Let us go to church that ye may feel at home when we reach heaven.

The church is the tabernacle of the Most High and he asks you to meet him there.

Those who absent themselves from church because of bad weather soon learn to stay away on fair Sundays.

Try the church as a mental tonic. It will give you stimulus that will help you all the week.

The church service breaks the monotony of the week, gives new atmosphere, new friends, new ideas, new power against aggravations and the daily grind.

Why go to church? Why not? Eventually—why not now?

Give God a chance. Go to church on Sunday.

You should have iron nails if you scratch with a bear.

There is no better place to spend Sunday evening than here.

The best service is given by those who worship.

One of the ways to keep the worst from happening is to prepare for it.

The near-sighted can see their finish as soon as others.

Silence used to be golden; it is now diamond of the first water.

To go without and look as if you like it is one of the first things to be learned in the world.

If somebody hadn't the courage to be stupid now and then the world would be a terribly dull place.

Woman has put more spokes in the wheel of destiny than the gods contemplated.

There are only two kinds of men who don't understand women; married men and single men.

The art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion.

Today is a better day than yesterday. Do not let deceptions destroy confidence in real, honest goodness.

Backsliding begins in the knees.

Religion was intended to be an armor, not a cloak.

The four-square man is the only one who is well rounded.

A preacher is not called to fish for suckers.

Garments of righteousness never go out of style.

A thirty per cent Christian cannot be a hundred per cent American.

When a sinner starts out on a journey he never buys a return ticket.

We cannot be loyal to the Head of the church without being loyal to the body.

There are no skeletons in the closet of prayer.

Cross-grained people, like wood of that character, cannot stand much strain.

Resolution is not sufficient if a revolution is necessary.

Sinners will be saved when Christians act as if they had been saved.

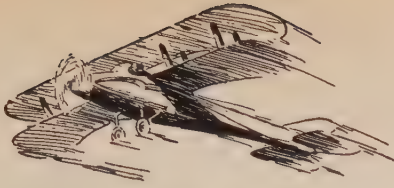
Those who climb into the band wagon last add least to the music.

The pace that kills may be immovableness.

A coat of mail cannot protect from sin, for sin is on the inside.

Education

The feelings are to be disciplined, the passions are to be restrained; true and worthy motives are to be inspired; a profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education.—*Daniel Webster.*



Views From Our Aeroplane By the Sky Pilot

BOYS AND GIRLS

Learn when making your first round of calls after settlement the names of all the members of each family. Include the youngest children, the babes, the absent. Then keep trace of them all. Inquire after each, address by their first names the girls and the boys. With a good minister whose heart is in his work young people like to be on familiar, confidential terms. Learn and enter on your register the birthdays of all the younger children. Then send to each, as one after another of these anniversaries comes around a pastor's greeting with some little token of remembrance.

THE STRANGER

The average new-comer is apt in his isolation and loneliness at first to fall into a querulous mood. The transition from an old home to a new one is even for a Christian a perilous occasion in life. At such a crisis tens of thousands have commenced a disastrous lapse into worldliness. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher when examined for installation at Brooklyn, was asked if he believed in the perseverance of the saints. He was brought up, he replied, to believe in that doctrine, but after he settled in the West and saw how Eastern Christians acted when moving to that region he began to be troubled with doubts. For the stranger's protection and spiritual growth, no less than for the increase of one's own congregation, there is need to throw the arms of the church around him.

PULPIT MANNERS

Treat the service of song as the serious act of worship that it is. Ministers sometimes desecrate it and, by their example, lead their people to desecrate it. They busy themselves while the singing goes on with the arrangement of their notices or looking over their sermons, or still worse it may be, by whispering to some other clergyman in the pulpit. Unless under strict necessity in the time of singing do nothing of that sort which you would not do while listening to prayer. Many of our hymns are prayers. Take your book and sing with the people. If you cannot sing, join in heart at least with those who can.

SUBJECT AND OBJECT

Your first question in preparing a sermon is, What is your object? Many a preacher thinks of little beyond the demand of the hour and acquitting himself with credit. He looks on the sermon as an end. Like a painting or a statue, it is a work of art that he is to elaborate. As a consequence he produces, probably, a fine essay. It is interesting. It may be instructive. But there is no fire in it. There is no moral grip on a soul in its sin. It is less a channel through which the preacher reaches men than a dead wall between him and them.

HILARITY

Will hilarity in a minister prejudice people against religion? Never any reasonable person. Quite the reverse. I was told of a young man who happened to look in upon a group of ministers dining together. They were, he said, the merriest party he had ever seen. He had heard that religion depressed men and would fill the world with gloom. Not long after he rose in a mid-week meeting to announce that he had chosen Christ and desired to lead a Christian life. When asked what had first awakened him, he answered, "The happiness of those ministers at the table. I wanted a religion that brings such joy into the world. It was that which set me thinking."

HEALTH

There is occasionally a man with fine genius and iron will who can force a sickly frame through an immense amount of work. But commonly a pastor without health will accomplish little. Many a minister fired with great aspirations, is in his slender frame like a too-powerful engine in a little steamer, at every stroke of the piston making her timbers quiver and creak. If you would have a robust and vigorous intellect, give it an agile frame in which to work. Get exercise. Take care of your health.

FOR THE PREACHER

Rev. Otis H. Moore, Elwood, Iowa.

Count that day lost

Whose low descending sun

Views at its close

No pastoral calling done.

—For *The Expositor*.

Taxes

The taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly, and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement.—*Benjamin Franklin*.

Methods of Church Work

E. A. KING, Editor

One hardly likes to designate the month of May as "Mother's Day" but the Christian Church has a wide door for service opened this month just because it is the month in which this joyous home festival is celebrated. The wise minister and Sunday-School superintendent will make the most of it.

May might be called "The "Post-Easter" month. We plan our Church programs from Rally Day to Christmas, from Christmas to Easter and "After Easter What?" Too often there is a slump in all departments of Church work because our best efforts have been exerted in preparation for Easter. This does not need to be the case though it often is.

Some ministers look upon May (when Easter comes in April) as a sort of vacation month. We remember such an experience in California. A pastor of a large church had put in an unusually hard winter. He had just passed through a Lenten season culminating in a great Easter in-gathering. He was tired. He drove his car to our home in another city and we started on a week's outing free from care. We went to a famous mineral bath establishment in the country and put in three or four days of real rest. Each minister has his own method of relaxing but we see no reason why he should not relax a bit immediately after Easter.

While it may be true that some ministers will find it necessary for a bit of rest early in May the vast majority will go right on with their work. Of this number many will see a chance to further the kingdom by conserving the results of the Easter in-gathering. They will organize Bible classes and other instrumentalities for Christian nurture. By planning for these things ahead of time much can be accomplished.

In a general way May begins a series of three months ending in the summer vacation. Some prefer a period of two months ending with commencement in June. These divisions of time may seem trite and artificial to some but the man who wishes to get his work done in the best way will make use of the calendar. Make your own, but make one somehow and follow it as well as you can.

Now that Easter is past perhaps we may meditate upon the question, "What is true success in the ministry?" We have just been reading a brother minister's statement to the effect that success is not so much a matter of numbers as it is a matter of preaching the truth to the people who will listen to it and regard it. If this means anything at all it means that the minister who spends the largest percentage of his time getting the crowd in

more or less wasting his energy. Perhaps we would all do well to study more, to think more, to cultivate the religious experience we preach and urge, and let numbers take care of themselves. There is very little depth to much of the preaching of the day because we are trying to reach the crowds and the crowds demand light, shallow talk. Is it true? Are we spending too much time on the methods of our work, and too little on the spirit of it? We venture to suggest that this is a proper subject for discussion at your preachers' meeting after Easter.

We have one more post-Easter suggestion to make; secure a copy of Dean Charles R. Brown's "The Larger Faith," The Pilgrim Press, Boston, \$1.50, and read about the Baptists, Congregationalists, Disciples, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics and Unitarians. These are sympathetic studies. The book is written in the interest of better understanding and more intelligent good will among the many branches of the Church of Christ. Dean Brown thinks the Churches of Christendom are pretty well united and he makes you see the other parts of the "Christian Army" as a part of a "Larger Faith."

As we enter the spring period the editor of this department requests from each reader some of his printed matter. We would like something about your Easter program; some account of your activities in May; if commencement exercises will be held in your church tell us about them. We would like your cooperation in making this department one hundred per cent efficient. Send everything to Rev. Elisha A. King, 1618 Drexel Ave., Miami Beach, Florida.

SEND FOR AN EXPOSITOR COVER

We hold in our hand a beautiful calendar from the First Methodist Church, Racine, Wis., printed on a special *Expositor* cover in colors. The picture is Raphael's Madonna della Seggiola. It adorns the Mother's Day Program.

The picture in colors appeared on the Christmas issue of *The Expositor* for December, 1922 (Vol. XXIV, No. 279). *The Expositor* for May, 1922, has an uncolored picture and the issue for 1923 has a good one. You may secure these in quantities and have your calendar printed on the blank pages by your local printer.

MOTHER'S DAY TELEGRAMS

Last year we received the following letter from The Western Union Telegraph Co. It

is so well written and states the case so plainly that we print it:

"Mother's Day has grown in a few years from a sparsely accepted idea into a national institution. It is the recognized opportunity to acknowledge to motherhood the profound obligation that we always feel, but too seldom express. American Mothers have come to cherish this annual tribute, and to look forward to the message bringing them words of affection and gratitude.

"As there are a number of people who wish to remember their Mother on this day, but neglect to do so until the last minute, we would suggest that you announce at Sunday morning service that our company is giving Mother's Day telegrams special attention. They are being rushed through just as soon as filed and are delivered on the enclosed form, which causes them to stand out from the ordinary telegram."

The delivery telegrams are artistic blanks, headed "Mother's Day Greeting," printed in two tints.

BEAUTIFUL PRINTING FOR MOTHER'S DAY

A collection of beautiful cards and invitations come from The Standard Publishing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, and are all printed in colors. It is only recently that we have come upon such artistic printing in colors. The designs are varied and run all the way from a bunch of red and white carnations to beautiful front gates and open front doors, suggesting the call of mother and home. These are all printed on post card stock, white background, and clear attractive type. The prices are all very reasonable. You should send for samples at once. This company also furnishes buttons for use in Sunday School.

A MOTHER'S DAY PARADE

Last year at Brockton, Mass., Mother's Day was celebrated in grand style at Porter Church. The leading newspaper of the city printed this item about it:

"The second annual musical festival of the Junior and Intermediate Sunday Schools of Brockton and district on Sunday eclipsed the initial affair of last year and was a tremendous success. The Porter Congregational church was crowded by the members of the Sunday Schools, who marched in a parade from the high school to the church. The festival was a beautiful commemoration of Mother, most of the marchers wearing carnations in observance of Mother's Day. Many teachers and pastors accompanied the pupils."

One of the objects of Mother's Day is to impress growing youth with loyalty to motherhood and filial duty. In what better way can childhood be impressed? Here is a unique method of observing the day:

A MOTHER'S DAY SERVICE FROM FARWELL, MICHIGAN

Opening Hymn—Congregation standing.
Prayer—Congregation bowing.
Responsive lesson.
Doxology:

"O God, to thee we lift our voice
Help us to honor Mother's name
May we in thee alway rejoice
And strive to dedicate her fame."

Offering.

Offertory: "Mother's Prayer."

Hymn—Congregation standing.

Sermon: "A Mother's Faith."

Hymn—"Faith of Our Mothers.—A. B. Pat-
ten.

"Faith of our Mothers, living faith
In cradle song and bedtime prayer,
In nursery love and fireside lore,
Thy presence still pervades the air;
"Faith of our Mothers, living faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

"Faith of our Mothers, lavish faith,
The fount of childhood's trust and grace,
O, may thy consecration prove
The well-spring of a nobler race;
Faith of our Mothers, lavish faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

"Faith of our Mothers, guiding faith
For youthful longing—youthful doubt,
How blurred our vision, blind our way
Thy providential care without;
Faith of our Mothers, guiding faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

"Faith of our Mothers, Christian faith,
In truth beyond our man-made creeds,
Still serve the home and save the church,
And breathe thy spirit thro' our deeds;
Faith of our Mothers, Christian faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

The sermon emphasized the four qualities of faith reflected in the hymn, "Faith of our Mothers,"—1. Living Faith. 2. Lavish Faith. 3. Guiding Faith. 4. Christian Faith.

MOTHER-DAUGHTER WEEK

Here is an outline program for a week's observance of "Mother's Day" as carried out by Dr. Guy L. Brown, Jamestown, N. Y. Such a week of services would do any church good. Sunday—Mother's Day Services. Monday—Daughter's Abroad Day.

Joint meeting of Dorcas Society, Mission Circle, Farther Lights and Girls of the Church; with emphasis on Missions. Wednesday—Prayer Service.

An Hour of Thanksgiving, Inspiration, Consecration. Program arranged by the Daughters.

Thursday—At Home Night.

It is suggested that this evening be a home evening and that mother and daughter

spend the evening together. A dinner may be arranged for the especial friends of the mother and the daughter, or "That girl away from home" may be entertained. Such an evening would emphasize the worth-while-ness of home-making.

Friday—Mother-Daughter Banquet.

A most unusual program—an occasion that will long be remembered. The sons and fathers will serve. (All reservations must be made not later than Wednesday night.)

Saturday—Good Cheer Day.

The idea in mind for this day is the gathering of the wild flowers which are so abundant at this time of the year, and their distribution to the sick and shut-ins of the community. An organized visitation of hospitals and sick rooms will lend a home missionary service touch to the occasion.

Sunday—Daughter's Day.

Special program in the Bible School.

WHAT TO DO AFTER EASTER

The reception of new members at Easter brings to the pastor the task of building the new people into the life of the church, of making his new members feel at home in the church, and finding some worthy task to do. Social service, missionary education and religious education programs will be of great value. Rev. Charles E. Burton, D. D., makes these suggestions:

A certificate of church membership should be given to every new member, and with it simple instructions for the personal religious life, an outline of the opportunities and responsibilities of church membership and an invitation to subscribe to the church and its benevolences. Do not be afraid of making religion sordid by introducing finances. If you leave them out you are likely to dwarf the spiritual life of the new member.

Social connections are important. Plan a reception to new members within a week after they are received—an actual introduction of the new members to the church people. Arrange for intimate acquaintance on the part of every new member with a circle of church people. Here is where your parish organization is of importance.

Watch over the new members faithfully until they are thoroughly inducted into the life of the church. If they are absent from the Sunday service, call them up on the phone the next morning or write them, or call neighboring members of the church asking them to inquire; or, best of all, call upon them personally on Monday, letting them know that you missed them. In the larger churches committees should be set to attend to this, with or without the pastor's cooperation.

Assign some responsibility to every new member. Each one should be introduced to the department of church life which is appropriate—the women to the women's organ-

izations, the young people to the young people's organizations, etc. Usually there is need of helpers in the Sunday School. In many churches the choir needs new material. Every pastor knows what needs to be done in the church and through the church in the community. Church members who are doing something worth while for the church will not lose their interest in it.

A SERIES OF CHARACTER INTERPRETATIONS

Rev. George Atkinson, of Ceres, California, is preaching a series of Sunday morning sermons upon Bible character, to be distributed over four months, from February to June.

Nehemiah, the Master Builder.

Isaiah, the Statesman-Prophet.

Jeremiah, the Prophet of Courage.

Stephen, the Crowned Martyr.

Samuel, whom God Could Help.

The Optimism of Jesus.

The Firmness of Jesus.

The Reasonableness of Jesus.

The Patience of Jesus.

The Kindliness of Jesus.

John the Baptist, the Greatest Man Who Ever Took Second Place.

Gideon, who Held Fast.

Ruth, the Faithful Gleaner.

Timothy, a Good Minister.

Luke, the Beloved Physician.

HAVE A "DAUGHTER'S DAY"

The calendar of the First Baptist Church, Jamestown, N. Y., brings an announcement of a "Daughter's Day" as follows:

"Daughter's Day will be observed today. This will conclude the program of Mother-Daughter Week which began last Sunday with Mother's Day. The committee of young women are to be thanked for the delightful carrying out of the week's activities."

Many churches make a week of it instead of a day, and we have known of some churches to run in a "Father's Day." Here is a prayer from Dr. G. L. Brown's calendar:

"A Prayer. O Master, Thou Friend of Mothers, hear our prayer this Daughter's Day. Thou knowest the meaning of a mother's anxious love. From the day at Bethlehem when there was no room for thee in the inn, even unto that dark day outside Jerusalem, when there was no room for thee in the hearts of men, a mother followed thee in breathless devotion. Through the strength of thy companionship temper our love with wisdom; make it to glow with understanding; endow it with tact. Help us that our love may speak in such language as will kindle in the hearts of our daughters the fires of confidence and trust. Make them, we pray thee, the mothers of those children of tomorrow who shall bring thy kingdom nearer to the longing soul of humanity. In thy name, our Master. Amen."

WATCHING FOR THE STRANGER

Rev. T. O. Perrin, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Dallas, Texas, sends out the following letter to new people:

My dear Friend:

We have no knowledge of your church affiliations, but we have been informed that you lately moved into our neighborhood, so hasten to extend our cordial greetings. We would like to number you among our friends indeed, so extend you a hearty invitation to visit our Church.

In extending you this invitation it is not our desire to take you from your own Church, if you are of another faith, but to help you see the Church needs you, while you need the Church even more. The Church of Jesus Christ has never failed from neglect of man, but many a man has failed from neglecting the Church.

If you will worship with us some Sunday, fill in the enclosed card, hand it to any one of the ushers, and we will endeavor to welcome you cordially. A man by attending church draws with him his family and his friends, gives new courage to those doing church work, and has that satisfaction that comes to a man when he has done his duty.

We hope to have the pleasure of seeing you some Sunday, and if this is your faith, or you are inclined toward this church, we urge that it become your church home. A house is not a home; a home needs religion, and religion needs a church. Why not make this the church?

AN ORIGINAL SUGGESTION

Rev. Henry W. Snyder, D. D., Johnstown, Pa., has invented the following invitation to men which has several points of excellence. If you wish to adapt it for your own use secure the cut from *The Expositor* office, Cleveland, Ohio.

ONE MINISTER'S CARTOONS

How easy it is to say eighty or ninety per cent of all we know comes to us through the eye and then go right on instructing through the ear! We will probably go right on talking. Yet there are people who believe that the eye is a large factor in education. Rev. G. C. Greenway, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Farmington, Missouri, has sent us some samples of "boosting material" as he calls it. It is all done on a mimeograph.

He has taken a number of *Expositor* ideas and adapted them to his field. He draws pictures, or cartoons, to illustrate letters sent out to his people. He has drawn a good picture of the man knocking the "T" out of "It Can't Be Done." Under that he has sketched a key held in the hand and by using two large capital "U"s he has the following "cypher" message. "It can be done. U hold the key to the situation. We cannot spell success without U."

Another of his cartoons is on world-wide missions. On the circle of the world is a cross and on that an open Bible. Underneath is a bag of money with coins all about and a hand pointing to the bag. Below all are the words, "Which are you trying most to save?"

This excellent piece of cartoon work reminds us of the desirability of using pen and pencil for publicity work in the church. If you cannot do it yourself it may be possible to interest someone else in the service. The hektograph or mimeograph or rotospeed may be put to good service.

We have received illustrated material from our brother ministers showing a continued increase in this form of teaching. Some have their drawings made up into line cuts or zinc etchings for printing. We wish more would send in to the editor of this department samples of work along this line.

In this connection we wish to suggest the

TRAIN RIGHT!



PEOPLE'S UNLIMITED

Not an EXTRA FARE, but an EXTRA FINE CHURCH

We do not try to PULLMAN into the Church, but invite all to COUPLE UP with us Sunday evening at 7:30. Subject:

"Stop! Look! Listen!"

following books: "Crayon and Character" by B. T. Griswold, Meigs Publishing Co., Indianapolis, Ind., one of the best for making cartoons. It has over 200 pages of helpful material and is fully illustrated. "Blackboard Efficiency" by Robert F. Y. Pierce, Revell Co., N. Y., \$1.50, is especially good for "Chalk Talks." It has a large number of excellent illustrations.

THE CHURCH NOT DYING

Here is a brief but potent item for your church calendar: "More than \$200,000,000 will be spent for church building in the United States during the year 1924 it was estimated at a recent conference at Cincinnati, Ohio, of representatives of church boards of architecture from throughout the country."

HOW ONE MINISTER GOT FOLKS OUT AT NIGHT

In a Presbyterian church in Tennessee the Sunday evening service used to be hard on the pastor. All the usual excuses for non-attendance were given and accepted. The people themselves believed them. The minister decided to use motion pictures. This letter shows how the people's excuses melted away:

"We use motion pictures on Sunday nights with good success. We show Bible films only. My night service is pleasant to look forward to. The pictures help in every way. Old rheumatics now get out to church that were detained hitherto at night. Children who used to keep the parents at home, now bring them to church. Young people find church a nice place to go.

"Our program is as follows: Hymn, Scripture, Prayer, (lights out), Hymn from words thrown on screen, One reel motion pictures, Hymn, words from screen, Another reel, (lights on). Notices and collection. Selection by choir, Sermon, Hymn, Benediction.

"It has stimulated interest in the Bible. The children see the Bible pictures and go home and tell their parents about them, and ask questions. These questions send the parents to the records."

BE PRECISE

Some announcement cards stop at the wrong place. The Upland Baptist Church, Upland, Pa., has issued a blotter announcement that stops at the right place. An *Expositor* cut of the string tied around the little man's big finger is used. Underneath it says, "Remember and then come." That is the point. It doesn't do much good to suggest remember without emphasizing the purpose to come!

HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS ON THE MORNING SERVICE

Rev. A. W. Lewis, Long Pine, Nebraska

Now and then I have given the young people a short talk especially for them, a part of

the sermon. I still keep that up sometimes, for what is interesting to them is interesting to most of the grown people. A sermonette to the youngsters at the beginning of the regular sermon on another subject is good, but the danger is that the whole talk will become too long. I have put my talk to the Junior Congregation in the place of the usual Long Prayer; often I close this talk with a short prayer. Then we have the announcements and the offering and another hymn with everybody standing to sing. If any of the Sunday School scholars feel that they have to go, they retire while we sing. I find that only a few leave.

I sometimes give the Junior Congregation a sermonette; but mostly I tell them about some one identified with church work or whose life is a plain illustration of incarnate truth and love and heroism. For instance, one Sunday morning I spoke about Toyohiko Kagawa and his wonderful life in Japan; another Sunday nearest the anniversary of his birth, The Youth of Abraham Lincoln and his Temperance Work; the next Sunday, The Youth of George Washington, with his Truthfulness and Politeness. This plan opens up a wide field, too much neglected by young and old, the concrete expression of what the church is doing and samples of what it means to follow Christ. Christmas Sunday I spoke on The Oak of Geismar and the First Christmas Tree. I generally talk ten minutes at a rapid rate and the young folks are "at attention."

After standing to sing the hymn all are ready for the sermon, which is seldom over half an hour. I avoid all approaches to mooted points. Young and old want practical, vital truths about Christ as verified by life. Sermons that do not touch life are out of date and smell musty to most people. Special music by the choir is often fine but the people like to sing the hymns and get into the spirit of the worship.

SEVEN CHURCH DAYS

Some Sunday Schools have a "Special Days Department" and ministers often feel the need of a "Special Days Secretary." There are so many special days during the year that it is difficult to find time for the regular days.

To meet the need of the special day the Standard Publishing Co., of Cincinnati, has printed a telegram blank called, "World Wide Sunday School Telegraph Co. with offices 'wherever man is found.'" The slogan is, "Having received the message flash it on to others." On the left side of the telegram is a list of seven church days, Rally Day, Promotion Day, Christmas, Easter, Mother's Day, Children's Day and Patriotic Day. These names are in squares and are to be checked as used. In this way one supply of telegrams would do for a whole year. Envelopes are provided suitable for the telegram.

USE A NOTE BOOK

Many ministers keep a note book handy for the jotting down of ideas and notes about sermons and lectures. We have found such a book of great value in connection with our series of sermons on "The Life of Jesus."

Another way of preserving quotations and thoughts from magazines, newspapers and calendars is to have either a box into which such material goes at once or a file in a filing cabinet where all such matter can be found when wanted.

The value of such books and receptacles is easily proven when the minister is pressed for time or called on for some special service. Indexes and scrap books are all useful if they do not take too much time to keep in order. The note book and the box are simple and inexpensive.

A CONSTANT INVITATION

On a recent calendar of the First Baptist Church of Jamestown, N. Y., we find the following invitation to join the church printed in capital letters:

Those who desire to unite with the Church are invited to come to the Pastor's study, the room on the left of the pulpit, at the close of the service.

Such an invitation might be printed every Sunday, why not?

AUSTRALIAN PUBLICITY

We have been watching the style of printing announcements in Australia for several years. At first there seemed to be a considerable diffidence from the pulling quality of American advertising. It was more of an announcement without the urge. But here is something that might be copied with profit by many of our American brethren.

The card is printed in black but the display letters are large and fat and make the contents stand out boldly. We think the wording is exceptionally good and the urging sense quite evident.

IF—1. You desire to see the Church throbbing with Spiritual Power

2. You desire to see many souls won to Christ

3. You desire to live nearer to the Lord

4. You desire to understand the position and plea of those Congregations known as Churches of Christ better

ATTEND the Mid-Week Prayer Services each Thursday evening at 8 o'clock throughout 1924.

BOOK this as a definite engagement, and allow nothing to interfere with it, for this is the important and worth-while thing.

Praying Churches are Prospering.

Prayerless Churches are Perishing.

WANTED not less than 50 present next Thursday evening. Will YOU make one.

Church of Christ, Lake St., Perth.

Church Attendance STIMULATORS

A series of 17 cards $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, printed in two colors featuring pointed paragraphs about church attendance.

60c per hundred—\$5 per thousand
(Adding church or your name, 50c extra—any amount)

Start the New Year right—boost your church
Free catalog of church helps on request.

Woolverton Printing Co.

Cedar Falls, Ia.



PLAN TO READ IN NEW FIELDS

Wherever we travel we find an ever increasing number of people interested in the study of religions. Notice that we did not write "religion." The interest has been aroused by the popular study of psychology and psychic science. It leads to an investigation of theosophy and all of this curiosity leads away from the church. They think they are finding deeper truths than before. They read the enthusiastic writers along the newer (or older) lines. They become absorbed in the doctrine of transmigration of the soul. Buddhism in its semi-Christian dress appeals to them. On top of this they know they have departed from the old-time simple faith and so think the church is against them. So far as we are familiar with this class of people we have a respect for their position. Intelligent sympathy with their point of view may interest them again in the Gospel of Christ and the church. So we suggest some books for the minister to read the coming summer.

We begin our list with "The Mystery Religions and the New Testament" by Henry C. Sheldon, The Abingdon Press, N. Y. He has another called "Theosophy and New Thought." Another informing book is "Theosophy and Christian Thought" by W. S. Urquhart, The Pilgrim Press, Boston, \$2.25. The author of this book has lived in India and writes with knowledge and sympathy. One should also read "Modern Religious Cults and Movements" by Gaius Glen Atkins, Revell Co., N. Y. This is an intelligent survey of the whole field by a Christian preacher who understands it. A popular treatise by Rev. James M. Campbell is "New Thought Christianized," T. Y. Crowell Co., N. Y. Then there is a cheap edition of "Theosophy in Outline" by F. Milton Willis, Haldeman-Julius Co., Girard, Kansas, pocket series No. 477, 5c.

Another book is "Reincarnation" by E. D. Walker. This may be had from Theosophical Headquarters, Chicago, Ill. With this may be placed "Esoteric Christianity" by Annie Besant, and "The Wisdom of the Aryas" by Allan Bennett.

We think that it may be a good thing for some ministers to become familiar with these writings and to make such helpful criticism as will place the teachings in their proper relation to Christianity. Many people will begin to realize that the minister "knows" and be drawn to him thus opening a door of acquaintance.

AN ARTISTIC ANNOUNCEMENT

Rev. Edwin G. Sandmeyer of Urbana, Ill., has sent us an artistic card printed in red and black. As an example of good printing we would give it first place. Here it is:

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Corner Green and South Race Streets
Urbana, Ill.
Edwin G. Sandmeyer, Pastor

Sunday Morning Sermons on Foundations of Truths

Revelation through Christ
redemption by Christ
reconciliation in Christ
regeneration through Christ
resurrection with Christ

Are you trusting in these for the life that now is and also for that which is to come?

John 14:9
Galatians 3:13-14
2 Cor. 5:16-19
Titus 3:4-6
Romans 6:5

Services begin promptly at 11 o'clock
You Are Welcome

PRINT YOUR OWN BULLETIN

Rev. Lowell A. Young of Darlington, Wis., has sent us copies of his weekly bulletin printed on a Junior Multigraph. It is an attractive, dignified piece of printing and available in smaller churches. Not only can the weekly bulletin be printed but also letters and various announcements.

Another calendar from Taylor, N. D., is partly home made and very attractive. The inside pages have a red border and are nicely printed in attractive type, while the outside is printed by the aid of a mimeograph though the borders are green and the title page border contains at the bottom a pulpit and open Bible. We judge that a stock of these are printed in blank and used in smaller lots as needed.

From Sardis, Miss., comes "The Pastor's Calendar," issued every Saturday. It is entirely typewritten and printed on a mimeo-

graph in good, clear copies. It is letter size, printed on both sides and is full of poetic and prose gems. We must save each copy for its valuable material. If you are wise you will write a letter to Rev. John A. Randolph, Sardis, Miss., enclose five cents in stamps and ask for a bunch of his calendars. We would advise doing it now or you won't get yours.

SELLING POINTS

The Congregational Community Church of Miami Beach recently issued an attractive folder for a financial campaign and publicity campaign. It inspired the following article in a city newspaper:

Here are eight reasons why the Community Church at the Beach is winning a large place in the life of that town:

First—A building. Beautiful Spanish mission building in the center of the city. A house for the glory of God and the good of man.

Second—A pipe organ. A sweet-toned organ used at services and for organ recitals and concerts.

Third—A good choir. Inspiring music at all services. Sacred concerts and recitals during the season.

Fourth—Good preaching. Thoughtful, scholarly sermons by the minister and visiting preachers and lecturers Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock and Sunday evenings at 7:30 o'clock.

Fifth—A Sunday School. Graded classes. Best text books, modern methods, devoted officers and teachers. A real school of religious education.

Sixth—Sunday evening programs. Every Sunday evening at 7:30 an organ recital. Fine musical programs. Educational illustrated lectures. Moving pictures.

Seventh—A library. A free circulating library. A summer educational lecture course. The Sunday School furnishes free to all pupils high grade weekly story papers.

Eighth—A Young People's society. There was no organization for the young people of Miami Beach two years ago to meet and get acquainted. The church organized this Young People's association for social and educational purposes.

THE GROUP PLAN OF ENLISTMENT

An elaborate method of enlisting church members and setting them to work comes from Rev. C. E. Myrick of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

The purpose of the "Group Plan" is to produce a complete local church program unified and correlated. The slogan is "All the members hearing all the word of the Lord, all the year round and doing all the work of the church."

The three objectives in general are (1) Serving. (2) Giving. (3) Winning. Under the first we note these phrases: "Go to

Church," "Attend Prayer Meeting," "Belong to the B. Y. P. U." (the young people's society), "Sing heartily," "Work in Sunday School," "Line Up with Brotherhood," "Serve with Women's Society." The second objective is giving for current expenses, for missions and for other purposes. The third purpose is personal work expressed by prayer and personal effort. The goal is one convert every month.

Such a plan requires leaders and committees. The central committee is made up of the following persons who promote the departments named.

1. Preaching Service—Pastor.
2. Praying Service—Prayer Meeting Leader.
3. Training Service—Supt. of Training.
4. Teaching Service—Sunday School Supt.
5. Song Service—Chorister.
6. Men's Brotherhood—President of Brotherhood.
7. Women's Society—President of Woman's Missionary Society.

The following Denominational Objectives and Co-operative Tasks are taught and urged by the Missionary Leaders.

1. Foreign Missions and Religious Literature.
2. Home Missions and Church Building.
3. Christian Education and Evangelism.
4. Hospitals and Country Church.
5. Relief and Annuity and Associated Missions.
6. State Missions and Stewardship.
7. Orphan's Home and Social Service.

The territory in which the membership lives is divided into equal groups with captains. If this plan is carried through the results are:

1. Every member of the church enlisted in Christian service or self-eliminated.
2. The leadership of the church discovered and utilized in directing growth in personal character.
3. A program for the local church functioning without duplication or friction.
4. Every member inspired with missionary loyalty and denominational solidarity.
5. The membership of the church prepared to face any emergency and to cooperate in any movement.
6. Supreme emphasis placed upon results in religious service and denominational achievement.
7. The services of the church standardized without hindrance to the leadership of the Holy Spirit or the sovereignty of the local church.

This plan requires a Secretary of Enlistment to keep records of the activities of each group and make monthly reports. Mr. Myrick has prepared a large chart with diagrams and pictures of captains and lieutenants. It is too elaborate for us to reproduce. For further information address Mr. Myrick, 1214 North Geary Ave., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, and enclose postage for reply.

PLAN A POST-EASTER PROGRAM

"After Easter, what?" The church of Fulton, N. Y., successfully met this problem of a decline of interest after Easter by arranging a series of Sunday evening services conducted by the various organizations of the church. The Easter pageant given by the Sunday School, brought together a crowded and deeply interested house. The Brotherhood conducted a musical service, with a forceful address by the principal of the high school. The Delta Alpha class of young ladies, which has recently secured the funds for canceling the parsonage mortgage, arranged a similar service.

On other Sunday evenings the Woman's Missionary Society gave some account of its work and introduced as speaker a visiting missionary; an excellent symposium was conducted by the Young People's Society; the pastor filled two vacant evenings with stereopticon; one evening was used by the choir; the Children's Day concert by the juniors brought the church up to the season of union services with the other churches for the summer. The interest has not lagged and each one has felt the responsibility of something to do.

HAVE INFORMED USHERS

There are two church functionaries that can spoil a minister's best efforts. One is the janitor and the other the usher or ushers. Everything possible should be done to train these people so they will become a genuine help to the church. The Brotherhood, St. John's Lutheran Church, Bellefonte, Pa., has issued a card entitled "Suggestions for Ushers" to be given to each usher. Both "rules" and plan are good. Here is the card:

1. Be quiet in all your work.
2. Keep the air pure. Good ventilation is necessary.
3. Others than ushers are not to remain in rear of the church.
4. There should be one usher at the rear of the church at all times.
5. Be at your post at least twenty minutes before time of service.
6. Give strangers the best seats and always see that they have a hymn book or program.
7. Realize the importance of your office. The first impression which strangers receive on coming into the church is usually from the ushers.
8. Never seat any one during the reading of Scripture lessons, special music, or prayer. This rule must be carried out and it applies to members as well as strangers.
9. It is of extreme importance, if you are unable to serve when notified, that you arrange for a substitute or communicate with the chairman in ample time for him to do so.
10. Always give a friendly greeting and a smile to every one, visitors and members alike, for remember you are representing "The

Friendly Church" and the stranger may base his opinions of the whole church upon the welcome that is extended by the ushers.

REVIEWING MOTION PICTURES

In answer to numerous inquiries about reliable reviews of motion pictures we commend the little magazine, "Film Progress," issued mid-monthly by the National Committee for Better Films, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City. This magazine may be secured by making application for membership in the committee's work of improving films. You pay \$2.00 a year and get this magazine with two other magazines. Every user of motion pictures in churches should be a member of this organization. The information one gets is worth far more than the two dollars.

A BOOK OF RELIGIOUS DRAMAS

About the best thing that has come to our desk recently is a book entitled "Religious Dramas 1924" selected by a special committee of the Federal Council, The Century Co., N. Y., \$2.00. This book of 334 pages, printed in large type represents the best religious drama produced in this country. The plays have been selected with regard to religious message, dramatic technique, literary quality, and educational merit. Plays of three types have been chosen, First, Biblical dramas and episodes; second, fellowship plays and pageants centering around Christian community building both at home and abroad; and, third, extra-Biblical plays of the individual spiritual life. By all means examine this splendid volume.

HOW AND WHY SERMONS

Rev. Ernest W. Robinson, Anson, Maine
How to Pray.
How to Help Your Church.
How to Read Your Bible.
How to Converse.
How to Broaden Your Vision.
Why Join a Church?
Why Read Good Books?
Why Reason Among Yourselves?
Why is Man?

THE COLLOQUIUM

Grace Chapin, director of Religious Education in Dr. W. E. Barton's Church, Oak Park, Ill., tells of a large class of young men and women that actually functions. At 9:45 A. M. Sunday morning the class meets by itself and conducts its own devotional exercises. They call their assembly room the "Third Floor Front" and it is in the church house.

To lead them in their discussions they have a scholarly professor in the high school. Under his guidance the class has discussed Stanley High's "The Revolt of Youth" and is following that study with Ellwood's "Christianity and Social Science."

On the first Sunday of each month, the Colloquium, as the class is called, gathers in the parlor of the church house at five o'clock in the afternoon, instead of in the morning, and takes a special topic of current interest; early in February, "Abraham Lincoln and the American Ideal" was treated by their pastor, Dr. William E. Barton, who is an authority on Lincoln. Many strangers in town find a warm welcome in the attractive parlor, and the beginnings of friendly acquaintance while the class serves social tea in the dining-room after the discussion.

Of course the social life of such a group is delightfully important. Last fall there was a harvest party, with quaint old-fashioned costumes made the shyest newcomer feel at home. In December, two humorous plays gave the class a goodly sum for Christmas giving to the needy, and developed much talent—even to the making of scenery by some of the young men, which they now have for rent to the church. The best result was that one of the class—the hero of the play—united with the church as a consequence of a closer acquaintance with the young members. In January the men of the class gave a clever party for the girls of the class.

The class has a paper called "The Third Floor Front," containing breezy items about the members, notices of coming events, etc. Its fun and friendliness bind the class together with splendid class spirit. The results have been: worth-while study, practical Christian living, the making of friends among strangers, and the building up of the Kingdom in church loyalty.

DRAMATIC BOOK SERMONS

The calendar of the Wesley Methodist Church of Minneapolis announces a series of Dramatic Book Sermons for Sunday evenings by the pastor, Frank Lee Roberts, as follows: "Children of the Age".....Hamsun

A very pungent book for the times.

Just off the press.

"The Everlasting Mercy".....Masefield

A dramatic account of a marvelous redemption. The greatest message of a great writer.

"Bread".....Charles G. Norris

"Man, and especially woman, does not live by bread alone." A story of woman in business, dealing with a grave and significant phase of national life.

"The Laughing Man".....Victor Hugo

One of the masterpieces which incites the interest of all lovers of good literature.

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF AND FAMILY

It doesn't take a very wise man to understand how some ministers "get behind." We read the other day about the terribly low average wage of the ministers in this country and the high average wage of plasterers.

Someone advocated adding a plastering department to the theological seminary so that the young ministers might have a remunerative trade to fall back upon during the discouraging days in the ministry. We suppose the brother who wrote that was joking, but nevertheless it is a serious joke when a minister is sick and laid up on account of an accident or other causes.

To meet this contingency and make an estate of some proportions for the family the Ministers Casualty Union of Minneapolis, Minn., has provided several insurance policies. The provisions are liberal, the cost comparatively slight. Death by accident, loss of eyes, limbs, etc., and sickness are all provided for. For only \$12.00 a year one may have generous protection in time of sickness and for \$20.00 the protection is still greater.

There is hardly a day passes that some minister is not injured. A short time ago a minister jumped into an auto with some friends who drove, by accident, upon the railroad track and he was instantly killed. With protection in this organization his family would have had \$5,000; without it nothing but debt and discouragement. Accident insurance does not take the place of religion, friendship or moral obligation but it does help a lot when the crisis comes. You cannot expect the church to look after your family after you are gone. The church calls another minister. It can't be helped. It is the way of the world.

A THOROUGHLY ORGANIZED CHURCH

The *Wichita Beacon*, Kansas, publishes the following description of the plan of organization of the Presbyterian Church of that city:

A system of organization has been in operation for a year at the First Presbyterian Church whereby every one of the 1,500 members keeps in close touch with the church. When the plan of organization was made out a year and a half ago the church had 1,200 members. It has increased by 300 members since. The whole membership was divided into groups of 100 each, called a District, with a man and his wife as District Captains.

A district is divided into five groups of about twenty members each with a man and his wife as group leaders. If the pastor wishes to get in touch with the membership he notifies the chairman; the chairman notifies the captains and each notifies his five group leaders, who each gets in touch with the twenty church members in his group, and so the entire membership is reached very quickly.

New members are placed in the group nearest to their residence. Once a week a group meeting is held, usually at the group leaders' home, and the pastor and other officers attend and meet the twenty members in their own neighborhood.

The group meetings are an interesting get-acquainted-kind and when they get all around

the officers will have met every member of the church in the locality of their own home. If members are sick or need the ministrations of the church, the group leader 'phones this information into the church office.

The plan is used by many of the different societies, as the Home Department, Christian Endeavor, Sunday School and others. Once a month for eight months in the year the ladies hold a social in each of the districts. In March the budget of the church was raised and over-subscribed in one week by using the Parish Plan; no new organization was set up for raising the budget.

A chart about three feet square hangs in the church office, with sixty pockets and in each pocket is complete information relating to that group, showing the new members, changes of address, etc. Different colored paper is used to designate the various societies. A map of Wichita is displayed with tags in every book containing members of the church, also showing the districts and groups. One group is for the out-of-town members and this group leader writes periodically to each of these.

THE GOSPEL FOR DAILY READING

There is an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1924, entitled "The Ghost of King James," by Edgar J. Goodspeed which defends his new version of the New Testament, or any new version. It is worth reading.

In line with this is a rather interesting achievement of Mr. A. T. Cornwell of Clearwater, Florida, who has printed the New Testament gospel story in the form of a double newspaper page which has passed through the 20th thousand edition. He is now printing "The Essential Gospel" in pamphlet form on good paper at ten cents per copy. We believe hundreds of our readers will want to secure a large supply of these.

FOR YOUR CHURCH CALENDAR

A regular attendant upon our church was heard to remark recently, "I like your weekly calendar because it always has such fine sentiments on it." If ministers only realized what an opportunity to preach the church calendar gives they would use it to much better advantage. Suppose you look upon your calendar as a suitable medium for a silent message to the mind and heart of the reader. The person who comes to church accepts your calendar, takes his seat and has time to read what is thereon in silence.

Church Bulletin Service

Two pages printed, two left blank for local printing. 75c per 100, 400, or more, weekly, 65c per 100. We also print Parish Papers on the cooperative plan, 4 and 8 pages, \$5.00 and \$10.00 for 200 copies. Write for samples and particulars.

THE CHURCH PRESS, LOSTANT, ILLINOIS

The Pastor and His Young People

The Passion in Pictures

The *Lutheran Standard* tells of the use made by the Rev. Gerhard Lenski of Brown's and Wilde's small reproductions of famous paintings, in giving a series of addresses upon "Christ as Men Have Seen Him." The period of time covered was "His Last Week." The small pictures were given to each one in the audience at the beginning of each lecture.

Here are the topics, Scripture passages, titles of paintings and artist:

The Christ Who Served. Mark 10:45. Picture: Christ Washing Peter's Feet, by Ford Madox Brown. The Christ Who Suffered. Matt. 26:42. Jesus in Gethsemane, by Hofmann. The Christ Who was Reviled. Matt. 27:1 and 2. Trial Before Pilate, by Munkacsy. The Christ Who Died. John 19:41, 42. Christ Borne to the Tomb, by Antonio Ciseri. The Christ Who Shall Live Forever. Philippians 2:5-11. The Christ, reproduced from Thorwaldsen's famous statue.

A plan like this would be especially interesting to young people.

* * *

There is no frigate like a book
To take us lands away
Nor any courses like a page
Of prancing poetry.
This traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of toil;
How frugal is the chariot
That bears a human soul!
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his fame was dust;
He danced along the dusty ways,
And this bequest of wings
Was but a book. What liberty
A loosened spirit brings!

—Emily Dickinson.

* * *

Seventeen to Twenty-One

Two business men and a professor were talking to me on a railway train a few weeks ago and were making a united indictment against the age of "Seventeen to Twenty-one."

They almost personified it. Seventeen to Twenty-one was a malignant demon turned loose upon the world for its destruction.

One might have thought that they expected the American boy to jump from sixteen to twenty-two over night.

The professor led off with a recital of some awful statistics, most of them vague, concerning the crimes of banditry committed by

young men and boys in their determination to get easy money for extravagant pleasures. Of course none could say him nay because one cannot pick up a daily newspaper without reading of crimes of violence and outrageous daring, perpetrated by boys still in their teens.

But I ventured to challenge all the deductions of the group concerning the responsibility. They laid the offense to youth itself—said it was uncontrollable, as youth had never been in any other known period of history; that it was idle; that it was selfish; and that it would wreck the world if it should continue in its present course.

Now I do not believe that a boy properly trained at home and at church until he is of the age of sixteen years and 364 days, passes—in the night preceding his seventeenth anniversary—from good character to bad character. I do not believe that any startling change of any kind occurs. At seventeen he is the expression of antecedents developed in him through all the years up to that time. There is many a father who cannot or will not take time to visit with and train his boy while that boy is growing from ten to seventeen, who is compelled to take time later on to visit with the boy in the county jail or the reformatory.

The fault is not with Seventeen to Twenty-one.

The fault is with Thirty-five to Sixty. If Thirty-five to Sixty will do its duty the world is in no danger from Seventeen to Twenty-one.—*Christian Statesman*.

* * *

Watch Yourself Go By

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by,
Think of yourself as "He" instead of "I."
Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man is you,
And strive to make your estimate ring true.
The faults of others then, will dwarf and shrink,

Love's chain grows stronger by one mighty link,

When you as "He" as substitute for "I"
Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.

—Strickland Gillilan.

* * *

Thrift

The record of what the Ford Motor Company saves from its factory waste is an amazing one. Four hundred and seventeen men, nearly all of them assigned to the work on account of ill health, form the salvage squad.

Thanks to their work, the company saves 392 tons of steel trimmings every day, 190 tons of baled steel, 153 tons of cast iron borings. They pick up nine and a half tons of waste paper. Their centrifugal wringers daily turn out two thousand gallons of oil from twenty tons of steel turnings. So it goes. Altogether the salvage department saves the company a million dollars a month. That means that each Ford car in 1923 cost five dollars less because the salvage squad saved the things that might have been thrown away.—*Exchange*.

* * *

Constant Teaching

Professor Jacks, in a recent volume on "A Living Universe," tells of a great schoolmaster whom he met. He asked him, "Where in your time-table do you teach religion?" "We teach it all day long," he answered. "We teach it in arithmetic, by accuracy. We teach it in language, by learning to say what we mean—Yea, yea, and Nay, nay. We teach it in history, by humanity. We teach it in geography, by breadth of mind. We teach it in handicraft by thoroughness. We teach it in astronomy, by reverence. We teach it in the playground, by fair play. We teach it by kindness to animals, by courtesy to servants, by good manners to one another, and by truthfulness in all things. We teach it by showing the children that we, their elders, are their friends and not their enemies." We judge that the old schoolmaster was a truly successful teacher of religion.

* * *

The Best Pleasures

The best pleasures are *first*, the simplest—pleasures which require least machinery, least effort on the part of others; *second*, the least expensive; *third*, the most accessible; *fourth*, those that can be most widely shared; *fifth*, those that can be most often repeated without doing harm to body, mind, or soul; *sixth*, those that call into action the highest qualities of life. The best pleasures are what we might call top-floor pleasures; that is, the pleasures of mind and spirit. If we test our pleasures by such laws as these, they will take us outdoors instead of indoors; to nature, and not to artificial things; to wholesome exercise, and not just to idle entertainment; to music, friendship, and books rather than to excitement and things that are artificial.—*S. S. World*.

* * *

The Ephebic Oath

The famous oath which was taken by the youthful citizens of Athens is as follows:

"We will never bring disgrace to this our city by any act of dishonesty or cowardice. We will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city both alone and with many. We will revere and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or set

them at naught. We will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty. Thus in all these ways we will transmit this city not only not less but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."

This has been revived in some city public schools as a part of the initiation to a boys' club.

* * *

Doing the Impossible—

"People do not lack strength; they lack will," said Victor Hugo.

"Nothing is impossible to the man who can will," said Mirabeau.

"I trample on impossibilities," said Pitt.

"You can do whatever you earnestly undertake," said Stonewall Jackson.

"Expect great things from God and attempt great things for God," said Carey.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," said Paul, Phil. 4:13.

* * *

A Little Patriot

When Giuseppe Rossi came from Italy, he and his father and mother went to live in a part of New York called the "Street of all Nations." People who live there come from every part of the world.

The woman who cleaned the halls in the house where Giuseppe lived, was using a worn-out, tattered old flag on Washington's birthday to clean the dust. Suddenly she was violently attacked by the small Italian boy, who began beating her about the body with his strong little fists. Then he lowered his head, and running at her like a goat, he butted her off the steps to the sidewalk.

When later he was arraigned before a magistrate, the boy explained. Pointing to the woman, who appeared against him, he said:

"She clean wid de flag. She wipe de mud-a wid it—da flag-a what ever' day in school-a we mak-a him so," and Giuseppe reverently raised his hand in salute.

* * *

A Pastor's Letter

The following letter was sent by a Lutheran pastor to the parents of the children to be confirmed.

Dear Parent:

Your child is to be confirmed in the near future. To confirm means to make firm. What is to be made firm on that day? The baptismal covenant. Briefly we want your child to choose of his own free will, Jesus Christ as his Lord and Saviour. The pastor wants to confirm or affirm on that day, in the name of God and the Christian church, that God has not broken and never does break the covenant into which he entered with your child on the day of baptism. Thus your child is to confirm something himself, and he is to be confirmed by the church.

Bearing in mind the importance of that day, we ask your hearty cooperation along the following lines:

Have your children say their prayers—morning, evenings, and at table. (The confirmand for the use at table, has learned this simple prayer: Come, Lord Jesus, be our Guest, and let these gifts to us be blessed. Other prayers, in addition to the Lord's Prayer, may, of course, be substituted.)

Read the Bible with the confirmand, either in the morning or in the evening. You may read the portions that I assign to the children, or you may begin with the Gospels, to be followed by the Acts of the Apostles and such portions as are best suited for his age.

It is very desirable that the confirmand do not alone attend Sunday School but also public worship. If the habit of church-going is ever to be formed, now is the time for doing so.

You also can assist me much in taking an interest in your child's lesson, and in asking questions as to the meaning of the truths under consideration.

Last, but not least, continue to pray for your children, and, I am sure, the Lord will bless our combined efforts for the spiritual welfare of your children. Wishing you God's richest blessings in every good thing, I am,

Faithfully yours,

Gustav J. Reumann,

Pastor.

* * *

A STORY TO TELL

Two Ways

I. The beautiful little girl of a Hindu mother died. The body was burned at the "burning ghat" beside the Ganges. The

mother, almost heart-broken, went to the temple of many gods, to see if she could find any comfort.

"Was it a boy or a girl?" asked the priest.

"She was my darling little girl."

The priest responded with a sneering laugh. "Ho," he said, "women don't have any souls, anyway. The girl may live again in the form of a toad or snake."

The next morning the mother went to the river bank. She saw the heap of ashes where the funeral pyre had been. Out of the warm ashes slowly crawled a snake. She remembered what the priest had said. "Oh-h!" she shrieked, "my sweet little girl is changed into a horrible serpent!" And she fell to the ground a hopeless maniac.

II. The beautiful little girl of another Hindu mother died. But a woman missionary had come to the home of this mother, and she had learned of Jesus and the resurrection.

Soon after the little one's death the missionary visited the home again, to talk with the mother and comfort her. The mother's face was sad, there were tears in her eyes, but they were not tears of despair, and a smile trembled upon her lips. Neither was she dressed in garments of mourning, but in bright and cheerful apparel.

"Yes," she said, when the missionary referred to it, "I am wearing my best today. I am doing it to honor Jesus who has taken my darling to himself. I want him to see that I know that she is safe and happy with him."

And that is the difference between Hinduism and the "Jesus Way."—*Christian Evangel*.

GOLD-MINING IN THE SCRIPTURES

The Expositor's "Expositions"

THE MINISTER AND HIS GREEK NEW TESTAMENT

The editor of this "Gold-Mining" department purposes to call occasionally to the attention of his readers choice books bearing upon the New Testament in Greek; especially ones which will be helpful to ministers whose Greek has grown "rusty."

The first one we mention is "The Minister and His Greek New Testament," a delightful book by Prof. A. T. Robertson, who has been well called "the highest authority on New Testament Greek in the world."

For thirty-five years Dr. Robertson has been teacher and professor of New Testament Greek in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, Ky., honored, influential, beloved.

This book is neither bulky nor "heavy," nor indeed is it a text book of Greek; but it is a charming book of suggestion, appreciation

and guidance in the study of the New Testament in Greek. It is a book that ought to inspire any minister to get down his Greek New Testament (or walk twenty-four miles to buy one, as John Brown of Haddington did!), and then start in with eager anticipation to do some genuine "gold-mining" on his own account in this greatest, most beautiful, most fascinating book in the world, the Greek New Testament.—R. C. H.

Hebrews 13:7. "Considering the issue of their life, imitate their faith."

Anatheohrountes tehn ekbasin tehs anastrophes, mimeisthe tehn pistin.

There is nothing obscure in this Greek; our discussion, therefore, is expository rather than exegetical.

A curious and widespread mental tendency is it, to reverse or invert meanings. "Virtue is its own great reward" is (subconsciously)

made to affirm that virtue surely brings a reward: exactly what the saying does not mean! "The exception proves the rule" is heedlessly made to affirm the veriest nonsense, that the fact of the existence of an exception to a rule laid down proves the truth of the said rule.

So likewise the text of ours suffers from the same unconscious inverting mental process. Possibly nine out of ten surface readers subconsciously take it to mean, "Considering the faith of those good teachers of yours, go and live as they did—considering their faith, imitate their lives." But what the verse really does say is a much subtler thing than this obvious one, and truly a much finer thing. It is this: Seeing what kind of men, what kind of lives, what glorious consummation was effectuated by it, do you surrender yourselves to the same high faith. "Considering the outcome of their manner of life, copy their religious faith," which was its secret source.

Let us consider some of the uses of this eminently practical text when thus correctly interpreted.

1. It can be finely adapted to a funeral or memorial discourse for some locally beloved Christian who has left a fragrant memory. Or for a sermon on some great Bible character, as Paul, or John, or Peter. Likewise, for sermon on a shining Christian of the centuries, as Luther, Knox, Carey, Livingston, or Lincoln. It was what each of these held in his heart as personal faith that made him great; it was his faith in God manifested in Jesus Christ that crowned his life. "Considering the issue of their life, imitate their faith which produced that life!"

2. This text may furnish a winning approach to worldly men who have had believing fathers and mothers.

"Friend, you had 'the best mother that ever lived!' That is a blessed belief and a precious heritage. You had a noble and revered father. You remember father and mother with love and reverence; you praise their goodness and celebrate their virtues. But do you realize what it was that made them like that? Do you understand what it was that enabled them to live the lives they did, and brought them to a blessed end?"

It was their faith in Jesus Christ, their trust in God. And if you want to be the kind of a man your father was, to have the kind of beautiful character your mother had, and to come to the same blessed end to which they came, then you must copy their religious faith, which alone did that for them! Considering the issue of their manner of life, imitate their faith."

Matthew 11:28. "Unto me, all wearied and burdened!"

Deute pros me pantes hoi kopiohntes kai pephortismenoi, kagoh anapausoh humas.

The Greek has a vividness that no English

translation has fully reproduced. Indeed as Dr. Robertson says, "It is not possible to reproduce the delicate turns of thought, the nuances of language, in translation." (The Min. & His G'k N. T., p. 17.) In despair of improvement here the Am. Rev. follows the Authorized; Moffatt gives, "Come to me, all who are laboring and burdened, and I will refresh you." Which is certainly inferior. The 20th Cent. N. T. gives "toiling and burdened," and then follows Author'd. We cannot do better than these, except by analytic study of the words in their literal meanings; a fascinating study, by the way.

Deute is composite of *deuro* and *ite*; *deuro* is in old Homer a challenge and a cheer, a rallying battle cry, Hither! this way! On, forward! *ite* is to come; *pros me*, to me. "Hither to me!" *pantes hoi*, all the (ones); *kopiohntes*, particpl. from *kopiaoh*, to be beat out, utterly wearied, partic. with hard toil; *kai*, and; *pephortismenoi*, reduplicated perf. pass. particpl. derived thus: *phero*, to hear; *phortos*, what is borne, a burden; *phortizoh*, to burden some one; passiv., to be burdened; particpl., ones having been heavily burdened; *kagoh* (emphatic) and I (*kai* and *egoh*); *anapausoh*, future of *anapaush*, to cause wholly to cease; *humas*, you.

So there is your literal and vivid translation! "Hither to me!—all ye ones clean beat out, and ye ones upon whom (heavy) burdens have been heaped, and I, I, will cause you wholly to cease (from the toil and burden bearing!)" And the sermon will just leap from the text.—R. C. H.

PETITIONS FOR THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE

"O Lord, we praise thy holy name, for thou hast made bare thine arm in the sight of all nations and done wonders. But still we cry to thee in the weary struggle of our people against the power of drink.

May those who now entrap the feet of the weak and make their living by the degradation of men, thrust away their shameful gains and stand clear. But if their conscience is silenced by profit, do thou grant thy people the indomitable strength of faith to make an end of it. May all the great churches of our land shake off those who seek the shelter of religion for that which damns, and stand with level front against the common foe.

O God, bring nigh the day when all shall face their daily tasks with minds undrugged and with tempered passions; when the unseemly mirth of drink shall seem a shame to all who see and hear; when the trade which debauches men shall be loathed like the trade which debauches women; and when all this black remnant of savagery shall haunt the memory of a new generation but as an evil dream of the night. For this accept our vows, O Lord, and grant thine aid."



PULPIT AND PASTORAL PRAYERS

Aids to the Worthy Leading of Public Devotions

CARE IN PRAYER

We who are non-liturgical ministers should give the utmost care to our preparations for public worship in general, and for public prayer in particular. The best cure for any barrenness in our free devotional forms of service is not to fly to a liturgy, but to study and prepare as carefully for the prayer and other parts of the devotional service as we do for our sermons. Thus will we truly enrich the services.

There are three types of devotional services in the worship of the Christian Church. These may be called the ritualistic, the liturgical and the spontaneous. Sometimes these may be combined in the service of the sanctuary, yet the three types remain and may be distinguished from each other in principle at least.

In each of these three types a different view of the minister who officiates emerges. In the ritualistic type, the priestly view of the minister is prominent; in the liturgical, his position is rather ambiguous; while in the spontaneous type, he is not priestly, but merely ministerial in his service.

Under each of these types the people are regarded as in different attitudes. In the ritualistic, the service of worship is performed on their behalf by the officiating priest; in the liturgical, the people are expected to unite in the service; while in the non-liturgical type, the people, led by the minister, themselves present the worship.

The first of these types is elaborate, the second formal, the third free. To many the element of spirituality is more naturally expressed in the third, though it may not be wanting in the second, and may even be present in the first. Reverence may pertain to all three, though the third has to be on its guard at this point.

SCRIPTURAL SALUTATIONS

Opening Sentences of the Service

1. "How excellent is thy lovingkindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them to drink of the river of thy pleasures; for with thee is the fountain of life; in thy light shall we see light." Ps. 36:7-9.

2. "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,

and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name. For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations." Ps. 100:4, 5.

3. "O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord, our maker. For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand. Today if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart." Ps. 95:7, 8.

4. For before the Communion service. "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people." Ps. 116:12-14.

INVOCATION PRAYER

Eternal God, thy spirit has called us together for worship. May no distraction draw us away from our communion with thee. May we come to thee like children going home, jubilant and glad. We have been in the far country and our garments are stained. May we hasten to the ministry of forgiveness and reconciliation. If we have been on fields of heavy battle, where the fire of the enemy has been awful and unceasing, may we hasten to thee for the overhauling of our armor, and for the renewal of our strength. If we have been called upon to walk weary roads of unfamiliar sorrow may we turn to thee as to refreshing springs. If we have lapsed from our high calling may we renew our covenant. If we have missed a gracious opportunity may we seek another chance. If we have been counted faithful in any service, and have fulfilled our commission by the help of thy grace, may we hasten to give the glory to thee. Unite us, we humbly pray thee, in the holy bonds of Christian sympathy. Deepen our pity so that we may share the sorrows of people far away. May we feel the burden of the burdened and weep with them that weep. Graciously make this service a mighty minister in the cause of thy kingdom. May we be fellow-laborers in the distribution of blessing; sending solace and strength to the distracted peoples of the world. Help us to believe in the ministry of intercession. May we not add to our sin by ceasing to remember those who are in need.

Grant peace in our time, O Lord, the peace which is the fruit of righteousness. Let thy will be done among all the peoples, so that in common obedience to thee all the nations may find abiding union. *Amen.*

MOTHER'S DAY PETITIONS

In the month of May comes Mother's Day. The following are some good Mother's Day petitions.

Father of Life, fold in the everlasting arms of thy love the torch-bearers of life,—the mothers of the race. As they struggle up the steepes of motherhood, through its travail of mind, body and soul, give them a clearer vision and a guiding wisdom. Grant them the compensation of a love returned and understood, and the ultimate satisfaction of knowing that they have lifted those entrusted to their care up into helpful harmony with thy kingdom. Bestow an especial tenderness on those who, having borne no children nevertheless exert the sweet ministries of motherhood over their home circle. Comfort all lonely, unmothered hearts. Grant the ever-steadying power of thy support through the daily discouragements, the clash and readjustment of ideals, and the anguish of bereavement that come into all mothers' lives. Increase, we pray, their cheerful steadfastness, their wistful, selfless strength; and, at the close of their day, may they enter into rest with faith undimmed, and unafraid. *Amen.*

POETICAL PETITIONS

Some ministers like occasionally to put poetical petitions in their prayers. The following is appropriate.

What is soiled, make thou pure;
What is wounded, work its cure;
What is parched, fructify;
What is rigid, gently bend;
What is frozen, warmly tend;
Strengthen what goes erringly.

PRAYER AT SPRING TIME

(It is well to recognize the seasons in our pulpit prayers. The following petitions are appropriate at the Spring Time.)

O Lord, our God, author and giver of all good things, who hast ordained the earth to bring forth grass for cattle, and herbs and food for the service of man, look down in thy compassion upon us, and bless, we beseech thee, the labors of thy servants who till and sow the fields. Vouchsafe to us seasonable weather; cause thy face to shine, and let thy rain and dew refresh the ground, that the fruits of the earth may be matured, our garners may be filled with corn and all good fruits, and that there may be abundance of food both for man and beast. "So we thy people and the sheep of thy pasture will give thee thanks for ever; we will show forth thy praise to all generations. *Amen.*

GENERAL CONGREGATIONAL PRAYER

Our Heavenly Father: We would, in all simplicity and sincerity, thank thee for the mercies which crown our days and enrich our lives. We do devoutly accept them all, as summed up in the gift of sonship exhibited and extended to us in Jesus Christ. We would today once more and ever more largely take possession of that exalted life—and actually breathe and think and feel and act as thy son and daughters, ransomed from sin, and walking in unbroken fellowship with thee. Thou art lavishing on us the unstinted and ceaseless outflow of Infinite Love; how can we gather up this boundless wealth in our tiny hands? Lord, strengthen our grasp that we may take more; and constrain us, in thine own large way, to pass on to others somehow all we get, that thus we may have room for more; for the taste that thou hast given us of thy rich grace makes us hungry for the rest of it. But how can our shriveled souls take it in? Thy bounties spill around us, and we let them go to waste. Enlarge our hearts. Send us such discipline as shall expand the withered cells of our being, that we may absorb more of God. Didst thou not plainly charge us, O Master, "Ye shall therefore be perfect, even as your heavenly Father is perfect"? We cannot understand the majesty to which thou hast appointed us; but for this fulness of life thou hast so whetted our appetite that we implore thee to accomplish in us the glory thou hast promised to us. Thou hast spread the banquet before us, and we would fain partake and be filled. Therefore let every joy thou sendest make us more glad and bountiful, every pain more tender, every disappointment more patient and far-sighted; let every burden we bear make us more robust and tireless; and let every bitter experience of our own frailties deepen our compassion for our fellows, and augment our power and skill in helping them. Lord, quicken our sluggish feet to go on ministries of love to the suffering and the wayward. Show us how and where we come short in our behavior; by what small infirmities we make trouble for other people and then pass on, smiling and complacent, never suspecting the mischief we work and the pain we cause. Impart to us that finish of grace and refinement of temper which shall make our whole life fragrant, and our presence always welcome. Let our actions be always gracious and kind, even when events surprise and sting us. Let our hearts be so centered on thee that no unexpected whirl of things shall throw us out of poise; and make us so rich in tender concern for men that no behavior of theirs shall call up poison to our lips or generate it in our hearts. Let our lives be always full and radiant with the sunshine of God.

Greatness lies, not in being strong, but in the right using of strength.—*H. W. Beecher.*

ILLUSTRATIVE DEPARTMENT

A Sermon Without Illustrations is Like a House Without Windows

Up-to-Date Illustrations From Current Life and Literature

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D. D.

A Fellow Feeling

521

One of the sweetest and most illuminating letters I have read for a long time is Helen Keller's letter in connection with the founding of Helen Keller scholarship in Lucknow to prepare teachers for blind children in India.

Having herself been rescued from that deep darkness of those who are not only blind but deaf and dumb, her action is a marvellous illustration of the old adage, "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." What a brilliant light these paragraphs of Miss Keller's letter throw on this proverb:

"I truly feel the deepest interest in what is being done for all the blind and deaf of the world, and none of them appeal to me more than the poor little children of India to whom the doors of knowledge are so pitilessly closed. I reach out the right hand of fellowship to you and all good friends who strive to open these doors, so that the forlorn wanderers in the dark may enter and find the goodness and joy of life.

"I have known the blessedness of deliverance and I cannot feel the fullness of my good fortune while others afflicted like myself are unrescued, untaught, uncheered. Let him who can imagine their endless years of groping, the isolation, their vain longing to understand and be understood, their dying without ever having really lived.

"Let us who are on the lookout for service do our utmost with words, with money, with love to bring these unfortunate ones to their human heritage. Think how little it costs to help and how much it will cost them in effort to overcome their hard fate. And for our aid will be given the highest reward, the joy of knowing that they are at last comforted, that with love's guidance they have explored the dark, once so cruel and full of fears, and found some happiness before their sad sojourn upon earth is ended. I send the enclosed cheque for two hundred dollars to help liberate my deaf and blind fellows in India."

The Pilot of the Soul

522

The most versatile and picturesque writer on things having to do with the Missionary World in our time, William L. Stidger, while passing through the South China Sea was inspired to write this poem under the title

"A Pilot—Undismayed," which deserves long life:

I do not know myself the ways
Across the ocean's pathless maze—
I only know the Pilot—He
Has erstwhile sailed this self-same sea.

He knows the islands and the stars;
He knows the ledges and the bars;
He knows the shallows and the deeps,
He keeps the watch—He never sleeps!

He knows the clouds that form on high
Along the wide and widening sky;
He knows the darkness and the light;
He knows the pathway of the night.

The storms, the currents and the calms
He holds secure within His palms;
The mists that slowly rise and roll!
Dear Pilot, hold Thou close my soul!

Hold Thou my soul—I am the ship—
And let no loose-flung cable slip;
Let no sail lose its eagerness;
My voyage and my ventures bless.

I am Thy ship—my Pilot Thou—
Sailing the seas of here and now.
Out to far lands I do not know
With Thee in confidence I go.

Out—and with singing in my sails;
Out where the wind in fierceness flails;
Out where the typhoon hunts its prey;
Out on the traveled, trackless way.

Out where the morning breaks its bands
On new—and to me—unknown lands—
But lands that have been known to Thee
Forever—from eternity!

Where I look but through mist-blurred eyes
Thou seest far beyond the skies.
Where I am trembling and afraid
Thou art serene and undismayed!

Conversational Peace-makers

523

A wise and good woman with large social experience recently said: "The best conversationalist I have ever known never made any deep and memorable speeches herself that I can recall, but she had a perfect genius for switching other people's trains of conversation on to safe tracks."

What a wonderful tribute that was, for we have all of us, if we have lived with observant eye, witnessed many illustrations of the fact that collisions in speech as on the railroad are immensely destructive. They are also sure retarders of progress.

The Workers Not the Knockers Who Live Forever 524

If you were asked who are "Dennis," "Tibbald," "Webster" and "Cibber" you would give them all up except Webster, and then you would suggest the Dictionary man and you would be wrong. These men are dead and long forgotten. If you will read Thackeray's lecture on Pope, you will find that these men aspired to be mighty critics in the days of Alexander Pope and made the poet writhe in agony under the lash of their bitter, biting sarcasm. But the test of time has put Pope in a worthy place in literature and his critics are unknown.

It is better to create than criticise.

My Coast is in the Sky 525

What a theme for a soul-inspiring sermon on some such text as "Our Citizenship is in heaven," could be found in the thought given us in Dr. George A. Simons' poem with the above title. Dr. Simons found this poem while watching the sky from shipboard in Mid-Atlantic.

'Twas after sundown out at sea,
Some clouds far north wrought witchery:
Mine eyes enraptured spied strange things
As night in God's spread balmy wings.

Half waking, feasting on that sight,
My soul was filled with pure delight:
The wooded hills and sandy shore
Clear silhouetted more and more!

"Far out at sea, yet near to land,
Mine eyes ne'er lose that native strand!

"Ah, pilgrim," said I to my soul,
"This trackless sea is not the whole!

"A citizen of Earth and Sky,
Behold all beauty, near or high,
And heed thy duty in both spheres
Till Heaven's joys o'ercome Earth's fears!

"Great God, I thank Thee for the eye
That sees my coast is in the Sky!"

God Never Forgets 526

How we stake everything on God's faithfulness. Men sail ships and run trains and sow crops and risk all they have and are on the assurance that God will never sleep or forget.

"Never yet was a springtime,
Late though lingered the snow,
That the sap stirred not at the whisper
Of the southwind, sweet and low,
Never yet was a springtime
When the buds forgot to blow."

The Pageant of the Flowers 527

I was reading the other day an article of great beauty written by an enthusiastic lover of nature on "The Pageant of the Flowers."

The writer recalled with graphic portrayal the way God blesses us with flowers, beginning with the crocuses often pushing their brave and cheerful faces up through the snow and on through the roses and lilies and pansies and hollyhocks and sunflowers and finally when he reached the autumn with its hint of winter in the air he gave a sermon on "The Interrupted Fern," full of suggestive and novel teaching. "In every wood and glen," says our writer, "is seen 'the interrupted fern' which retiring and half-concealed though it usually is, seems to speak to human need most fully of all.

"Putting forth its green leaves on the lower stalk, it suddenly seems to cease flourishing. Seeds brown and shrivelled cluster along its bare upreach. But now it stands with green leaves abounding above the point in its life where sear seeds seemed to bespeak its end! It would be hard to conceive a more strikingly significant embodiment of what the pageant of the flowers at last proclaims. It seems a final master touch in nature's efforts to "say it with flowers"—to utter a cheering message to human spirits all the way from spring's awakening to autumn's wistfulness. It sets in distinct unity nature's often elusive teaching; it visualizes the faith and hope ever born of human love; it gathers up into clear sight the frequently baffled assurance of religion."

Lingering as the pageant of the flowers comes to its end and passes from sight, the interrupted fern witnesses to high-hearted confidence in abounding life—more life after whatever comes, no matter how baffling it may seem. It breathes the spirit of those lines which Browning bravely wished his friends to place at the close of his volume as "the simple truth" concerning himself.

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
Wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

The High Calling of a Teacher 528

In this day when so many teachers are tempted to turn away from the teacher's profession it is encouraging to find a teacher with such an inspiring ideal of the nobility of that noble calling as has one American girl, Miss Herma Hoyt, a Life Service Volunteer teaching in a Mission School in Puebla, Mexico. Recently she set forth her estimate of her work in this "Song of a Teacher":

When I teach my children problems in Arithmetic,

I am sharpening their tools; I am polishing
their armor,
When I teach them to write or draw with their
hands, carefully,
I am training their eyes for the target practice.

When I show my children the pollen of flowers,
the weapons of insects,
I am showing them their place in the arena;
When I talk to them of cities and mountains
and great men,
I am firing them with the desire to conquer.

When I teach my children Hygiene, Physiology,
Civics,
I am giving them their banner.
When I talk to them of God,
I am giving them their motto.

When I teach my children to read,
I am opening a door for them.
When I teach my children to sing,
I am giving them their winged chargers.

To teach is to be in a high fortress overlooking
a city;
To teach is to stand in the early morning
watching a sunrise;
To teach is to kneel in the presence of great
things;
To teach is to be an apprentice to God.

Oh, Thou Great Teacher, behold!
I have polished their armor;
Their banner is white and flying;

Their eyes are keen as darts;
Their foreheads are damp with eagerness

The Privilege of Carrying Christ 529

There is a very remarkable story told in the biography of Sadhu Sundar Singh. This biography, written by Mrs. Arthur Parker, quotes him as giving this parable on humility:

"A poor Indian of the sweeper caste became a Christian, and a high-caste man who knew him was much struck by the great change in him. 'You used to come and sweep my house; you had no education, and yet I cannot help honoring you. What has changed you?'"

"The sweeper tried to explain the new life that had come to him, but still the high-caste man did not understand. Especially he wondered at one thing: 'You are so good, and yet you are not proud!'"

"'Why should I be proud?' asked the sweeper. 'When Christ rode an ass into Jerusalem, people brought clothes and laid them upon the road. Yet the feet of our Lord did not tread on them, only the ass walked over them. Who ever heard of such honor being done to the feet of an ass? It was only because the ass carried Christ. When he had done riding the ass, the beast was of no account. So I am of no account, only I am as it were bearing Christ, and it is he whom you honor. If he left me I should be nothing at all.'"

God teach us all that great lesson!

Pearls for Preachers

REV. WILLIAM J. HART, D. D., Sandy Creek, N. Y.

Death Proclaiming Life 530

Isa. 64:6. "We all do fade as a leaf." There is a new leaf behind the old, and spring behind autumn. The leaves of this year were prepared last year, and those of the year to come are ready, wrapped in the bud. So a tree always will give a message of spring; even at the death of the leaves it preaches of life.—*The Daily Mail (London).*

The Distant Scene 531

Phil. 3:14. "I press on toward the goal." I remember I was once appointed to preach at Saddleworth. It was a "supply" on our college list. I stayed with an old farmer. After the afternoon service I put up at his house until the time of the evening train. And the darkness fell; and the quiet day turned to a very stormy night, and soon the rutty roads were living streams. When the time for my train was getting near my friend gave me a farm lantern, "just to help you see where you are going, and to keep you out o' the ditch!" Well, that was something, but he added something that made it better. "Do you see that glimmer of light yonder?" "No; where?" And then he trained my eyes to

catch a far-off gleam that looked miles away. "That is Saddleworth Station; make for that!" The two things gave me what I needed. The old, worn lamp gave me light for my feet, and each step became clear, and that glimmer of the distant scene gave me cheer and appointed the course of my journey.—*Dr. J. H. Jowett in The British Weekly.*

Belonging to God 532

1 Cor. 3:23. "And you belong to Christ, and Christ belongs to God." (Weymouth's translation.)

Here is a short story in "real religion" I heard a short time ago. A Chinaman was led to Christ through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army, and in a short time donned the uniform of that organization. While riding on a street car, a friend accosted him, saying: "John, I see you belong to the Salvation Army." The Chinaman replied, "No, me belong to God, and I joined the Salvation Army."—*The Christian Herald.*

Keeping the Well Heart 533

Rev. 21:3. "And God himself shall be with them, and be their God."

Writing from a sick room to Dr. S. C. Swallow, an aged minister of Pennsylvania, Bishop W. A. Quayle said, in characteristic fashion: "How blessed is the gospel when we are sick and when we are well! I love it more and more, and the presence of Christ is unspeakably blessed. I am mending somewhat, I suppose, but do not expect ever to be well, but hope to keep the well heart forevermore."

A Twice-born Man 534

John 3:7. "Ye must be born anew." It was a Bowery lodging-house. In one of the six-by-eight rooms a man knelt at the side of the little iron bed. On the chair beside him was a bottle of whiskey. In his pocket was a vial, the contents of which would produce death in four hours. Midnight came and went. The man was still on his knees, praying in husky whispers and with many stifled ejaculations. It was a life or death! Either the thralldom of alcohol must be broken, or he would die. . . . Then it happened! Yes, the Christ passed by and the man was healed. The whiskey was emptied out. After an hour or so of heartfelt thanksgiving the man went to bed and slept peacefully. Next day he passed saloon after saloon and no desire for the stuff. Nor has he ever relapsed.

. . . It was my privilege to work with the man after this experience; and he has preached for me in my Kentucky church.—*Rev. J. H. Allen.*

The Ten Commandments in Business 535

Prov. 14:34. It has been said that there never has been a panic which was not caused by disregarding either the Ten Commandments or the multiplication table, the two

great fundamentals of business. I dislike unduly to emphasize this fact for fear of being thought hypocritical. Nevertheless, over twenty years of study of business conditions shows this to be absolutely true. Moreover, it is evident that the multiplication table is only a tool of the Ten Commandments.—*From "Business Fundamentals" by Roger W. Babson*

Japanese Courage 536

Judges 8:4. When, at last, the flames subsided, after the destructive earthquake and fire in Japan, in 1923, a Japanese schoolmaster climbed to his feet and cried in a cracked voice, "All living shout three *banzais* (hurrahs) with me." Two hundred raised the most pitiful cheer ever heard in any place. This exemplifies the heroic spirit of the Japanese in the acutest suffering.—*Tokyo correspondent of the London Times, quoted in the British Weekly.*

"Jesus, Precious Jesus!" 537

Matt. 1:21. I read in Fullerton's "Life of Spurgeon" such words as these from the preacher's wife, "I really thought he would have died there, in face of all these people. At the end he made a mighty effort to recover his voice: but utterance well-nigh faded, and only in broken accents could the broken peroration be heard—'let my name perish, but let Christ's name last for ever! Jesus! Jesus! JESUS! Crown him Lord of all!' You will not hear me say anything else. These are my last words in Exeter Hall for this time. 'Jesus! Jesus! JESUS! Crown Him Lord of all!' And then he fell back almost fainting in the chair behind him."—*Dr. F. W. Norwood.*

Multum in Parvo: Short Illustrations

Riches 538

Luke 12:20. I went to see a very wealthy man in New York to ask him to help an exceedingly noble cause. His fear immediately answered my appeal, and he spoke as one who was on the verge of poverty. "I really cannot give any more." The word was apparently sincere, and it was accompanied by a sort of sigh which confirmed its reality. "I really cannot give any more. What with one thing and another I do not know what we are coming to." Fear seemed to haunt the man. It determined his thought and his speech and his services. A few weeks later he died, and his will was proved at over sixty millions. And I wonder. I wonder if at the end of the day he heard the message of the Lord saying unto him, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall these things be"?—*J. H. Jowett.*

Women and Children 539

In one Mohammedan village I asked how many had died of the relapsing fever.

One man said, "Eighty."

Another said, "No, about a hundred and fifty."

The first again said, "No, not more than eighty."

The second answered, "If you count them all, there were a hundred and fifty."

"Oh, of course," said the first, "if you count the women and children!"—*H. J. Strickler.*

A Seeker 540

Rom. 10:14. "Pastor, did you know that my father was a seeker after eternal life?"

"No," I said. "Tell me about him."

This was his story:

"My father was a scholar. He had tried

Confucianism and Buddhism, but neither of these religions satisfied him. His heart was restless and sad. One day as he was walking along the road he picked up a portion of a printed page bearing the words: 'the only begotten Son of God,' and 'eternal life.' (It must have been a page torn from John's Gospel.)

"Why," he said to himself, 'this is what I want,—eternal life! Who is this Son of God who can give it to me?'

"He went round to his friends and to the scholars, but," said the Christian with tears in his eyes, "you had not yet come to Yencheng. He died without ever finding the only begotten Son of God, for there was no one to tell him."
—*Record of Christian Work.*

Songs in the Night 541

Psa. 42:8; Acts 16:25. As the wounded were being borne from the field of Shiloh, a fatally wounded captain, after speaking of his sufferings during the preceding night said, "I could not help singing that beautiful hymn, 'When I can read my title clear.' And there was a Christian brother in the brush near me. I could not see him but I could hear him. He took up the strain and beyond him another caught it up; all over the terrible battlefield of Shiloh the echo was resounding, and we made the field of battle ring with hymns of praise to God." This story from the "Life of General Grant" illustrates the comfort and the power of sacred song.

Gone Before 542

John 14:3, 4. About the year 125 A. D. a Greek by the name of Aristeides was writing to one of his friends about the new religion, Christianity. He was trying to explain the reasons for its extraordinary success. Here is a sentence from one of his letters:

"If any righteous man among the Christians passes from this world, they rejoice and offer thanks to God, and they escort his body with songs and thanksgiving as if he were setting out from one place to another nearby."

What a description of Christian faith in immortality,—that a man sets out from one place to another nearby! Is it any wonder that a religion like that swept paganism? Those who are gone before are not lost, not separated from us permanently: they are only waiting in another place nearby for us to join them again.—*J. G. Gilkey.*

Spreading Not Destroying 543

Psa. 76:10. The postmistress of a small town in South America has been holding back and destroying evangelical literature that she might root out the Protestant heresy.

She has a small store, and was using up packets of "La Estrella de la Mañana," the splendid organ of the Scandinavian Alliance Mission, to wrap up soap and other articles.

Manuel Betancourt, a farmer, came in some 15 miles to make some purchases, and on returning home found his soap wrapped in one of these papers. The matter interested him so much that he returned several times and purchased the soap, in small separate packets, so that he might have more of the paper to read. Through the reading of this he learned about the Bible, secured a copy, and as a result was converted some time ago.—*Record of Christian Work.*

Money or Service 544

A missionary doctor of the Protestant Church was offered \$30,000 a year by a big American corporation to look after the health of all its employees in that section. At that time his salary was \$1,800. What reason do you suppose he gave for refusing? Here it is—

"I can not risk missing the great adventure offered me as a Christian surgeon of making Christ's imprint on the medical life of China."
—*Heidelberg Teacher.*

AVOID IT

"Selfishness consists in facing any human relationship with the main intent of getting from it for one's self all the pleasure and profit that one can."

This is bound to find lodgment in somebody's heart. We use a square on the calendar each week to carry a message of this kind. A different one each week.

In order to save money some ministers have all their calendars printed (on one side) for the whole season. The front and back covers probably. The trouble with this is that these two pages make no impression on anybody after a month or two. If you take great pains to study the "message-possibility" of your calendar you can make it hit the mark each week.

One of our friends prints a different kind of a calendar each week, different size, different paper, different color of ink. He says the people watch eagerly each week to see what is coming.

It will be said that the calendar takes too much of the minister's time. Well, it takes a good part of a day to get ours out satisfactorily, but it takes time to publish a newspaper or a magazine and you cannot expect to produce a good calendar without putting time and thought into it. Many calendars reveal their origin in careless preparation. One should be careful to say, however, that printers "make fools of us all" sometimes. It is exasperating to have the calendar come home Saturday night full of typographical errors due to bad proof reading. But we are urging ministers to recognize that the calendar is an open door into a new world of Christian service. *The Expositor* prints suitable messages for calendars.

Start a Good Week in a Good Way



The little cut at the head of this column has a history. Mr. F. Vernon Powell, of the Lindley Box and Paper Company, Marion, Indiana, is the author of the idea. To the idea we responded in *The Expositor* office and had the slogan placed in a cut as suggested. Mr. Powell's original letter is as follows and practically contains the complete reason for and history connected with the idea. He writes:

"For a good many years I have been particularly interested in Sunday School work, but it seems with this busy old world of ours it is getting more and more difficult to get people interested in the Church. In other words, don't you think there is too little interest along this line with the majority of people?

"There is no argument but what advertising pays. I have been wondering if it wouldn't be a good idea to get through all the Christian Churches the adoption of a uniform slogan the nature of which would drive home to us all the thought that there is some advantage in observing the Sabbath.

"I do not know with whom a proposition of this kind should be taken up, but feel you are in a position to put through something of the kind, if it should appeal to you.

"I have thought about something of this sort for a long while. If we could get some slogan that would denote action, and make people feel the importance of it, I am inclined to think it would have a materially good effect.

"Just think what the National Association of Florists have gained by their slogan 'Say it with Flowers.' It has been one of the biggest booms to their business.

"Should you think favorably of something of this kind allow me to suggest a slogan as follows:

Start a Good Week
In a Good Way.

"Following the word 'Way' I would suggest an arrow pointing into a Church Door, the type matter in this slogan, arrow and all, to be made in a standard cut design, so wherever used it would always appear the same. By churches everywhere using a slogan of this kind, it would eventually get pretty well established in people's minds.

"This whole proposition is sent merely as a suggestion for your consideration."

The cut gives a slogan worthy of universal

adoption. It can be bought from *The Expositor*. Order No. 600. The price is 75 cents.

On your Church Bulletin or in the newspapers you are using advertising space. It is not easy to use such space to the best advantage. In this column we purpose giving some brief aids from month to month. We will display some cuts which can be purchased from *The Expositor*. We will give some striking sentences for use in "ads." And we will give also thoughts upon the Sabbath, its importance, its appeal, its right observance, etc. This is a line of thought useful in advertising the church.

Star your "ad" with such words as these:

GOOD ADVICE ABOUT CHURCH:

GO WHERE YOU BELONG: BELONG WHERE YOU GO.

IF YOU DON'T BELONG ANYWHERE THAT'S A MISTAKE.

CORRECT IT.

The appeal of this "ad" is because of its unselfishness. It is not lauding your church, but helping all the churches in your vicinity.

Here is another:

YOUR SPIRITUAL NATURE:

DON'T NEGLECT IT. KEEP TRUE TO YOUR IDEALS BY REGULAR CHURCH ATTENDANCE.

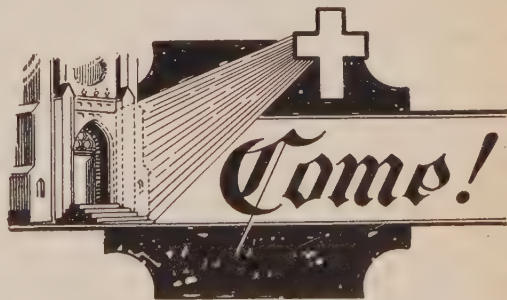
Here is another:

STARVING DOES NOT PAY.

YOUR TRUE SELF REQUIRES FOOD AND EXERCISE IN ORDER TO LIVE AND GROW.

GO TO CHURCH TOMORROW.

The following is another cut that can be used either in your Bulletin or in newspaper advertising. It can be had from *The Expositor* for 75 cents. It has a strong appeal, with the light shining from the Cross into the doorway of the church. And the one word "COME" is a sermon in itself.



A rhyme sometimes sticks in the mind and focuses thought. Begin your "ad" with these familiar words:

A SABBATH WELL SPENT

BRINGS A WEEK OF CONTENT.

In any city the following would appeal:

THE CALL TO FELLOWSHIP

Every great city is full of lonely lives. In a noble sense the churches of Blanktown are the greatest social centers. In her rich fellow-

ship she welcomes whoever will come. Her welcome is as comprehensive as the love of Christ.

THE SABBATH AN ISLE OF SAFETY

In one of his volumes Dr. Amos R. Wells says: "They are trying out in American cities the plan of 'isles of safety,' which consist of slightly elevated regions in the center of intersecting streets, protected by posts. In these spaces, about fifteen feet long and five feet wide, pedestrians may take refuge, and gather breath in the midst of their precarious transit between dashing teams and in front of wildly rushing automobiles.

"We need such breathing spaces all through our overswift and tumultuous modern life. We need little vacations scattered through our arduous days. We need little recreations to brighten our routine; little avocations to relieve our vocations; little prayers and hopes and dreams to rest us from our worries. He is a wise man who establishes such isles in his life. They will be safety spots that will preserve and prolong his life."

The Sabbath, God-given and especially valuable, is a blessed Isle of Safety in the midst of our busy weeks.

MAKE THE WOMAN'S SOCIETY AN ALLY

Dr. Samuel C. Black has written many practical things about church work and not less important are his remarks on the usefulness of the Women's Societies. He refers to the women as "Correctors of Error and Scatterers of Truth." He says that many ministers are learning nowadays that Women's Societies are the best distributors of information in the world. And this is said without reference to the time-worn jest touching woman's loquacity. Successful pastors have discovered the value of the right understanding of church doctrines, for example: the plans of the Church touching benevolences, requirements for Church membership and a hundred other things that have so large a part in ecclesiastical life. Not infrequently they ask the privilege of meeting the Society and explaining one of these things to them. After the brief explanation, questions are answered and the request made that the women tell what they have learned to their families or neighbors, who may not know or have erroneous ideas. One pastor took this method for correcting the widespread impression that his Church believed in "infant damnation." The results were most gratifying, resulting in a better feeling toward the Church and many new members.

MAKING THE CHURCH INTERIOR BEAUTIFUL

Bishop Vincent once noticed a rusty tomato can, holding some flowers on a communion table of a rural church where he was to preach. He said nothing but quietly tiptoed forward

and draped that ugly tin with his clean white handkerchief. If some woman who reads this will see to it that, next time naked flower pots are brought to decorate the church, they are draped with crepe paper of becoming tint, she will have done a public service.

Country churches have not begun to appreciate the beauty of God's flowers in decorating the bareness of altar and chancel. My own rural church has a decorating committee, which apportions the weekly decorating among the ladies of the congregation, in alphabetical order. Sometimes a single vase of flowers, often the whole front of the church is radiant with the beauty of field and garden. There is one lady whom I have in my mind, "The Violet Lady," because she makes a specialty of growing white and purple violets for church decoration, and not a Sunday, rain or shine, but her offering is there.

Almost anybody in a community, whether a member of church or not, is willing to loan potted plants and hanging baskets for church decorations, if they are carefully handled; and often a woman will go to church to see how her own flowers look, when she would not go to hear the minister.

In winter I have seen church rooms beautifully decorated with the Dennison crepe papers, and the Japanese paper cherry blossoms and wisteria.

For the "Home Coming" Sunday, masses of goldenrod give warmth and welcome. For Children's Day, banks of common white daisies or "Brown Eyed Susans." With what they call "weeds," the country churches can add beauty to the church. For "Mother's Day" anything white, if white carnations are not to be had. For Easter, send an early order for bulbs of Chinese lilies and get all the girls to growing them in water.

Not only will the Christ who spoke of the lilies and the grass of the field be pleased if we make his altar beautiful with the loved works of his hands, but many who seem to lack interest in the spoken word, who are not specially aroused by music, who doze and drone throughout the services, or who stay away because there is nothing to catch the eye, will be attracted and helped if we make the interior of our churches as beautiful as waxen neatness, as brightness of flowers and gladness of softened light through the gospel-pictured art in glass will make them.—*John F. Cowan in "Big Jobs for Little Churches."*

If, in the bright lexicon of youth, there is no such word as fail, so in the records of our lives as Christians who trust in the living God, there should never be written, 'And they brought back a discouraging report.' Let the odds be against us, and obstacles seem insurmountable, we have but to include the Almighty in faith, and ourselves in fidelity, and let God draw the conclusions.

CHURCH BUILDING DEPARTMENT

Do's and Don'ts for Pastors Planning to Build, Remodel or Newly Equip Churches

The People's Christian Church

The People's Christian Church of Dover, Delaware, of which Dr. R. C. Helfenstein is pastor, will have one of the most modern church plants in the state when the new building is completed. The building is of beautiful rag brick in mingled shades, trimmed in Indiana limestone.

The building is an "L" shape design 94'-6" by 70' on the base of the "L," with a 45 foot

vides a fine large class room and is also designed for the installation of a set of chimes.

The Sunday School and Social Center Building provides individual class rooms for all departments, being planned to meet all the requirements of the modern departmental Sunday School. The second floor has a standard size gymnasium and Community Hall with a 17 foot ceiling. The basement of the new



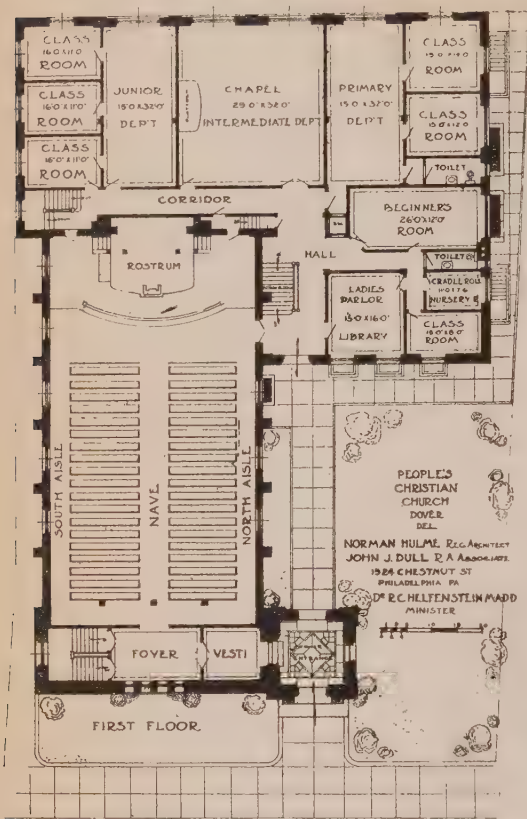
return, having a basement under all, and two floors and a balcony above. The dimensions of the present church building, which is also to be extensively remodeled, is 96' by 46'-6" with a gallery and a basement under all.

An imposing Memorial Tower 18' by 18' and 70 feet high, constructed of beautiful rag brick and trimmed with Indiana limestone, is to be erected as the main entrance to both buildings. The Tower floor and the steps lead from the tower into the foyer will be of white and black marble. The tower besides furnishing an entrance to both buildings pro-

vides a commodious kitchen 29'-5" by 16'-4", two rooms for shower baths, Boys Club Room, bowling alleys and shuffle board, room for pipe organ motor, storage room, coal room and boiler room. The basement under the church proper is to be remodeled, thus enlarging the banquet room to 94' by 45'-6".

The ground floor of the new building will be devoted to Sunday School and Religious Education and provides for the Beginners, the Primary Department, the Junior Department and the Intermediate and Young People's

Department, each department having a separate assembly room and separate class rooms.



The ground floor also has a chapel, 29'-6" by 32', with seating capacity of about 125 to be used for Sunday School work and also for prayer meeting services, lectures, etc. Other rooms on the ground floor are the Library and Ladies' Parlor, Choir room, Senior Men's class room and three lavatory rooms. The plan is coordinated with a convenient corridor that gives access to each department without having to pass through any other room.

The second floor has the Community Hall and gymnasium which will furnish opportunity for wholesome recreation and will also be used for community welfare purposes, and for showing religious and educational motion pictures. This room is to have a stage with footlights and will be used for home talent plays and entertainments. Three large class rooms having folding doors open into the Community Hall so that a seating capacity of about 600 can be provided. The motion picture booth, a class room and the Sunday School Secretary's office and a gallery will be located in the balcony space.

The building will be heated by two steam furnaces,—one to care for the Sunday School and Social Center building, and one for the present structure, which structure provides the main auditorium and the banquet room.

The present church structure, which was erected twelve years ago, is to be extensively remodeled so as to harmonize with the new building. The total cost of the project will be approximately one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. This will give the entire church plant a valuation of about one hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars.

Service of Mortgage-Burning

We have had many requests for a form of service for the burning of a mortgage, but until now have been unable to give any. The following is so unique and original we think it will be especially suggestive. There are constantly churches in the situation to desire such a service, for, we are glad to believe, mortgages are continually being paid off. In many cases some suitable ceremony is desired.

For a number of years Grace Presbyterian Church, Rochester, N. Y., had borne the burden of a considerable mortgage. It was decided to make a drive to clear off the encumbrance. A committee of five was appointed to undertake the work. This committee was divided into a Colonel and four Captains. Each Captain was to choose four other members from the congregation, thus forming four squads or "teams" of five members each. These were to vie with one another in reaching the "goal." The congregation was divided in such a way as to give no team an advantage. All pledges were to be paid within three months. Such church organizations as subscribed were to do

it in such a way as to not interfere with private pledges of its members.

The amount needed was largely over-subscribed and the mortgage was paid. There was much rejoicing. A greatly increased spirit of cooperation and fraternal fellowship was developed.

The Act of Burning:

At an early date the mortgage was burned. This was carried out at the regular morning church service. During the previous week a letter from the pastor was sent to all the congregation and constituency, giving information of the occasion and urging participation. Members of the Sunday School and other organizations were especially invited. The church was filled to capacity.

Since all, even to the little children, had taken part in paying off the mortgage, it was thought highly desirable that in some way each should have a part in its burning. Wishing to make this as realistic as possible an arrangement was made by which all could hold the cancelled mortgage as it was being

burnt. Arrangements being made the day before, a stout cord was run down each aisle of the church. To this cross-strings were fastened, extending the length of the pews. For convenience these cross-strings were wrapped in balls or on little tufts of paper and tied up against the main cords in the aisles in such a way as to not be in the way as members of the gathering congregation were being seated. The cord was extended also around the back end of the auditorium and up through the choir at the front. Across the pulpit platform was extended the cord upon which the cancelled mortgage was to hang. This cord was attached to the main one running through the aisles and around the room. In the middle, immediately over the pulpit, a wire had been inserted, so that when the mortgage was being consumed the circle could not be broken by the burning of the cord.

As the moment came for the exercises all the elders lined up in one aisle, and the trustees in another. At a given signal they unwound the cross lines and put them into the hands of the people in the pews, so that every individual in the house could have hold of a cord. Those who were to apply the matches came to the platform. The organ played softly. The Pastor lighted a match. The Senior Elder, the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, a representative of the other organizations of the church and an official of the local Presbytery all lighted their matches from the one in the hand of the Pastor. Then all together they held the matches under the paper to be burned, as it hung suspended on the wire, a large pan being beneath to provide safety from any dropping ashes. At the proper moment the organ sounded and the people standing sang with much emotion, "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow." As the last embers of the burned document turned black the people bowed reverently and joined with the Pastor in a prayer of thanksgiving.

Prayer:

O God, thou who art the Great Head of the Church, and in whom we live and move and have our being, we praise and adore thee for thy gracious care over us as a church and people through all the past years. Thou hast been our help and our salvation. While thou hast not made our burdens light, thou hast done for us even better. Thou hast given us strength to bear them. And now that by thy grace this particular load has been lifted, we bless thee that thou hast so taught and trained us in order that we may joyfully bear even heavier loads in the future—if that be thy purpose, to thy glory and to the church's good.

Bless the labors of these thy servants, wrought for the forwarding of the interests of this church. Bless to the comfort and inspiration and an increasing sense of worship

all who enter this house of devotion. Bless those who conceived and wrought the work and all who offered willingly of their means to accomplish it. Grant that as they have given gladly for thy house on earth they may attain at length unto that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Hymn:

Sermon:

Prayer:

Benediction:

—Service furnished by Rev. William Allen Hallock, Pastor of the church.

MOTHER'S DAY: THEMES ON WOMANHOOD

On Mother's Day or any Sunday in May would be an especially appropriate time to preach on some phase of the mission of womanhood. The following are some good themes from women in the Bible.

The Mother of Us All: Gen. 3:18-25.

Sarah—Obedience: 1 Peter 3:16.

Ruth—Trustfulness: Ruth 2:1-12.

Mary—Spirituality: Luke 2:46-55.

Martha—Service: Luke 10:38-42.

Mary—Worship: John 12:1-9.

Salome—Ambition in Women: Matt. 14:6-11.

Susanna—Woman's Physical Ministry: Luke 8:3.

Joanna, the Royal Steward's Wife—Sickness as a Means of Grace: Luke 8:2, 3.

Martha of Bethany—Woman as Mistress of the Home: Luke 10:38, Jno. 12:2.

Procla—A Wife's Warning: Matt. 27:19.

The Weeping Daughters of Jerusalem—Women's Tears: Luke 23:27, 28.

Mary of Cleopas—Woman's Ministry in Sorrow: John 19:25.

Mary Magdalene—Woman Transformed by Christianity: Mark 16:9.

Mary the Mother of Mark—Woman's Social Ministry: Acts 12:12.

The Women Who Publish the Tidings: Psalms 68:11.

A SPLENDID PROGRAM BOOK

Workers with children are always looking for help in making interesting programs to win and hold their pupils. The old fashioned method of just getting along anyway has passed. There must be some constructive planning if the real work is to be done.

A really wonderful piece of work has been done for readers and teachers in "The Mayflower Program Book" and "The Second Year Mayflower Book" by Jeanette Perkins and Frances Danielson, Pilgrim Press, Boston, \$2.00. It is a week-day course in World Friendship and Training in Service for children 6, 7 and 8 years of age. It is thoroughly illustrated and in every way a real help.

THE HOMILETIC YEAR—May

MOTHER'S DAY MEMORIAL DAY

MOTHER'S DAY

This year Mother's Day comes on Sunday, May 11th. This day is almost universally observed. The mayors of some cities and governors of some States take cognizance of the day, commending by proclamation its general celebration. Many Sunday Schools and churches observe it with inspiring and helpful programs. Those absent from home are expected to write to mother, send a telegram or telephone message or in some way give her recognition. The white carnation is "Mother's Day Flower," which stands for purity, beauty, fragrance and love, a true mother's virtue. This day may be observed in the Sunday School without setting aside the lesson. The opening and closing service can be built around mother. It would be well to plan to have all the mothers present at the session of the school and for the families of the church to sit together at the church services.

COURT DECISION ON MOTHER LOVE

In a New Orleans cemetery there is a monument which has created much interest. It represents a ship in the midst of a storm-tossed sea; a mother and child clinging together on the vessel. On the base is an inscription saying they were drowned on July 4, 1900. They were sole survivors of a large estate, and the question was under whose name should the estate be administered, the name of the mother or the daughter. The Court decided it should be in the name of the child, reckoning she went down last, because the mother would hold her in a place of safety to the end. A wonderful tribute to mother love!

WHY SHE LOVED MOTHER

One day a lady called her little girl to her side. "I'm so glad, mother: I wanted to love you so much." "Did you darling? I didn't think you were lonely when I was busy, for you had your doll to play with." "Yes, mother; but I'm tired of loving dolly, because she never loves me back." "And is that why you love mother?" "Partly; but I love you most because you loved me first, when I was too little to love you back." We love, because He first loved us.

A PRACTICAL MOTHER'S DAY

Down at Berea College in Kentucky Professor Smith put on a Mother's Day lesson in the Sunday School which must have started some sharp thinking. He suggested leaving the ordinary lesson and considering some salient facts for Kentuckians, such as the legal

marriage of a girl of twelve to a boy of fourteen, the lack of any State home for motherless children, the lack of any law or commission to prevent the employment of a mother for ten hours day or night, together with practical questions about the duties of boys and girls to their mothers and the amount of work a mother ought to be allowed to do at home when boys and girls are there. The questions were such as any State would need to face about its own condition.

That is making Mother's Day a vital thing. Sentiment about our mothers is too infrequent, and nobody ought to prevent our giving some time to them on a purely sentimental basis; but there is something finer in the way of sentiment than praising a mother or assuring her that we love her, even if we say it with flowers. Anything that makes motherhood easier and happier, anything that makes us worthier of being sons of such mothers, will be a better use of the day than sentiment.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

A WOMAN'S RIGHTS

"The rights of women—what are they?
The right to labor and to pray,
The right to watch while others sleep,
The right o'er others' woes to weep,
The right to succor in distress,
The right while others curse to bless,
The right to love while others scorn,
The right to comfort all who mourn,
The right to shed new joy on earth,
The right to feel the soul's high worth,
The right to lead the soul to God
Along the path the Saviour trod."

TWELVE GREATEST AMERICAN WOMEN

The twelve greatest living American women who have contributed most in their respective fields to the betterment of the world, as selected by the National League of Women Voters, are as follows: Jane Addams, philanthropy; Cecilia Beaux, painting; Anna J. Cannon, astronomy; Carrie Chapman Catt, politics; Anna Botsford Comstock, natural history; Minnie Maddern Fiske, stage; Louise Homer, music; Julia Lathrop, child welfare; Florence Rena Sabin, anatomy; M. Carey Thomas, education; Martha Van Rensselaer, home economics; Edith Wharton, literature. Two years ago Senorita Mandujano, a Chilean delegate to the Pan-American Conference of Women in Baltimore, asked the League to give her a list of the twelve greatest living American women, so that she might write about



Rev. Thomas C. Willason



Walleroo, South Australia

Distance Proves No Hindrance to This Busy Pastor

Which Goes to Show That the N. R. P. Assertion That "No Matter Where You Live, N. R. P. Co-operative Parish Paper Service Will Solve Your Empty Pew Problem," Is True

HERE'S a message for you from a busy pastor way out in Wallaroo, South Australia—a man who is busy and accomplishing something worth while because he's taking advantage of modern methods. Last January, 1923,

Rev. Thomas C. Willason, pastor of the Methodist Church, Wallaroo, South Australia, learned of the Parish Paper Idea, originated by The National Religious Press, which has filled more empty pews than any other plan known today. Clipping a coupon from a N. R. P. ad Mr. Willason soon received full particulars. As a result Mr. Willason established The Circuit Assistant which is printed by The National Religious Press.

Believes in Follow-Up Idea

"My idea of a successful pastor is that he should visit and visit and keep on visiting the people of his community until he is thoroughly known to every person and is the repository of its confidence," says Mr. Willason.

"The Parish Paper Idea is just the correct means of doing this in the very best way, for this leaves the message of the pastor and his church in the homes of the people after the pastor has gone to other homes.

"I am more than ever convinced

that the Parish Paper Idea is absolutely indispensable in these days of propaganda, and no minister or church can afford to ignore the valuable assistance given through the N. R. P. co-operative system. With the help of my parish paper I am brought into touch with scores of families and individuals that were out of reach before I embraced the new method of up-to-date approach.


"All the people are delighted with our parish paper and speak in highest terms of it. Many wise heads, however, thought that a man working a big circuit such as mine and distributing his energies over so many fields could not retain the standard of the paper. I smile at the back of my head and inwardly agree with them—I could not if I did not have the help of The National Religious Press. Without this assistance a parish paper would be an impossibility.

Recommends the Service

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart," continued Mr. Willason, "for the great and practical interest you have manifested in me away off here in another continent far from your own famous country. The advertisements and subscriptions more than pay all expenses, so the financing of the paper is no burden to me.

"I cannot understand how your American pastors can refrain from using your service when it is so close at hand and offers so many great and valuable privileges. As the boys say in Australia, 'It will do me fine.'

"I recommend your service to all wide-awake pastors and especially to Australian ministers, and take great delight in so doing, for their own sakes, the work's sake, and best of all, the Master's sake."

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them for the South American woman's reading. The committee had some trouble making the selection, and found in the first meeting that nobody has ever adequately defined greatness. Mrs. Park, president of the League, declared it her own conviction that the greatest woman she has ever known is a wonderful mother who has dragged a fatherless family out of a cellar to a prosperous home, and her greatness is not suspected outside the very few persons who knew her in her dire poverty. But this was not considered a proper basis on which to proceed.

THE MOTHER IN THE HOUSE

For such as you, I do believe,
Spirits their softest carpets weave,
And spread them out with gracious hand
Wherever you walk, wherever you stand.

For such as you, of scent and dew
Spirits their rarest nectar brew,
And where you sit and where you sup
Pour beauty's elixir in your cup.

For all day long, like other folk,
You bear the burden, wear the yoke,
And yet when I look in your eyes at eve
You are lovelier than ever, I do believe.

—*Hermann Hagedorn.*

A MOTHER'S HELP

I was married very young, and knew but little of housekeeping, and would often find myself in bothers over my household duties, and not know what to do. And then, in the midst, I would hear the front doorbell ring, and my mother's voice would ask, "Is Hannah at home?" And I would exclaim, with a sigh of relief, "Oh! there is mother!" and all my troubles would vanish, as though they had never been. My mother was there, and would manage it all. And over and over again in my spiritual life the words, "Oh! there is God!" have brought me a similar but far more blessed deliverance. With God present, what can there be to fear? Since he has said, "I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee," every heart that knows him cannot but boldly say, "I will not fear what man can do unto me."—*Mrs. Pearsall Smith.*

MOTHER

"God sent the birds and sunshine
To gladden all the world,
He sent the foliage and flowers
In radiance unfurled;
He sent the June, the stars, the moon,
The pearly dewdrops sweet;
And then he sent you, mother dear,
To make it all complete."

A SURPRISE TO MOTHER

One of the Christian workers during the Philadelphia Billy Sunday campaign asked an

old man who was nearly blind and living in the midst of the most desperate poverty if he would not like to become a Christian. "Yes," said he, "I would, and I will!" Then as the reality of what he had done came to him he turned to the worker and said: "Won't it be a great surprise to mother?" Another mother's sweet Christian life after many years' had borne fruit.

"O mother, when I think of thee,
'Tis but a step to Calvary.

Thy gentle hand upon my brow,
Is leading me to Jesus, now."

MOTHER'S WAY

Tender, gentle, brave and true,
Loving us whate'er we do!
Waiting, watching at the gate
For the footsteps that are late,
Sleepless through the hours of night
Till she knows that we're all right,
Pleased with every word we say—
That is ever mother's way.

Not enough for her are flowers,
Her life is so blent with ours
That in all we dare and do
She is partner, through and through;
Suffering when we suffer pain,
Happy when we smile again,
Living with us, night and day—
That is ever mother's way.

Edgar A. Guest.

A MOTHER

When God looked down upon the earth
And chose to put new blessings there,
Gifts from above
To show his love,
And lighten earthly joy and care,
He gave the sky the sunset glow;
Gave fragrance to the lily's blow;
Gave laughter gay
To children's play;
And then to every yearning soul
He gave that gift of tenderest worth—
A Mother.

The lily's sweetness is forgot,
And sunset splendors fade to gray;
But fresh and dear,
Through changing year,
Through quiet night, or eager day,
The love of her we love the best
Lives closely shined within each breast.
Bless Heaven for—
A Mother.

—*Sarah N. Latham.*

MOTHERS AS DEACONESSSES

One source of power in the early church was, "All at it and all the time." As some has put it, "The laymen were all preachers; the women were all deaconesses; the deacons were all evangelists, as well as table-servers;

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the ministers were all on fire long before Nero coated them with pitch and set them on fire in his gardens."—*Rev. John F. Cowan, D. D.*

MOTHER'S EYES

Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words:
Yet one word tells you all I would say—
She is my mother: you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

—*Alice Cary.*

N. G.

Here's something on the other side of Mother's Day. It could be used to point a moral.

"Mamma," said five-year-old Archie, "come out on the lawn and play baseball with me."

"I can't play baseball, dear."

"Huh!" exclaimed the little fellow, "that's what comes of having a woman for a mother."

HONOR BE TO MOTHER

A face of kindest beauty;
A heart of tenderest grace;
A voice of sweetest cadence;
A love naught can efface.

Hands tireless in their service;
Feet swift to come and go;
Ears tuned to faintest whispers;
Eyes keen to see and know.

A love unlike all other;
A friend of all most true;
O mother, precious mother,
All honor be to you.

—*Fred S. Shepard.*

HONOR THY MOTHER

The symbol of perfection to the ordinary child is his or her own mother. The mother is the child's divinity. The following anecdote puts into words what the average child would often like to express. Richard's mother was putting him to bed, and as she kissed him good-night, she said, "Do you know you are the whole world to mamma?"

"Am I?" he answered quickly. "Well, then, you're heaven and the north pole to me."—*Rev. William J. Hart, D. D.*

DEFENDING MOTHER

A pleasing story is told of John Keats and his mother. Mrs. Keats, it is said, inspired her children with an extraordinary affection. When John was four or five years old, Mrs. Keats was very seriously ill, and the doctor gave orders that she should not be disturbed for some time. John, learning of this, kept sentinel at her door for above three hours

with an old sword he had picked up, and allowed no one to enter.

ALL WOMEN SACRED

How true the words of Jean Paul Richter, who said: "To a man who has had a mother, all women are sacred for her sake!"

MOTHER

Mother, dear mother, your service was dear!
God did select you to work for him here!
Whenever he wanted a great thing done
He left it with you, to see it begun!
A preacher, a prophet, a statesman or two!
Surely God did leave the preparing with you!
She was only a mother; yes, but a partner
with Him. —*Merl Isenberg.*

A MODERN OLD WOMAN

Tell the children this in your sermon on Mother's Day.

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she knew just what to do;

She taught them the trick of each helping the other,

She made them believe work was fun and no bother;

And so brought up safely the whole precious crew!"

"MOTHER"

I have known many women who have brought the picture of the Christ into my thought as I noted their daily work. Smiling over the humblest service. That's mother. Cheerfully doing the things of which the rest of us have said, "You catch me." That's mother. After the long, long day's work—five or six to seven hours over union time—girding herself and kneeling to wash the feet of guests that were unworthy to cross the threshold of her sweet home. That's mother. Sinking into a chair, weary and faint, only to rise from it with the unfailing smile on her dear, tired face, to wait on some man who has worked eight hours that day; or to mend a jacket or catcher's mitt for a boy who has played all day; or to sew on a bit of lace or adjust a ribbon or change something about a gown for a girl who has such a good time all day that she can't stop, but must go out for a better time in the evening. That's mother. Staying at home that the others may go out and enjoy themselves. That's mother. Sacrificing this hope, that comfort, and that rest, for people who forget to say, "Thank you." That's mother. Laying off her wraps and staying at home from prayer meeting or church because somebody else danced herself or played herself into a headache. That's mother. Getting accustomed to hear the rest of the family say, as they get ready for the evening's entertainment, "Oh, no, mother doesn't care to go. Church and prayer meet-

ing are mother's only dissipations." Well, those are about all some families allow her. They don't cost anything, and the rest of the family don't want to go.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

A MOTHER OF THE OLDEN TIME

She loved flowers, and her little garden was always a-b blaze with the brightest and sweetest. It seems to me now that her delight in their fragrance and color was characteristic, and that she was always watching for a chance to drop them before us on the strait and narrow road, thus making it more alluring to our beauty-loving eyes. Dear human children we were to her—not angels, and not fallen beings born under the curse, with the trail of the serpent over us all—but little ones to be taken into her great motherly arms and brought to Jesus for his blessing. Brought, that was it, not driven. And so, when we stood, a large weeping band, around her grave, heaven seemed very near and dear, very home-like to us, because she was there; and I doubt whether even to this day there is one of us who does not look forward to her warm welcome, if perchance we may go to her, with something of the yearning with which, as little ones, we used to anticipate a visit to her sunny home there.—*Sarah Stuart Robbins.*

A MOTHER'S LOVE

One Sunday morning a party of young men, students in a law school, all of them sons of Christian parents, started out to a grove to spend the sacred day in card playing and wine drinking. As they walked along laughing and jesting, a church bell in the distance began to ring. One of the men named George stopped and told his companions he was going back to the village and to church. They sought to dissuade him but he was firm. Then they gathered in a circle about him and threatened to give him a cold bath in the river. Quietly, calmly, earnestly the young man said: "I know you have power enough to put me there till I am drowned; and if you choose you can do so and I will make no resistance; but listen to what I have to say and then do as you think best. I am two hundred miles from home. My mother is a helpless bedridden in-

valid. I am her youngest child. My father could not afford to pay for my schooling; but our teacher is a warm friend of my father and offered to take me without charge. He was anxious for me to come; but mother would not consent. The struggle almost cost her what little life was left. At length, after many prayers, she yielded and said I might go. The preparations for my leaving home were soon made. My mother never said a word to me till the morning I was to leave. After I had eaten my breakfast she sent for me, and asked me if everything was ready; I told her I was waiting for the stage. At her request I kneeled beside her bed. With her loving hand upon my head she prayed for her youngest child. Many a night I have dreamed that whole scene over. It is the happiest recollection of my life. I believe to the day of my death I shall be able to repeat every word of that prayer. Then she said, "My precious boy you never can know the agony of a mother's heart in parting for the last time from her youngest child. When you leave home you will have looked for the last time, this side of the grave, on the face of her who loves you as no other mortal can. Your father cannot afford the expense of your making visits during the two years that your studies will occupy. I cannot possibly live as long as that. My life has nearly run out. In the far off strange place to which you are going there will be no loving mother to give counsel. Seek counsel and help from God. Every Sunday morning, from ten to eleven o'clock, I will spend the hour in prayer for you. Wherever you may be during this sacred hour, when you hear the church bells ring, let your thoughts come back to this chamber where your dying mother will be in prayer for you. I—But I hear the stage coming. Kiss me—farewell!" Boys, I never expect to see my mother again on earth, but by God's help, I expect to see her in heaven."

With tears streaming down his cheeks George looked into the faces of his companions. Their eyes were moist. The ring they had formed about him opened and he went on his way to church. All quietly threw away their cards and wine flasks and followed him into the church service.

MEMORIAL DAY

Memorial occasions are times for reflection. They revive the past and set before us anew its lessons. Perhaps no occasion reveals the true spirit of our country and the conditions underlying the development of our national character more fully than does our national Memorial Day. It is then that "the past rises before us like a dream," and the great, history-making events stand out in their true perspective. And yet, it is not the events so much as the genius of a people which gives birth

and meaning to them, that is emphasized by the observance of Memorial Day.

It is, first of all, a day consecrated to the memory of our heroic soldiers. That alone should make it sacred. Having its origin in connection with the Civil War, it pays tribute more especially to the boys in blue, though it inevitably must become more general in its application. No true American heart ever will grudge the Union soldier the meed of recognition accorded him in this way. When



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we think of the thousands who fell on gory fields, the still greater number who since have answered the last roll call, and the silvery-haired remnant of that once mighty company that are yet with us, every impulse of the heart prompts us to do them honor. Our only regret is that we cannot do more.

Strange as the statement may seem, Memorial Day emphasizes the fact that we are a peaceful and peace-loving people. We engage in its observance in a spirit of humility. There is nothing of the militaristic ring in its program. The dominant note on our patriotic occasions is national righteousness, as revealed in our ideals and which must be incarnate in the character of our citizens. What American statesman is there but recognizes that our greatest danger lies in the neglect of those ideals, the evil that develops within, rather than in external foes?

MEMORIAL DAY

There's something very strange and sweet
About this day; the people meet,
And walk among the graves, and say
Such things about Memorial Day.

The fathers look so stern and proud;
You know the fathers in a crowd.
They gather close in twos and threes;
Sometimes you hear such words as these:

"My son? Oh, yes, they 'cited' him!"
And then perhaps their eyes grow dim,
And they say softly, under breath:
"Brave lad! He died a hero's death."

But mothers come with long black veils,
Not talking; I guess something ails
Their voices, for they whisper low,
Among the headstones, row on row;

Sometimes you hear them sob and cry
Through the band-music clear and high;
"You that make war" (I hear one say),
"You have forgot Memorial Day."

—Anna B. Bryant.

FOR ADVERTISEMENT OR BULLETIN

"For the youth they gave and the blood they
gave

We must render back the due;
For every marked or nameless grave
We must pay with a service true;
Till the scales stand straight with even weight,
And the world is a world made new."

* * *

The Truest Patriotism Has Its Source in the
House of God.

UNITED NATION

There is no longer North or South
There is no East nor West;
Gone are the bitterness and strife,
Our troubled land has rest.

As a broken bone, reknit, is stronger than
it was before, so is the strength of our re-
united land.

ORIGIN OF MEMORIAL DAY

Some seemingly well known facts get forgotten. Pastors may well recount again the facts and circumstances of the origin of Memorial Day. We quote from Grace Augusta Ogden, of Atlanta, Georgia. The statements can be relied upon.

It may be interesting to know that "Memorial Day," now observed throughout the North and the South, had its origin in Columbus, Mississippi, on April 25, 1866. The familiar poem, "The Blue and the Gray," by Francis Miles Finch, was inspired by an incident which occurred there, the "inland river" being the Tombigbee, upon whose banks the beautiful little city is situated.

In a history of Columbus, Mississippi, by Dr. W. L. Lipscomb, I find this statement:

"In the spring of 1866, three ladies of Columbus were in the habit of visiting Friendship Cemetery and of clearing off as best they could the weeds and briars, and decorating with flowers the graves of the Confederate dead.

"This beautiful custom, inaugurated by them, found a hearty response in the breasts of the ladies of Columbus, and resulted in a determination to make the decoration of the soldiers' graves an annual occurrence. The first celebration took place April 25, 1866.

"The *Columbus Index* of April 26 gives an account as follows: 'The procession of yesterday, in honor of the Confederate dead, was large and imposing. First marched in twos the young girls and ladies, dressed in immaculate white, each bearing a bouquet or chaplet of flowers. Next came the matrons, dressed in mourning, and bearing flowers in their hands. . . . Lastly came the carriages bearing elderly ladies. Arriving at the cemetery, the ladies assembled around the graves of the soldiers in the form of a square. . . . An elaborate and eloquent address was delivered by Rev. G. T. Stainback, and, following it, a fervent prayer by Rev. A. S. Andrews. The ladies then performed the beautiful and touching duty of decorating the graves with flowers. . . . We were glad to see that no distinction was made between our own dead and about forty Federal soldiers who sleep their last sleep beside them. It proved the exalted, unselfish tone of the female character, Confederate and Federal, once enemies, now receiving this tribute of respect. So Columbus claims also the distinction of being the first to decorate the graves of both Confederate and Federal soldiers alike.'

"A few days after the account of this incident was published, the *New York Tribune* printed these words: 'The women of Columbus, Mississippi, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of their soldier dead. They have strewn with flowers alike the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers, in the Columbus cemetery.'

"Thereupon the North was thrilled with the tenderness and generosity of the act, and Francis Miles Finch was inspired to write his immortal moving lyric, 'The Blue and the Gray.'

"Grace Augusta Ogden, of Atlanta, the little granddaughter of Mrs. Augusta Cox, to whose spirit such tribute is paid, heard for the first time a rumor of this episode and wrote to have it substantiated. The reply, in the daintiest feminine tracery, of a generation past, lies before me, and is, in part, as follows:

"Just after the first decoration of our Confederate soldiers' graves, I was on the committee with a dear friend, Miss Matt Morton; and we had a large quantity of flowers in excess of what we needed for our own dead. The graves of the Federal soldiers looked so bare and desolate, I said to my friend, 'Let us drop a flower on each of their graves for their Mothers' sakes; each mound represents some Mother's darling.' She responded cheerfully, so we led off, followed by a few, but now it has become a custom to remember the 'Blue and the Gray,' and we know Jesus would have us forgive as we hope to be forgiven. He loved every one and we are to follow his example or we cannot be his disciples.'

"This was a long time ago, but how good God is in allowing me to tell one of my own dear grandchildren; and surely it is easier for you to forgive who know only through others of the horrors of war. Let us strive to forget the past and remember that 'God is love.'

"So this brave little woman, who buried the love of her young life with a Confederate soldier, and turned to drop a flower on the grave of a fallen foe, still lives (1916) a silver-haired, great grandmother, to inculcate lessons of peace and forgiving love in the hearts of the fourth generation."

A CIVIC CREED

Could be read or recited unitedly at any patriotic gathering.

"I love my country. I am proud of its history. I believe in its destiny. I will aim to make myself a good citizen. I will obey the laws of the City, of the State, and of the United States of America, so that from no act of mine shall Liberty become License, nor Freedom, Lawlessness. So far as in me lies I will endeavor to spread the gospel of 'Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men.' Should grave danger ever threaten my Country, I will heed the call of duty and will place upon her altar, as the fathers did of old, my life, my fortune and my sacred honor."

OLD GLORY AND NEW GLORY

A soldier was bending over his wounded comrade on a battlefield of France. The fallen man had received his death wound and his mind was wandering; but his attention was caught by a little flag pinned on the breast

of his chum. It brought him back to consciousness for a moment and he murmured, "Old Glory." The man bending above him said tenderly, "Yes, Bill, old boy, but it's new glory now, you know."

The task of the church is to bring the new glory—the Kingdom of God—on earth. It is to be done by bringing all men to obey the law of God. Jesus summed up the whole of this moral law in two sentences. What then is our great task? Is it not to bring all men to love God and one another?

A SOLDIER'S DEVOTION

One example of this is brought to our notice through the retirement (1923) of Levi E. Folk, technical sergeant in the medical department of the United States army. When the war was on with Spain, our troops near the tropics were afflicted with a severe scourge of yellow fever. Dr. Walter Reed, also connected with the medical department, advanced the theory that yellow fever is dependent for its progress upon the bite of a certain type of mosquito. Sergeant Folk agreed with Doctor Reed, and offered himself as an agent to demonstrate the truth of the theory. He subjected himself to every supposed form of exposure to the disease. He took the germ-laden blankets on which yellow-fever victims had suffered and died, wrapped them about his nude body, and slept. He visited yellow-fever patients in their sufferings, and again exposed himself. He then permitted the bite of the supposed yellow-fever mosquito, and thus contracted the disease, proving its method of progress and disproving former ideas about its contagion. Sergeant Folk went down to the doors of death, suffering all the pangs of death, but came back to life and lives today. He is retired according to the rules of army life.

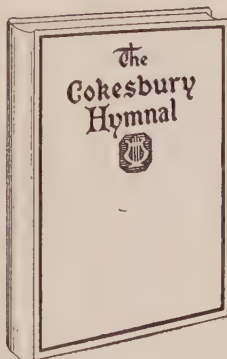
Always, all generations will be indebted to him for his service, which reached the full limit of willing death in case such a sacrifice were needed. Today, yellow fever has lost all its terrors because it can be mastered completely by the control of this certain breed of mosquitoes, and the multiplication of mosquitoes can be prevented by proper treatment of ponds and any other stagnant water. There is not a man who lives anywhere near yellow-fever territory, or takes a trip through the same, but may be indebted for his very life to Sergeant Folk. This is service of a peculiar kind, and, from the standpoint of human life of the very highest value, and of course is of the very highest character from the point of view of the personal risk involved.

The interesting thing about sergeant Folk's retirement according to the public press is that the army orders announcing the same stated that he goes back to private life without medals; yet, there isn't a man more deserving of medals of honor than Sergeant Folk. These medals are reserved for those who dis-

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tinguished themselves on the actual field of battle, facing an actual enemy, and under these trying circumstances doing valorous deeds beyond that which their position in the army requires.

Sergeant Folk does not need his coat lapel studded with medals to prove the value and the completeness of his service.—*Religious Telescope*.

MEMORIAL DAY

"Memorial Day dawns once again,
And hearts are loyal yet!
O ye who sleep in peace serene,
Think ye we can forget
Our hero dead of days gone by,
Who, girded for the fray,
Laid with their lives the corner stone
Of this Memorial Day?"

MORAL EQUIVALENT OF WAR

A professor in Harvard University recently declared that when war is abolished it will be necessary to find a moral equivalent of war, because one of the greatest instincts of our nature is the fighting instinct. The Word of God furnishes that moral equivalent. Paul delighted to picture the Christian as a "good soldier of Jesus Christ," and he looked upon life as an unceasing conflict in which we must be armed with the sword of the Spirit and the shield of Faith. There is no war so brilliant as the war with wrong, and no hero is so worthy to be honored in story and song as he who has gained the bloodless victory of truth and mercy and right.

ADDRESS TO WORLD WAR VETERANS

Let us cling to the supreme things and to this one great supremacy that righteousness is our national coronation. Sir William Robertson Nicoll tells of an old Scotchman who was dying. The friends, who had gathered in his room, one by one lifted the latch and went out, until only the old man's wife remained. He took her hand in his and said, "They will all go, you will stay." After all, only the supreme things stay. Cannons, air-planes, battleships of war will soon be antiquated, but the ideals which made possible the victories of yesterday and today will not end even when the world has been rolled up like a scroll.

May God have you in his keeping! Be assured that no one can rob you of your achievement. Be assured that no hero of a younger day can take your place in the love and esteem and gratitude of the nation that will love and honor and enthrone you as long as memory lasts. Help us to carry on to victory. Help us by the spirit which carried you forth, to keep the torch of truth burning, and to present to the nation lives that are consecrated to the highest and noblest ideals. Only the supreme things last. After the battle has

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died down and the tumult and the shouting have ceased, only the supreme things—faith and hope and love endure. This is what Mr. Noyes was speaking about in the verses which he calls "Victory":

There's but one gift that all our dead desire,
One gift that men can give, and that's a dream,
Unless we, too, can burn with that same fire
Of sacrifice; die to the things that seem;
Die to the little hatreds; die to greed;
Die to the old ignoble selves we knew;
Die to the base contempts of sect and creed,
And rise again, like these, with souls as true.
Nay (since these died before their task was finished)
Attempt new heights, bring even their dreams to birth;
Build us that better world, oh! not diminished,
By one true splendor that they planned on earth.

And that's not done by sword, or tongue, or pen,
There's but one way. God make us better men.

FOUR EPITAPHS

These, from *The London Times*, are worthy the Greek anthology. They are by J. M. Edmonds:
For a general grave on Viny Ridge:
You come from England; is she England still?
Yes, thanks to you that died upon this hill.
On some who died early in the day of battle:
Went the day well? we died and never knew;
But well or ill, England, we died for you.
On those who died at the Battle of Jutland:
Proud we went down, and there content we lie,
'Neath English sea if not 'neath English sky.
For a village war-memorial:
Ye that live on 'mid English pastures green,
Remember us, and think what might have been.

MY WAR ROSARY

Such a poem as this should not be forgotten. It can well be quoted to show woman's part in every war, and as a deterrent revealing the horrors of war.

My War Rosary

I knit, I knit,
I pray, I pray;
My knitting is my rosary,
And as I weave the stitches gray
I murmur prayers continually.
Gray loop—a sign,
Gray knot—a wish,
Gray row, a chain of wistful prayer,
For thus to sit and knit and pray—
This is of war the woman's share.
And so I knit,
And thus I pray,
And keep repeating night and day,

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May God lead safely those dear feet
That soon shall wear the web of gray.

Now and again
A selfish strain?
But surely woman heart must yearn
And pray sometimes that she may hear
The sound of footsteps that return.

But if—O God,
Not that. But if
It must be sacrifice complete,
Then I will trust that afterward
Thou wilt guide Home those precious feet.
—*Westminster Review.*

EAGLE YOUTH (1918)

They have taken his horse and plume,
They have left him to plod, and fume

For a hero's scope and room!
They have curbed his fighting pride,
They have bade him burrow and hide
With a million, side by side:
Look—into the air he springs,
Fighting with wings!

He has found a way to be free
Of that dun immensity
That would swallow up such as he:
Who would burrow when he could fly?
He will climb up into the sky
And the world shall watch him die!
Only his peers may dare
Follow him there!

—*Karle Wilson Baker.*

(Who can fail to appreciate the fling of
freedom in such a challenge as this? Quote
it for even inspiration toward peace.—Eds.)

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“Mothers of Men”: Mother's Day Sermon

REV. THOMAS S. HICKMAN, Birmingham, Ala.

Text: “For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him. Therefore also I have lent him to the Lord, as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord.” 1 Sam. 1:27-28.

This beautiful story of Hannah and her mother-love clearly illustrates the sacrifice that a mother will make for her sons. Hannah was a praying mother. A child can have no greater earthly blessing, for who can tell all that the world owes to such mothers? Some of the men who have done most to bless mankind by their pure lives, chaste writings and noble deeds, have sprung from women who had faith in God and practiced prayer. Samuel, the prophet of Israel, was a child of prayer. His name means “asked of the Lord.” Hannah made a great sacrifice by devoting her son to the service of the Lord. She placed him under the tutelage of Eli, the high priest, and was able to see him but once a year; yet she had faith, hope and confidence that her son would become a mighty leader of his people, as indeed he did.

There have been other mothers than Hannah who have made sacrifices for their sons; there have been other sons than Samuel who have made their mother's hearts glad because of their success in life. As Joaquin Miller has beautifully expressed it in his well-known poem, entitled “Mothers of Men,” women have made their greatest contribution to human happiness and human service in that capacity:

“The greatest battle that ever was fought—
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not:
It was fought by the mothers of men.”

During the past few decades we have witnessed a revolution in thinking. The Oriental conception of the subordination of women has been totally discarded in America. Woman has achieved both industrial and political emancipation; but woman can never claim a higher honor or a greater distinction than this one—“Mothers of Men.” The world today is undergoing terrific readjustments; governments are passing through the fire of reconstruction; the whole social fabric is in the process of rebuilding; old traditions are being discarded to the scrap heap. But there is one tradition that is as firmly rooted and grounded today as when the fifth commandment was given at Sinai; and that is the splendor and the glory of a true and noble motherhood which seeks to implant the spirit of courage, of sacrifice and high ideals in her children.

I. Influence.

Orison Marsden, writing on the subject of a mother's influence, declares it to be a strange fact that our mothers, the molders of the world, should get so little credit and should be so seldom mentioned among the world's achievers. The world sees only the successful son; the mother is but a round in the ladder upon which he has climbed. Her name or face is never seen in the papers; only her son is

lauded and held up to our admiration. Yet it was that face in the background that made his success possible.

It is in the home, then, that a mother has her greatest sphere of influence. The father holds a large place in the mind of his sons; but the mother stands still closer—she is a “mother of men.” She guides the boy while his mind is plastic. His first ideas about God and about religion come from her. What a wonderful opportunity childhood presents for wise direction on the part of mothers! It is the best time in which to impress the human heart for God; and it is just this time that mothers have their greatest influence. The mother can build up the home life in such a way that a boy will think of his mother as being the best woman in the world, and will resolve to do nothing that would grieve her or make her ashamed of him. In after life, if he has amounted to anything in the world, he gives his mother the credit because she implanted the high ideals which made success possible. But most dramatic of all situations between man and his mother is when trouble has him by the throat. When all have deserted him she remains; when all doubt she believes; when all despair she hopes; when all surrender she fights on.

These high ideals, implanted by the “mothers of men” bear fruit. President Garfield paid a high tribute to his mother when he was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1881. After Judge Waite of the Supreme Court presented the Bible to him and proceeded to administer the oath of office, Garfield kissed the Book and returned it to the Judge. Then turning to his aged mother he gently embraced her amid the wild approval of the multitude. Other men have paid high tribute to their mothers. Lincoln said, “All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother.” Thomas A. Edison said, “My mother was the making of me. She was so true, so sure of me; and I felt that I had someone to live for; someone I must not disappoint.”

II. Sacrifice.

Mothers also implant the spirit of sacrifice within their offspring by their own unselfish devotion. There have been other mothers in Israel than Hannah who have made great sacrifices for their sons. Such a mother was Jochbed, the mother of Moses. Illustrations could be multiplied. George Macdonald tells a story in one of his books of a young fellow named Templeton. His mother was a widow. She went with her son to a little town where she took in washing to make enough money to support him during his undergraduate course. When the day of graduation came, he said to her, “Mother, I am going to get a good seat for you tonight so that you can see me graduate.” She replied, “No, Tom, I don’t believe I’ll go; you see I have nothing to put on and you would be ashamed of me in these rags.” Tom gave his mother a long

lingering look as he said very slowly and deliberately, with a strong emphasis on the three last words, “Mother, I owe everything I am to you. I will be proud of you.”

III. Courage.

Mothers implant the spirit of courage in their sons. We owe much to our mothers and the story of motherhood comes to mean a wonderful epic of devotion and unselfishness. This is an age of brave women. Many of them have quite outgrown the nursery and have entered the arena of politics; but there is a courage and bravery which woman manifests in other and perhaps loftier spheres. When we want the best and noblest specimens of brave women, we shall seek them, not among the excited brawling throng, but on the battlefield of daily life. There we will find them caring for the wounded, soothing the sick and comforting the dying. There we will find such mothers as Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi of ancient Rome, and Eunice, the mother of Timothy. In the bravery of their sons, the bravery of the “mothers of men” is reflected.

These qualities of high ideals, sacrifice and courage are our heritage from our mothers. Thus it is no more than just and proper that we should set aside one day in the year and call it “Mother’s Day.” It is a day upon which we may stop and ponder and then pay our homage, respect and devotion to motherhood. Anna Jarvis, who first suggested Mother’s Day, has well said, “The man who does not esteem some good woman as a mother is to be pitied, not only because he has missed life’s crowning joy, the inspiration of a mother’s love, but because his manhood has lost a gentleness, and a sympathy and a reverence that ennobles in a way nothing else does. A man without mother love in his heart is next in isolation to a man without a country.” Thus on this Mother’s Day Sunday, 1924, we should thank God for praying mothers; for womanhood functioning in her highest sphere as “Mothers of Men.”

BOON AND BLESSING


Rev. Samuel Blair, of Lake Como, New Jersey, closes a letter to the editors thus: “With a prayer for your success, and thanks for the wonderful magazine you are giving, which is a boon and a blessing to clergymen, I am, Yours most sincerely.”

C. H. Newham, pastor M. E. Church, Harvard, Ill., says: “*The Expositor* is brimful of suggestions and ideas. Am continuously using advertising suggestions and plans for Special Days both from the latest copy and from my files.”

Dr. Zwemer is reported to have said recently: The Bible is the best selling book all the way from the Euphrates to the Nile. The missionary press cannot begin to meet the demand for Christian literature.

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Please See Next Page

See Preceding Page

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Tuberculosis? Rheumatism?..... Any chronic disease, defect or deformity?
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- Date.....19..... Signed.....

Application approved

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Applicant

God's Great Woman

A Mother's Day Sermon

REV. SAMUEL M. GLASGOW, D. D., Knoxville, Tenn.

Text: "And it fell on a day, that Elisha passed to Shunem, where was a great woman." 2 Kings 4:8.

With a vast world of Christians and their friends meditating upon "Mother's Day," surely we may blend our minds with theirs profitably. There are few subjects of such universal heart response and none with greater human appeal to our tenderest and most earnest interest than the subject of our thought on "Mother's Day."

What gift of God's goodness can we value among all the human mercies as superior to the gift of a wise, true, godly mother; who before we knew our right hand from our left, in utter self-forgetfulness, began to plan for the finer things and deeper blessings of life for us? Such a gracious gift should stir our hearts in deeper love and loyalty afresh towards our Heavenly Father.

"No nation has ever risen in character above the standard of its womanhood." Regardless of all apparent exceptions, which have universally failed under the test of time, in God's marvelous economy the woman holds the key and always will. The highest sphere not only of woman but of all mankind, man or woman, is the sphere of a true, gentle, wise, godly, mother.

The Shunammite woman is the one woman among all the notable women of the Bible who is spoken of distinctively by the inspired writer as "great." This does not mean that the other women characters were not great, for many of them tower high; but perhaps more than any other there are arrayed in this woman the many elements of composite greatness which mark a superb character. Not even her name is known and coming generations shall soon forget our names and the names of our temporary great. Her life and character are well known and influencing millions today.

Today we shall select some of the jewels that adorn this woman's character and let them speak in challenge or encouragement to the Motherhood of our own day, and let them awaken memories that are precious to many of us today regarding the Motherhood of yesterday.

I. She was a godly woman of great faith.

Read verses 9, 21 and 27. A godless mother is the tragedy of the ages, but a godly woman discreetly directing the affairs of a home and with gentle and loving touch molding the characters committed to her for godly and spiritual growth and development, and for the ideals which are alone to be found in the religion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, such a character is colossal. This woman had made God her refuge and rested the many

burdens that demanded her daily toil and care consciously in his hands. And she had a great faith in her God, in his interest, in his power, in his love. She went about her daily tasks conscious of a Presence at her side upon which she steadied her soul and from which she received daily strength, and confided all the unspoken longings and burdens and hopes and fears of motherhood, as she looked out into the future of the lives committed to her charge.

God was first in her life, and in securing a deep personal interest in God for her offspring, she believed she was giving them the best. No earthly, secondary preferment beclouded her wise judgment for the souls committed to her; she was satisfied with nothing except the best—a godly mother of great faith. What a privilege and responsibility to be born into such a home!

II. She was a home maker of great hospitality.

Read verses 8, 10, 13 and 17. Great industrial plants, with the hum and noise of tremendous commercial enterprise; busy factories employing thousands of toilers and producing great products of trade, lofty and stately commercial buildings adorning the streets of our centers of industry of the ages, to make them is the highest calling to which man can put his hand. The products of the home plant are fundamental and determining in all the nation's life. The home is in no sense secondary even to the Church, for the Church is dependent on the home far more than the home upon the Church, and the home is not only first in the order of time but also in the order of importance.

One of the crowns of the home is hospitality. First, the home exists for its own little circle, a sacred and necessarily exclusive circle, so ordered by God; here the tender, precious, personal factors of life may be freely and wisely discussed, and the deepest lines are here chiseled in determining the lineaments of personality and character in the life of all concerned. Most deeply rooted here is memory, whose branches may extend far and wide, yet ever for their life they root back into the early home spot and its loved spirits. The memories most sacred to each of us regarding locality are not of some princely furnished office in which we may have gained our thousands or millions; not even the green slopes of the school or college campus which still rings with the laughter and joy of boyhood and girlhood in memory's ears; but some cottage or home tucked away in hill or hamlet or city where God set up and protected the most precious and binding relationships that we

have ever know in life. This great woman was a home maker and a home keeper and extended the privileges of her home to the homeless, or to the visitor and stranger and guest.

I sometimes fear that hospitality, which is a distinctly Christian grace is falling into serious disuse due to the tremendous complications of our modern life. And surely there is a reflex of blessing and joy that can not be known apart from its observance. And oftentimes in generous love as we welcomed strangers we find upon their departure that we have entertained angels unawares. And the Master himself says, "I was a stranger and ye took me in; inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

The real mother-heart of this great woman is shown in the longing that she had for a son, and when the man of God asked what he might do for her, this promise of a God-given child filled to the full her great heart and his advent into the home completed the joy of the family circle.

III. She was strong minded, of great courage.

Read verses 9, 10, 21, 23, 24, 26, 30 and 37. This great woman was a capable woman. She had a great deal of sense. She did not attempt to compass all the activities of the earth but set herself to her task with a splendid efficient dedication. She was a woman of conviction and of decision, and when she saw the man of God passing by on his ministrations of love continually, she thought, suggested, decided and made a little room for him on the side of the wall.

This great woman was a woman of action, of resourceful judgment and of immediate decision. When the child of promise fell sick in harvest field and he was carried to his mother and died upon her knees at noon, she takes him up and lays him on the bed of the man of God and refusing to give up hope, and on her own decision, speeds away saying: "Slacken me not the riding," that she may come to the man of God to Mount Carmel.

She was a woman of courage. She refused to crumple up in the crisis. As a matter of demonstrated fact women have far more moral courage than men, and sometimes outstrip them in mere physical courage, certainly excel in the highest courage, and when this apparent tragedy overtook this little family this stout-hearted woman of God failed not.

This was a self-contained woman; like Mary, the Mother of Christ, she kept and pondered in her heart many things. She refused the temptation to a long tongue and ready gossip, and in her own soul she took counsel and was not hasty to speak. Oh! the self-contained spirits that dwell in the mothers of our land! How much of their heart is only poured out before God! The world will never know the sacred tears and burdens of its

motherhood. Blessed be God there is one to whom they can go and they need "slacken not their riding." Just as the Shunammite woman turned her face and her journey to the man of God in the day of her darkness, so the mother heart turns to God himself.

IV. She was blessed and a great blessing.

Read verses 17 and 37. Such a great blessing as this godly woman was is always greatly blessed themselves. No one who gives out with unstinted love and unselfish service fails to find the current of God's goodness turning constantly into their own souls.

The climax blessings of her life both center about the God-given son; when she first embraced the baby boy it seemed that her soul would break with ecstasy as she realized something of the goodness of God and his gracious love for her in this beautiful babe of her own. Doubtless she thought that nothing could ever excel the ecstasy of that moment, and yet God had even greater goodness in store for her trustful and patient soul, and when she embraced for the second time the now beautiful boy given to her again from the dead by the hand of God, her joy was speechless. "She went in and fell at his feet and bowed herself to the ground and she took up her son and went out."

This, beloved, is a constant experience. Though life's journey goes through mingled sunshine and shadow, the best is yet to come in God's infinite capacity, the high days of life are ahead, never in the past. His love knows no abatement and as our capacity for obedience and loyalty, for humility and patience, increases, so God makes greater and greater the mercies in which he expresses his love for his own.

When the child of promise fell sick and said unto his father, "My head, my head," the father said, with wise wisdom, "Carry him to his mother." What memories this action awakens! How often in the disappointments and the pains of body and mind in the early days each of us remembers the soothing solace of a mother's arms! No other arms are quite so strong or quite as tender, and no other heart beats quite so closely as did our mother's heart to our needs.

For some of us today those hands and arms are forever folded on this earth, and still they are stronger than any human hands living to hold us true and guide us to the right. May each of us, whether our mother is still spared to us in God's gracious love or whether she has gone to be with him whom she so faithfully represented and served; may each of us, I say, renew his heart allegiance to his mother's God and rededicate our lives to the giving unto others that which she gave unto us—a knowledge of, and a love and a devotion to, God that has kept our lives true and rich and pure through the years. Let us cling to the old faith in Jesus that pillowed her head and stilled her heart.

Walking in White

For Whitsunday, Fifty Days After Easter

REV. A. RUSSELL TOMLIN, London, England

Text: "They shall walk with me in white." Rev. 3:4.

This text is peculiarly appropriate to this season of the year. To explain everything we need to get back to the beginning of the special festival we now celebrate. Whitsun! What is the origin of Whitsun? Rather, how came it to be named Whitsun? It is really a combination of two words, White and Sunday, and the term is as interesting as it is significant. The name goes back to the early church, and to the special ordinance of baptism. Professing their Christian faith in this ordinance, candidates were all dressed in white, whilst Whitsun was generally the season of the year selected for the observance of such an ordinance. Hence the two things were coupled together, namely, "white" and "Sunday," which being shortened into one word gave us—"Whitsun." So you can see how, in a very literal way, these candidates "walked in white."

But it is not in this way that I wish to use my text. It is all very interesting, no doubt, to talk of white robes, but I want to apply the thought in a much more important way. I want you to think not so much of the white dress as the white life, and so to consider specially the text that heads these lines. Who are the boys and girls who may be said to "walk in white"?

I. First of all, they are those who live the "pure" life. "White" lives are "pure" lives. White, no doubt, has a fascination for you all. Perhaps there is nothing quite so attractive, so impressive. In connection with a certain Sunday School I know, one of the interesting features was the dressing of all the little singers in white. Seated on a platform, with dresses, hats, gloves, all, as near as possible in this one color, you can imagine how very charming, and impressive, they all appeared, and how they were admired by those who heard and saw them on these special days. White is impressive, but never more so than when seen in terms of life and character. It is when we lead the pure life, pure in thought, word, and deed that we "walk in white," and walking thus, win the admiration of men, and the praise of God.

II. Again, we follow out our text when we live, not only the "pure" life, but the "strong" life. Someone has said, that "whiteness and strength" go together.

A little story may help to make this clear. There was once a preacher whose printed sermons were almost dull, but hearing him, one felt a wondrous spell. "I can't understand where your minister's power is," said a hearer to one of his church members one day. "I

don't see very much in him." "Ah," replied the church member, "you see, there are thirty years of holy life behind every sermon." That's where the power of his sermons lay—in his holy living. His "whiteness" was his "strength," and his "strength" was in his "whiteness." It is when you are strong,—strong in doing the right and the noble thing, that you "walk in white." Whiteness is strength!

III. But our text has something else to say concerning our subject. That "something" is this: that they also "walk in white," who live the "victorious" life. In the midst of a very difficult place, just a few had not defiled their garments. They had lived the "overcoming" life, the life of victory, in a very sinful center, and because they had done so, in God's own land should they wear the white of victory. That white doesn't always signify "victory" I know full well. In the time of the Great War, it stood for surrender, for cowardice. Let the defeated side give in, and they displayed the white flag, whilst sometimes those who would not volunteer, had presented to them the white flower or the white feather.

But white is God's color, and his color for victory. You will remember these lines, perhaps, in a well-known hymn.

"In flowing robes of spotless white,
See everyone arrayed."

But how came they, in that heavenly land of which the hymn speaks, to have their robes so white? Listen!

"Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin."

And Jesus could wash it away, because first he himself had conquered sin. So it will be, boys and girls, when you and I "walk in white" in that other land; it will not be so much our victory, as the victory of our Lord Jesus Christ, over both sin and death. In that victory, may we, this Whitsuntide, rejoice most of all.

FINE JOURNAL FOR PREACHERS

In a letter of February 14th, 1924, Rev. Professor A. T. Robertson, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Kentucky, says: "You are making a fine journal for preachers."

IMPROVING WONDERFULLY

Rev. Charles Haddon Nabers, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Pensacola, Florida, writes: "*The Expositor* is improving wonderfully. I have been a subscriber for many years, but have never liked the magazine quite so much as I do now."

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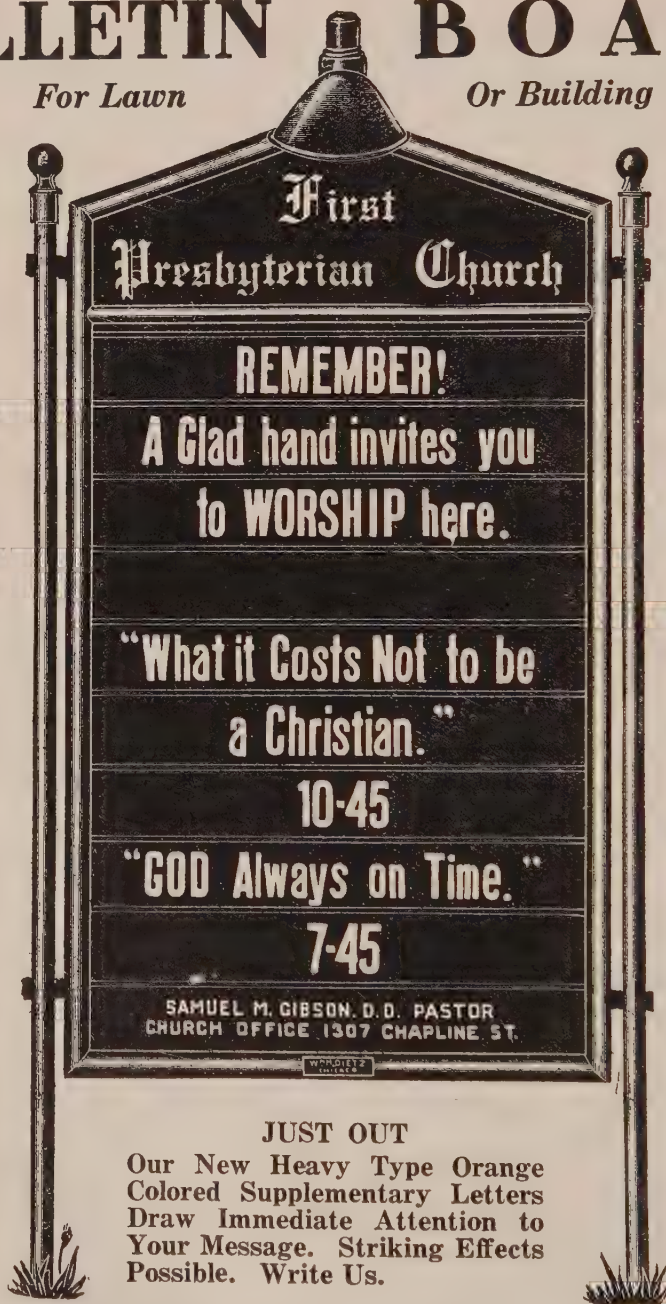
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Our Covenant With Our Dead: Memorial-Day Sermon

REV. HENRY K. PASMA, Charleston, Mississippi

Text: "O, grave, where is thy victory?"

In more than one way this classic question of St. Paul has been answered. Long ago it was replied to by the fact of the resurrection from the dead of the Prince of Life. Today it continues to receive an answer from the mystic depths of the faith-life of the Christian. And yet it seems rather incongruous that from the graves of those who sleep, from the dust of those who are dead, man should expect a voice to arise—a challenge to Death; not the echo, but the reiteration of the victory-shout of the apostle.

It is strange that men and women should walk among the graves with expectation in their hearts. There is no attraction in death. Its appearance is ugly, repulsive. Death is the reversion of the process of life, the reversal of the sentiment of beauty, of joy, and of happiness. It is strange that we should visit the graves, for there is no power in death. Death is the destroyer of power, of energy. Rich and poor alike, the mighty and the down-trodden, have commingled their piteous pleas for death to give back, to restore their lost treasure. But more cruel than jealousy is the grave. It never restores. Hence, it is utterly strange that men and women should gather in numbers and walk among the graves to bestrew them with flowers as flaming challenges that victory belongs not to the grave.

It is the everlasting glory of the womanhood of the South that from its heart first, in a modern sense, came the reply to the question of St. Paul, and that there comes today the explanation of the steady return of the stream of the living to the resting places of the dead. When in the wake of the Civil War there was still desolation, and pillars of smoke still arose from smoldering ruins; when wounds were still bleeding and hatred thrived, the women of Columbus, Mississippi, scattered flowers upon the waters of the river—tokens of love and esteem for friend and foe alike. It was a mighty sentiment that, a most glorious prophecy which floors the lie of the grave, which bespeaks a better future for mankind. For the hearts of the Southern women crushed by sorrow and grief were the first to read the meaning of the miracle which death and the grave had wrought. They saw, as death chained the heroes of that mighty civil strife to his chariot and carried them away triumphantly to his stronghold, that the distance between the dead and the living was being widened. Like the master-painting, which when scanned from nearby offers nothing but harsh lines and hideous blotches of color to behold, thus the lives of the living, as no distance separates us from them, as the particu-

lars of their lives stand before the eye in bold outline, inspire us with contempt rather than with reverence, with hatred more often than with love. And hence what intuition in the hearts of the women of the South felt first, we are seeing today. We, too, read the meaning of the unprecedented miracle which death has wrought. It has distanced for us the great master-painting of the Creator—the life of his man; and the farther it recedes into the past, the better and more perfect the colors are blending, the more lovely and attractive the picture becomes. Only yesterday as he was too near to us, we saw neither beauty nor comeliness in the life of our foe; today, Blue and Gray, foe and friend, now show in their true setting, blending into union. What man was unable to do, the green mound and the sunken grave are doing. It is showing the good, the commendable, the excellent, the praiseworthy in the lives of those who slumber in their graves. The great Artist painted the picture well; but we were unable to see its beauty from nearby. From these dust-mounds arises the testimony that amid the swirl and the confusion of things there remains intact the principle of good, which, like the soul of man, is immortal, imperishable. We need not despair if every year the thousands of the living shall repair to the resting places of the dead there to forget hatred, rancor, and malice and to search for and find anew the good there is in man.

It is very necessary that we shall take to heart this testimony which arises from the graves of the dead. At present our own country is in danger of falling a prey to the giant of misunderstanding and hatred, of division and strife. Lines of cleavage run wide and deep; geographical—not as before, only North and South, but now also East and West; political—conservatives, progressives, socialists, I. W. W.'s, the farmbloc, the manufacturers' bloc; industrial—capital and labor; racial—the Klan against Jew and Catholic; religious—fundamentalist and liberal. Beyond the seas is the fomenting of problems which would force us to believe against our will that a great sacrifice was brought in vain. The nightmare is still upon us that the grave will have its victory; that in this world-confusion the pearl of truth, of goodness and worth will become lost; that the evil which lives in man is still strong to overpower and stifle his desire for goodness and justice and righteousness. That is the anguish of the hour, the anguish expressed by the soldier-poet of the Great War, lest the good in man be not salvaged,

"Take up our quarrel with the foe;

To you from failing hands we throw

The torch, be yours to hold it high;
If you break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep—
In Flanders fields."

How shall we best keep our covenant with our dead? By adopting the program which Radical, Bolshevik, and Unbeliever are thrusting upon us? Hardly that, I think. For that implies the overturning from their ancient foundations of our homes, our schools, our churches, our laws. Rather, let us be up and quit ourselves like men and repair the breaches in the foundations of these ancient institutions upon which it has pleased God to build nations which may be enduring. Let us keep away those foes who would fain perpetuate the lie that the grave has its victory.

Let the Church of Jesus Christ lead in the execution of this program—the salvaging of the good in man and in human institutions. Let the Church lead in the dissemination of the gospel of a new understanding, of a divine sympathy. Let us make it a world-program, a gospel with a world-appeal. Let us endeavor to show the nations a new vision of Him who came to tear away the tissue of falsehood and slander, of mistrust and suspicion, in which the Evil Spirit had hid real man. Let us bring a new vision of the Christ who died in order that men might know to what degree God desires to salvage the good in man.

Men are fearing that the night of the world is also coming upon our nation. I do not believe it; but rather that a better dawn is streaking the horizon with light. I see it in those men who in the turmoil of things see clear and think straight; in those who refuse to believe the monstrous lie that the myriad soldier dead shall have died in vain, that the grave has yet its victory. I see it in the

men who are willing to catch the torch of truth flung them by those who now sleep and hold it aloft, and hand it down to succeeding generations. Today men are breaking with the bondage of the past, of suspicion and hatred and strife. New forces, spiritual in their origin, are arising—forces, bent upon salvaging the good in the life of the individual and the nation. In politics the influence of women, mystic, altruistic, and full of faith in the good is leavening the life of the nation. A new generation is arising that in the administration of our homeland wants not party but the man; in its attitude toward other nations, not plunder but service; in its dealing with fellowmen, not calumny and slander, but commendation and praise for the good.

I believe in the reality of a future City of God, the foundations of which are garnished with all manner of precious stones; that is, with the good in the lives of those whom God salvaged from a wrecked world, and with whose lives he is building his perfect commonwealth. But today we must be more than visionaries; we must be militant workers. Builders with the good in human kind, and ready to defend that good, our heritage from God, against those who try to despoil and to hurl back into anarchy and chaos. And because of the eagerness in the hearts of the many to be the builders and the defenders, our nation and the world are not lost.

"Hark, I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum;
Lo, a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick, alarming drum;
Saying, Come!
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted,
Said the quick alarming drum."

Trees

Arbor Day Sermon for Children

REV. M. G. GOSSELINK, Philadelphia, Pa.

Text: "And he shall be like a tree." Psa. 1:3.

Next Friday is Arbor Day. I hope that every one of you will have a share in planting a tree. The right kind of a tree set in the right place makes a fine contribution to our city.

I. Trees add greatly to the beauty of a place. Imagine a town without one. Wouldn't it seem barren? There are such communities. I wouldn't care to live there, would you? Couldn't climb into one; couldn't sit in the shade of one; couldn't make a swing; and couldn't pick apples or cherries.

II. Trees are very useful. They keep us cool in the summertime. When we are hot and tired from walking in the dusty streets

or from playing in the sun it is a great relief to sit down on the grass under the shade of the leafy branches.

They keep us warm in the winter. In the city most of us burn coal, but I read in a forester's report that seven-eighths of the fuel used in the world is wood.

Then too, think of the lumber that is used for building houses and barns, ships and bridges, and in making furniture, boxes, toothpicks, and matches.

Turpentine, India rubber, and maple sugar come from sap. Quinine and other medicine from the bark and leaves.

We must not forget the fruit trees which give us bananas, oranges, lemons, peaches, pears, dates, figs, cherries, plums and apples.

And what fun we have had gathering nuts from the hickory, walnut, butternut, and chestnut trees!

It would be hard to get along without these wooden friends wouldn't it?

III. The Bible has a great deal to say about trees. In the very first part of Genesis it tells about the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil from which Adam and Eve ate; and in the last chapter of Revelation it tells about the Tree of Life which stands in the middle of the Golden Street of Heaven.

IV. People are like trees. In the first Psalm we read that a godly man shall be like a tree. There are some people with whom we like to associate because we feel better for having been in their company. They cheer us up and make us happier. So in the summertime a tree refreshes us by the shadow cast by its spreading branches.

In the yard where I played when a boy there were several trees. One of them always bore apples which never ripened. We didn't care much about biting into the green fruit for it would make our mouths pucker. But there was another tree which gave us large, yellow, sweet apples. That one was our favorite.

Some people have sour dispositions and some have sweet. Which do you prefer? Jesus said, "For every tree is known by its fruit."

He referred to people when he spoke these words, and he also said, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

We like people for the good things they do. Good deeds are the fruit that Jesus wants. So let us, "Do all the good we can; to all the people we can; in all the ways we can."

I planted a butternut tree when I was a boy and it grew crooked. A man told me to make it stand erect when it was young so that it would grow to be a fine straight tree. I drove a stake into the ground about five feet from its roots and tied a rope from this to the tree to force it upright. A few years ago I saw the tree again and it had developed into a straight and sturdy trunk topped with healthy branches.

Sometimes girls and boys object to the rules which fathers and mothers make. Those are the ropes to make us grow straight. The Bible says, "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." If we want to become fine grown-ups we must allow ourselves to be trained.

"I want to grow up tall and straight,
And lovely as a tree;
That other little girls and boys
Will want to be like me."

The Expediency of the Ascension

(Ascension Day Occurs the Fortieth Day After Easter)

REV. MILFORD W. FOSHAY, Painesville, Ohio

Text: "It is expedient for you that I go away." John 16:7.

The expediency of the ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ is one of those truths whose blessings are not so readily accepted and received into the daily experience as some others. A strong feeling, frequently voiced, obtains with many Christians that it is a great misfortune to have Jesus beyond the reach of personal consultation.

Is it, then, a misfortune that Jesus has ascended to the Father, rather than to have remained among his followers? It will be sure to strengthen our faith and quicken our activities, if we consider the matter from the standpoint of Jesus himself. In this way no such mistake will be made as is made, and not seldom, when we try to view this truth from our individual standpoint alone. By seeking Jesus' own interpretation of his act, this unique event which took place nearly two thousand years ago will not be merely a bit of ancient history, the mention of whose imminent occurrence brought consternation to the little group of disciples, and whose contemplation has been a source of perplexity to many Christians ever since; but it will become an occurrence whose Spirit-directed influence may touch vitally and helpfully every twentieth century follower of the Lord Jesus.

I. In the first place, Jesus stated simply and explicitly in the text that it was expedient for him to go away. So it does not really matter what may be our feelings and conceptions, our thoughts or desires in relation to this procedure. If they run contrary to our Lord's statement they are wrong, consequently injurious, if we persist in holding to them so as to permit them to influence our tendencies. He knows. We conjecture. And the sooner we can get rid of our imaginings for his certainties, the better it will be for us. This is not always easy to do. To learn the meaning of his assertions from his own explanation, and from human experience—this will be to align ourselves on the side of all that is progressive in, and loyal to, the work of the Kingdom of God.

II. In addition to the bare statement of the desirability of his removal from among his disciples, Jesus helps us to an appreciation of its certainty by giving a reason for the action: ". . . For if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you." That this was a great and sufficient cause in the mind of Jesus for his departure is apparent. While the force of this reason may not readily be felt, yet it may be made to grow upon us. This is the way in which to reap its benefits,

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Not Lacking in Humor

Washington was quite able to appreciate humorous situation, even when there were serious matters afoot. One day an alarm was given at the officers' quarters at Cambridge that the enemy was approaching. Instantly all was confusion and hasty preparation, but above the uproar could be heard the voice of General Greene shouting to the barber with high impatience, "Bring me my wig, you rascal; bring my wig!"

General Lee, noticing the wig in question reposing on the agitated general's head, informed him with an ill-concealed smile that it was behind the looking-glass. General Greene turned, and started toward the glass, and of course saw that the wig was already in its proper place.

In the meantime General Washington who was a witness to the whole of this amusing scene, "threw himself on the sofa, and laughed heartily at the expense of the excited general."

A letter written to a doctor in New York, who was then attending Colonel Lear for rheumatism in the feet, discloses that Washington at least occasionally indulged in a pun. He writes, "It would be well for him (Lear) to remain in the Federal City as long as he can derive benefit to his understanding from your friendly prescriptions."—F. E. Andrews.

George Washington Thriftograms

Washington, the successful builder of a nation, gave voice to rules for personal and national success, which are as applicable in this 1924 year of necessary thrift as in his day. Here are some of his words on the use of money and resources that might have been written for the present situation in America:

I am no more disposed to squander than to stint.

Economy makes happy homes and sound nations. Instill it deep.

It is not the lowest-priced goods that are always the cheapest.

I can not enjoin too strongly upon you a due observance of economy and frugality.

Keep an account book and enter therein every farthing of your receipts and expenditures.

Promote frugality and industry by example, encourage manufactures, and avoid dissipation.

Reason, too late perhaps, may convince you of the folly of misspending time.

There is no proverb in the whole catalogue of them more true than "A penny saved is a penny got."

Nothing but harmony, honesty, industry and frugality are necessary to make us a great and happy nation.

He goes on to state the work of the Spirit in a brief but broad way which makes the salient feature put before us startlingly impressive. The operation of the Spirit would be revealed by showing the world in a convincing and convicting manner the sin of rejecting a Saviour whom God commended men to accept. He would also convince the world of righteousness, because Jesus proved his righteousness by going to the Father, where only the righteous can go, adding thus to the weight of the reason why he should be believed on. The Holy Spirit would also show to the world that judgment had been rendered against Satan as the murderer of human life by the death of the innocent One, and condemned in that judgment by means of the resurrection. Here, then, is a necessary world-wide work to be done, which Jesus clearly teaches belongs to the Spirit and which cannot be rendered until the Son of man goes to his Father.

III. It is also by operation of the Holy Spirit that Jesus, "at the right hand of God," assumes the Captaincy of that marvelous divine undertaking which is to terminate in the kingdoms of this world becoming the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. It is the only method whereby he can bestow universal assistance, and whereby he can be with us, in a real sense, "always, even unto the end of the age." This unveils the expediency of the Ascension in its relation to the individual. Not only can he and does he, from his exalted position, direct the great social and political changes out of which his Kingdom is evolving, but you and I may receive his aid at the same time in the affairs of our daily life, lowly yet important to us.

For our Saviour is the Master indeed of details! Warning his immediate disciples of the troublous times impending at the destruction of Jerusalem, he at the same time comforts them: "But there shall not an hair of your head perish. In your patience possess ye your souls." And the same strengthening assurance is for us since in his last prayer for his followers he says, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word." So from the vantage ground of his ascension he ministers to his own in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, as he never could if localized in a body on earth. Through his Spirit, to each of his thousands of disciples he brings comfort, direction, hope, at the same moment. This would manifestly be impossible, were he where but one at a time could consult with him.

IV. One of the great objects of the Christian's life on earth—the reason why, when one becomes a Christian, he is not immediately removed to the heavenly sphere—is to secure for him such discipline and development as shall the better fit him for the life to come. He is to learn obedience and the ability to accomplish, when given his share of the work in the vineyard of his Lord. The parables

of the talents and the pounds, as well as many others, clearly show this. Besides, the Christian's supreme work, to "make disciples of all nations," involves the highest and severest use of all his powers. The sustaining grace sufficient for him to undertake and carry forward this great endeavor is found in the promise, "Lo, I am with you always." Were he here in the body, not one of us would move out to such a stupendous enterprise without turning to consult him personally. We should deem his advice on this, that and the other phase of our contemplated activity absolutely essential. With all Christians thus trying to speak to him, our individual turn could scarcely come in a lifetime; hence there would be no movement, no real endeavor on our part, consequently no development of our powers. All personal initiative would be paralyzed, lest we make a mistake.

This inevitably would lead to the decay of faith, for, under such conditions, its exercise could be almost lost. No matter how much confidence is reposed in the Lord, the disuse of faith, the failure to exercise it, soon converts it into a "faith without works, which is dead." But as it is now, in the wisdom of our ascended Lord, he has left us general instructions for doing specific work; and the method is indicated by great principles whose application is left to us, under the Holy Spirit's guidance. To secure this direction calls for a quickened life, mental and spiritual. Hence, prevailing prayer is followed by joyful procedure. Every element of our character is alive to the Spirit's influence, and under the exercise of it, as obedient children, we grow toward "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

V. A striking benefit of our Lord's absence is very clearly seen in the earnest study given to learn his will as revealed in the record of his life and teachings written for our guidance by men under the power of the Holy Spirit. Were he here with us, and the New Testament in our hands as now, always there would be the inclination to ask him the meaning of his commandments, rather than waste time (as we should probably think it) in trying to find out for ourselves. Now we are obliged to give careful, prayerful and prolonged attention to his instructions. This enriches our lives in a way which ought to be recognized and appreciated to a greater extent than it is.

VI. Again, the manner of the Ascension forms a bridge between heaven and earth unlike and better than any other. And some such connection between earth and heaven, time and eternity, has always been dreamed of and longed for by humanity. Here we have its realization as an actual event, coupled with the promise of a return, the similitude of which never was conceived of by mortal imagination.

VII. For us, as well as for the first disciples, the coming of Jesus again seems more

of a possibility because of the manner of the Ascension. It is taken out of the realm of the mystical and visionary, and put into the practical, which accords with the idea of a reign on earth. Hence his reappearance assumes a different aspect in our thought because of this character of his disappearance. His Ascension was real, personal, physical, visible

—it was expedient that it be so—and his coming again will be “in like manner,” and “every eye shall see him.” We can feel, with a peculiarly impressive conviction, that he still lives, because he was alive when he went away. Therefore heaven should seem nearer to us daily, because of the way in which the Ascension illustrates the method of the return.

Prayer Meeting Department

THE MID-WEEK SERVICE

For Me

Under an Eastern Sky,
Amid a rabble cry,
A man went forth to die,
For me!

Thorn-crowned his blessed head,
Blood-stained his every tread,
Cross-laden on he sped,
For me!

Pierced glow his hands and feet,
Three hours o'er him did beat
Fierce rays of noon-tide heat,
For me!

Thus wert thou made all mine,
Lord make me wholly thine,
Give grace and strength divine,
To me!

In thought and word and deed,
Thy will to do; oh! lead my feet,
E'en though they bleed,
To thee!

* * *

I. SONGS OF A HAPPY FAMILY

Psalms 127 and 128

Expository Notes

Psalms 120-134 seem to be a little psalter within the Psalter. The same title is prefixed to all of them; “Songs of Degrees” in the King James Version; “Songs of Ascents” in the American Revision; literally, “Songs of the Goings-up.” Hence, they are often called The Pilgrim Songs. The Septuagint has “Songs of the Steps.” An uncertain tradition is that they were so called because they were sung during the Feast of Tabernacles by the Levites standing upon the flight of fifteen steps leading from the Court of the Women to the Court of Israel. “The going-up” was a term frequently applied to the Return from Babylon to Jerusalem. “To go up” was the phrase also used for the pilgrimage to Jerusalem three times a year at the great festivals. Probably this was a “Pilgrim Song-Book,” containing the songs by which the travelers enlivened the long walk up to Jerusalem, after the fashion of pilgrims of all ages. Those who have ridden in a railway coach with a group of Christian Endeavorers or Epworth Leaguers to or from a great convention recall that the car was filled now with the notes of a rollicking college song, now a hearty Moody and Sankey chorus, and then the strains of a stately church hymn.

Some of these pilgrim songs seem to contain echoes of the return from Babylon, Psalms 126; others

reflect the journey to an established capital and temple, Psalm 122.

A city means houses. Houses suggest family life. The ancient Hebrew understood that a prosperous state was built upon happy homes. He knew better than any other race in those far-off days the possibility and value of a happy home life. The Hebrew woman had a better position than among other nations of that age and child life was of more value. So here we have two songs exalting well-ordered and happy homes. The study of these may be appropriate to the month containing Mother's Day.

Psalm 127:1, 2. The first essential for the prosperity of house or city is the favor of Jehovah. Dr. Kirkpatrick suggests that the background of this verse is the time of Nehemiah. Then a devastated city must be rebuilt; a ruined nation needs to be re-established; broken walls must be guarded and besides all a watch must be kept over a king and bitter enemy. Compare Neh. 7:4; 4:9; 7:3.

As we have suggested the transition from house to homes is easy. Dr. McLaren says that the psalm “sings in a spirit of happy trust the common place of all true religion, that God's blessing prospers all things, and that effort is vain without it.”

The last line of verse 2 is one of the most often quoted, most appealing clauses of the whole book of Psalms. The words are the basis of one of Mrs. Browning's best-loved poems. See Religious Review of Reviews in this magazine. One hates to allow the scholar to use his scalpel on that perfect line. But the American Revision margin adds “in” before sleep, and Dr. McLaren connects directly with the “bread of toil” in the preceding line and translates:

“Even so he gives it to his beloved while he sleeps.” Compare with Mark's picture of the man who casts his seed on the earth, and then in modern phrase, “forgets it.” He does no anxious worrying but goes calmly about his business by day, and sleeps quietly at night, secure in the knowledge that the seed is all the while growing and in due time he will reap the ripened grain.

But whether we add “it” and “in” or not, is also true because God gives the seed the power and opportunity to grow, he really gives peaceful nights and untroubled sleep to the man who obeys Peter's advice to cast “all your care upon him for he careth for you.” And the seed is a parable for all the affairs of life. So the older version is blissfully true.

The first two verses of Psalm 128 express the same thought as 127:1, 2. Then both psalms turn to sing the praises of domestic happiness, which even now is essential to man's perfect serenity and highest happiness. These psalms show the early Hebrew ideal for family life, and especially the importance of children in the home.

Would You Like to Make \$210 a Week?

Then Read How R. A. Prentiss Rose From a \$25 a Week Job and Made \$945 in a Single Month

FIFTEEN months ago I was almost ready to confess myself a failure except for the fact that I wanted to make more money. I was in debt. I was paying rent. I was out of work. I had unemployed family members. After fifteen years of hard work I had not gotten anywhere.

...I have made enough money to cover my debts, say for my home, take a little vacation and come to a conclusion that I will not continue to work for my employer. I will continue to work for myself.

I want to show you how and what I was
for the work that has made me a big
success - now or here I wanted really
counted against me. I want to show
you how YOU have the same oppor-
tunity, or even a better one, to enjoy
greater success and prosperity than
I now have.

My Wrong Start

My name is R. A. Prentiss
I live in the New England
State of Maine, U.S.A.

My days got wet and soggy looking in the blizzard of the Midwest winter. In the winter I worked at a hotel and restaurant. The hours were long. The pay was small. There was no chance for promotion. Work as diligently as I might I found that I was getting nowhere.

Shortly after taking these jobs I married. Then the good really came. My \$25 a week job earnings quickly went for rent, food, clothes, doctor bills. Nothing was left for pleasure or the savings account.

Was I to Fail?

Time was passed. Some-
times had to be done and
the women had to work
to work as a field and then
some women who are poor.
And the women who I did not
know a lot of the women and
then I learned that the wife
of the people who go to the
hospital. I did not know
and never heard of someone
to know the other people and
some of the people who were
not and I learned that.

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My Chance Comes

Just when things seemed darkest, my old mother came. One evening she showed up, saying, "There was my uncle. He got out from the prison all covered in blood. He had slipped from the newspaper and said, 'There is a proposition I thought you would be interested in hearing about.' I read it over."

It stated that any amount that could easily meet \$1000 a week. It said of course that with without experience or training had made that much or more. It offered to prove to me that I could meet \$1000 a week more than I ever earned in any way. It said it was true. I thought that I was a letter to the company and would.

more than I made in six months at my old work.

It Seemed Like a Dream

I was amazed. The money fairly rolled in. After fifteen years and hard work and disappointment I was making more money than I ever thought it possible to earn. I was over my profits, growing bigger and bigger each day, in spite of the fact that I don't work hard. And my profits kept growing. It wasn't a dream. I was making money, lots of it. And as I told you before, in one month I made \$945 net, dear profits.

And that's all I do. I am the local representative of the Corner Manufacturing Co., makers of the famous nationally advertised Corner A-W-Weather Coats. I just take orders for these coats and I get my profit at once. The company collects the money due and delivers the coats by parcel post. When I take an order I am through and I have my profit in my pocket.

Now I am my poor mess.

work when and where I please. I make my own hours. I do not have to worry about expenses and yet I control my business that earns me more than the wages of the most successful merchants. I know my home. I have a car. I put away a tidy sum each week. I am planning an extended pleasure trip I have always wanted to take. I expect to make at least \$60,000 next year and more the next. And what I have, and what I hope to have, is due to answering that advertisement.

If you want to make money—*more money*; if you want to control a big paying business of your own, without investing a penny; if you want to be your own boss and regulate your own hours; if you would like to have an income of \$200 a week—then fill in the coupon and mail it at once to The Corner Manufacturing Co.

They will send you, without cost, the same information that opened up this wonderful money-making opportunity for Mr. Premee. They will show you how you can make \$10 to \$30 an hour in spare time \$100 to \$200 a week by devoting some time in this easy, congenial campaign will bring all the FREE MAIL now.

Highlights of Mr. Prentiss' Remarkable Career

STARTED to work as a ticket seller and then became a street car conductor.

Became clerk in small retail store, then opened a store of his own, but was forced out of business by high expenses and sickness.

Back to long hours in a factory and a small weekly pay envelope after ~~seven~~ years of hard work.

Answered an advertisement and became a Corner Representative.

Made \$254 in spare time in one month. Made \$441 the first month he devoted all of his time to this work. Has made \$945 profit in a single month.

Success Followed Quickly

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840.

I made 5000 M. and I was very
happy at that in my spare time
as I was at the time.

[illegible]

The first income I received on my trip to the work I made \$441. My income grew steadily, thanks to the women in the company saving up and paying me twice after starting in 1941 to 1947. —



MAIL THIS NOW

The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. 71-P Dayton, Ohio

Wanted: obligation please send
for details of the proposition that
enabled R. A. Francis to earn
\$475 in a single month.

Name

.....

In these psalms we see first the young father with his hearty children crowding about the table, then the middle-aged man with stalwart sons backing up his contentions in the courts, and lastly the retired grandfather quietly watching the play of his grandchildren.

128:5. In his absorption in his business and home this ideal Hebrew does not lose sight of civic affairs. He is interested in the prosperity of his city.

* * *

II. SOUL PROSPERITY

"Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth." 3 John 2.

Soul prosperity is soul health. Even a soul may lose its health and become sick. Often soul sickness, like disease to the body, steals in unawares. A young girl became suddenly very sick, but the physician remarked that the disease had been working in her system for some time. Unless we are watchful soul unhealth may steal upon us in the same unexpected way.

I. Some symptoms of ill health.

Low temperature. Lack of warmth and vitality, with pulse slow and weak. This is always an unfavorable condition. So luke-warmness is always a bad sign in religion.

Failing appetite. This is well recognized in the region of physical health. It ought to be as well known in the region of soul health. Look out for loss of appetite for God's Word, and worship, for Christian conversation, etc.

Difficulty in breathing. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath. When prayer becomes an irksome duty the soul is very seriously diseased.

General lethargy. One may continue to drag himself through the forms of service, but when it becomes heavy and lifeless and constrained it is a sure sign of lack of soul health.

II. Some means of recovery and good health.

Seek good food. Let those sick with soul disease seek spiritual food, Bible promises, gospel preaching, helpful instruction, and it will go a long way toward recovery and a confirmed condition of health.

Breathe freely. Take good large draughts of the pure air of prayer, the heavenly atmosphere of Calvary.

Take good food of exercise. The wise physician might well prescribe for many sick Christians the exercise cure. An English doctor told his rich invalid patient, "Live on a shilling a day and earn it." He knew the man's main need was exercise. Active Christian effort, work for others, would prove a cure for many sick souls and a means of continued soul prosperity.

* * *

III. STRATEGY

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Rom. 12:21.

It is hard to get sin out of our lives by main force. The better way is to use the divine strategy of overcoming evil with good.

I. Let us apply this thought to our thinking.

We are all conscious of being frequently beset with evil thoughts. There is evil within us to suggest them. There is evil from without to force them upon us. There are laws of association by which when we think of one thing, some other thing, possibly evil, is suggested. When does an evil thought become to us personally a sinful thought? The old theologians used to analyze this subject under three heads. First, suggestion; sec-

ond, delectation; third, consent. Even Christ had evil thoughts. Satan tempted him with the suggestion of turning stones into bread, of casting himself down from the pinnacle of the temple, etc. The mere suggestion is not sinful, but our thoughts become sinful at the point of delectation. When Mr. Evil Thought comes along and knocks at the door of the heart and we say, "Come in; I am glad to see you; take a chair; don't be in a hurry; don't go." When any one is in this attitude towards evil thoughts he is in a sinful attitude. "You cannot keep the birds from flying over your head, but while you have hands you can keep them from building nests in your hair." We are responsible for harboring evil thoughts even though we will not consent to the deed they suggest. How, then, are we to manage evil thoughts? Fill your minds with the things that are good and beautiful and true and the evil will find no place in you. Strategy.

II. Let us apply this suggestion to our reading.

Much criticism is made of the reading people choose in these days. Some seem to think they can afford to occupy their time in reading books that in their secret hearts they know are evil. People will read. If unworthy books are at hand we are liable to occupy our time with them and create a taste for such trash. Especially in dealing with children and young people ought we to recognize the value of the strategy we are considering. Possession is by dispossession. Put in the good and the evil will be kept out.

III. Apply the thought again to our pleasure-seeking.

It is foolish to tell people not to indulge in this pleasure or that. It is especially foolish to make our instruction to the young a series of don'ts. Here again possession is dispossession. Put in the good and the evil will be kept out. We once saw Mr. Moody hold a glass before an audience and say: "How am I to get the air out of this glass?" No one answered. He turned, and from a pitcher poured the glass to overflowing with water." "Now," said he, "the air is all out." Let us learn the strategy. Put in the good. Give young people plenty of pleasure, but let it be pure and wholesome pleasure. Give them plenty to do that is good and true, and the evil will be kept out.

We may apply the same thought to our daily occupations and every department of life. Let us remember that our souls are like a picture gallery. If we cover the walls of them with things noble and beautiful and pure the foul and fleshy will only seem revolting. "Hang this upon the wall of your room," said a wise picture dealer to an Oxford undergraduate, as he handed him the engraving of a Madonna of Raphael, "and then all the pictures of jockeys and ballet girls will disappear." Let us try the same experiment with our souls. When a bottle is full of water you cannot pour oil into it. The best way for us to resist a temptation is to leave no room for it in our hearts. Strategy.—H.

* * *

IV. LITTLE SINS

"Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines." Song of Solomon 2:15.

Henry M. Stanley tells that when he was passing through the forests of Darkest Africa, the most formidable foes he encountered, those who caused the greatest loss of life to his caravan, and came near defeating his expedition, were the Wambutti dwarfs. These diminutive men had only little bows and arrows for weapons, so small that they looked like children's playthings; but upon

the tip of each tiny arrow was a drop of poison which would kill an elephant or a man as surely and quickly as a rifle. Their defence was by means of poison and traps. They would steal through the dense forest, and, waiting in ambush, let fly their deadly arrows before they could be discovered. They dug ditches and carefully covered them over with sticks and leaves. They fixed spikes in the ground and tipped them with poison. Into these ditches and on these spikes man and beast would fall or step to their death. One of the strangest things about it was that their poison was made from honey. It is thus that Satan wages his destructive warfare against God's people. Stealthily, under cover of darkness, by treachery, with weapons seemingly harmless, through the sweets of life, he comes clothed as "an angel of light." Yet how deadly are the little honey-coated sins which he administers, how sure the destruction of him who is deceived into wandering from the straight and narrow way.

I. What are some of these sins usually thought of as little sins?

There are sins which by comparison with great sins men call little. Ill-temper in family, commercial and church relations; a light and frivolous spirit; remissness in religious duties; social whispering, slandering and back-biting; vanity and folly in dress; indulgence in hurtful amusements; careless and impure conversation; pride, etc. There are a host of these "little foxes" we might easily find.

II. What is the harm they do?

They injure our consciences by hardening them; they relax our devotions and communion with God; they hinder the presence of Christ with us, and, especially, they make way for greater sins.

There is an Indian story of a morsel of a dwarf, who asked a king to give him all the ground he could cover with three strides. The king, seeing him so small, said, "Certainly"; whereupon the dwarf suddenly shot up into a tremendous giant, covering all the land with the first stride, all the water with the second, and with the third knocked the king down and took his throne.

It is said that a man one day was strolling along in the country, when he noticed a magnificent golden eagle flying bravely upward. He watched it with delight and admiration; but as he did so he noticed that something was wrong with it. It seemed unable to go any higher. Soon it began to fall, and soon lay on the ground a lifeless mass. What could be the matter? No sportsman's shot had reached it. He went and examined the bird, and what did he find? It had carried up with it a little weasel in its talons, and as it had drawn these near to its body for flight, the little creature had wormed itself out of them, and drank the life-blood from the eagle's breast.

How like this is all sin! It may appear a little thing, but it fastens upon the soul and works death and destruction.

III. How must little sins be dealt with?

Not tenderly, not connivingly; but they must be "taken." We must take them or they will take us. We must down them, or they will down us. We must watch against and pray against and fight against even the smallest of sins, or by and by we will be overcome of sin.

Don't mind criticism. If it is untrue, disregard it; if it is unfair, keep from irritation; if it is ignorant, smile; if it is justified, learn from it.

PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE THE PARABLE OF THE POWER OF THE AIR

I spake unto the Porter in the Pullman Car, saying, The Farmers have been having an Hard Time. And he said, Is they having the Boll Weevil in these parts? And I said, In this region Cotton is not king, but Corn, and the prices have been low and labor hath been high. Therefore doth the farmer lament.

And he said, Yessir.

And I said, But I think any one of these farmers could spare a Carload of Fresh Air and not impoverish the farmer.

And he said, Is it getting a little close in here, sir?

And I said, The air is so abundant out of doors, I behold it at play in sheer wantonness. There is more of it than knoweth what to do with itself. Some of it would like to get in here and get warm.

And he opened the ventilators, and the passengers that were dull, and uninterested in life, began to live anew. Now this have I witnessed also in Publick Assemblies, even in the House of God, that folk are desperately afraid of breathing any air that hath not been breathed already by a Large Number of People.

Wherefore do I understand why it is that the Devil is called in Holy Writ the Prince of the Power of the Air. For the Devil is not the lord of fresh air, for that is as the breath of God, and giveth life and vigor. But air that hath been breathed until there hath been squeezed out of it all that can give life, and forced into very nearly everything that ought not to be taken into Human Lungs, that is the air which the Devil ruleth. And I say unto all Sextons and Janitors and Porters and Ushers, Whatever other duties ye have, fail not of this, to give unto the sons and daughters of God the clean, pure air of heaven, that it may enter their lungs and give life unto their blood, and make them capable of thought and of the knowledge of the Truth. The Husbandman will not miss it from his farm though the Railway Trains take it away by Carloads, and if it be taken into Synagogues and places of assembly, there is more of it, all the way to Medicine Hat.

For the Word of God speaketh nowhere otherwise of the Spirit of man than as the Wind or Breath of God, giving unto him life and power. Wherefore, open thy windows toward Jerusalem and thank God for Fresh Air, and see that thou eat up a great deal of it.

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Preaching in New York, by Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, Litt. D., 206 pp., Doran, New York. An interesting sequel to the author's "Preaching in London." It is marked by penetrative criticism of various types of preachers and preaching. It gives glimpses of prominent personages such as the late Lyman Abbott and Lord Bryce, and of poets like Markham and Tagore. Among his favorite preachers are Dr. Ross Stevenson and Dean Brown. He delights in the New Preaching, as represented by Fosdick, Hough, Sockman, Luccock, Sperry, and others. He is fascinated by New York, which he describes as "an apocalypse of America at its brilliant best and worst."

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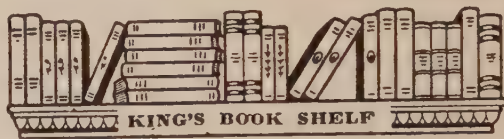
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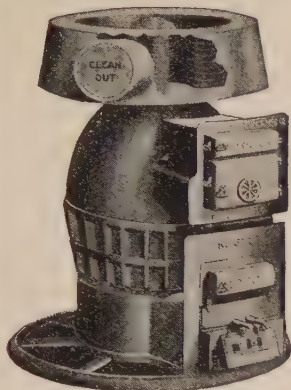
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A native of China was asked if had ever heard the gospel. "No, but I have seen it." A man, dangerous and a bad opium smoker, became a Christian, and was changed completely. "Truly," said the Chinaman, "the teaching and the teachers are good."

Religious Review of Reviews

Dr. Frank Crane states that in 1890 the population of the United States was around 63,000,000 and the church membership 21,500,000, while in 1922 the population had increased to 108,000,000 and the church membership to 47,500,000. On a percentage basis, the population had increased 68% and the membership increased 118.4%.

* * *

Law-Breakers

Indictments recently were returned by one grand jury against twenty-six different people, all for violation of the liquor laws in the city of Pittsburgh. The roll-call shows some interesting facts:

| | |
|---------------|-----------------|
| Alex Bonoff | Kosta Rdish |
| Mike Smij | Martin Jones |
| Jule Malka | Pepa Cuidrich |
| Nathan Speck | August Adams |
| Steve Belick | Andy Caich |
| Steve Basket | Joe Luckey |
| Mat Kalish | Robert Miller |
| Andy Obesek | Frank Restelli |
| Jake Urbanik | Mary Pozorsky |
| Mike Kwok | Q. Sabentine |
| James Monas | A. Zareski |
| L. Cywicki | Joe Gulasky |
| S. Dzumbroski | Jennie Frishman |

Two English names in the entire list! Pittsburgh's population is slightly more than half foreign-born or the children of foreign-born parents, but that would not account for the disparity in ratios of 13:1. It is an every-day story with the courts to have a large proportion of liquor violators spell their names for the judge, and then possibly be asked to pronounce them as well.

Nor is Pittsburgh any different from other cities with a large foreign citizenship.

To what is this large proportion of lawbreakers due? Are our foreign-born more criminal in their tendencies than our own people? Do they have less respect for law? Do they have less regard for punishment and fines and jail? Are they willing to run greater risks for the sake of financial gain? Are they more greedy? Are they more conscienceless?

These are interesting questions, but most of the violations boil down to ignorance and wrong advice.

—*Illinois Trumpet Call.*

* * *

New York Churches

There are about 1,400 churches in the five boroughs of New York, inclusive of chapels and missions. Manhattan leads with 527, and the others in the following order: Brooklyn, 504; Queens, 161; Bronx, 153; Richmond, 57. Divided upon the basis of denominations, they run: Roman Catholic, 321; Protestant Episcopal, 213; Lutheran, 183; Methodist, 157; Presbyterian, 146; Baptist, 125; Dutch Reformed, 105; Jewish, 97; Congregational, 57; Christian Scientist, 11; Unitarian, 9; Universalist, 6; and Society of Friends, 5.—*American Lutheran.*

* * *

An officer in a large Chicago Savings Bank said recently that since Mayor Dever started his drastic crusade against the sale of liquor in the city, his institution alone has registered 10,000 new savings accounts. Money talks. In this instance it preaches.

—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

The moving picture industry in the United States is controlled by five Jews: Fox, Zuker, Loew, Loemle and Lasky. These men apparently have but one thing in mind,—the profits they can make from the industry.

* * *

Foreign-Born

According to the last census, there are in this country 13,712,754 foreign-born white; of this number, 6,928,452 are of voting age, of whom 6,221,705 are naturalized. The total of foreign-born stock, that is native stock in which one or both of the parents was born abroad, is 36,398,958. The total number of voting citizens, all classes, is 54,421,832.

These figures are suggestive. They mean that:

- One out of eight of our population is foreign-born.

- A little more than one out of nine of our voters is foreign-born.

- Slightly more than one out of three of our entire population is either foreign-born or of foreign stock.

Of the first class, more than 5,000,000 can neither read nor write English, 2,000,000 can not read nor write any language, even their own.

This is the class that furnished the violators of law in the largest proportion. Inability to read and understand our regulations doubtless plays just as important a part in violation as any other motive. The ignorant easily become the dupes of unscrupulous leaders and politicians. That combined with racial attitude toward the question at issue accounts in largest measure for the large proportion. Education and patient training, with enforcement, is the remedy.—*Trumpet Call.*

* * *

Rev. Earl Hoon, of Sioux City, Iowa, has organized his congregation somewhat after the model of the Kiwanis, Rotary and Lion's organizations. He classified his membership according to profession, trade, and business. He then called for representatives of each of these groups to join the service to mankind. As a result, doctors, nurses, attorneys, electrical workers, master builders, undertakers, dentists and detectives reported for duty. Now when a worthy case is brought to his attention he consults his directory and turns it over to some member of the group representing the need. A recent case required an attorney, a detective, a doctor and a minister. It was quickly attended to without expense.—*United Presbyterian.*

* * *

Miss Murphy is a teacher in one of the lower-grade schools at Northampton, Mass. She was teaching her pupils to repeat in concert the Twenty-third Psalm. She felt that one little boy was not saying it correctly. The next time the class recited the psalm she stood near this boy and found, when it came to the verse "Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me," etc., he said. "Surely, good Miss Murphy shall follow me all the days of my life."—*Ex.*

* * *

Awkward for Crookedness

Letter from a Tokyo firm:

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Woman

Most women, I believe, have a secret grudge
against our Lord for praising Mary. A good
many women become Marthas, and their menfolk
let them. Better a housekeeper than a Martha-
mother, for at least a housekeeper would have
more freedom and more rights. Many a woman
is losing her beauty and her ease in responding
to the selfish demands of her children and her
husband. But our Lord, in commending Mary,
gave woman her charter in the house.—W. E.
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* * *

It must not be forgotten that it is one of the purposes of an education to enable men to look on the world from more angles of vision, so that what might be called the philosopher's paralysis always lies in wait for the young graduate. All colleges need to guard against this. In particular, the current practice of requiring students to uphold any point of view in a debate, merely as an exercise in forensic dexterity, is a crime against the soul of youth. When college tends to a loss of ethical fervor, it is a distinctly unworthy social factor!—*Christian Century.*

* * *

The Bible has not come to the place in human interest which it occupies today because men have set their seals upon it, but because it has satisfied a human need, and received the tribute of a human faith. It is God's Word, and men believe it. No book has been so attacked and persecuted in all the ages, but it is still the best seller on the market.—*The Methodist Protestant.*

* * *

"Prohibition has done more for thrift than all the Poor Richard almanacs ever printed and more for 'better, safer work' than all the 'safety first' propaganda; it is the first and only 'all wool' thinner out of jails, poor houses and asylums." So very sagely remarks *The Index* of Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

* * *

It is repeating what everybody knows, to say that the Volstead Act has been hard on the jail and the almshouse business. In Massachusetts, seven jails and nine almshouse have been closed in the last four years for lack of inmates. Probation Officer Edward Hall of Springfield, Massachusetts, says that the orphan asylums and the home for deserted children which formerly were overcrowded are now scarcely half filled. The population of the Bridgewater (Massachusetts) State Reformatory has fallen from a minimum of twenty-three hundred men and women in the "liberal" old days to three hundred today. In those good old times of beer and light wines—as well as whisky—about a fourth of the inmates of the Bridgewater Reformatory were women. Today that percentage has been cut down very materially, just why we do not know.—*Christian Work.*

* * *

A futuristic pianist advertises a recital at which he is to reveal an invention of his own, called "tone-clusters." It would seem from the illustration that these clusters are to be gathered by striking a large number of contiguous keys with the fist without regard to the old laws of harmony. Why has no one warned the preacher against the fatal homiletical disease of "word-clusters"? How

hard it is, especially in denunciation, for any of us, once we get started, to avoid coasting down the entire toboggan slide of words which have somehow got thrown together. Dr. Straton can probably never say "actor" without mentioning at once all the mortal sins. And are there so many of us who can even think the word "Socialist" without sliding down through "Bolshevist, atheist, free-lover, bomb-thrower"? And the mere fact that an Old Testament prophet set the example is not a valid excuse. For Elisha was the first great offender of whom we have record. We agree that Gehazi's sin was a serious one, which deserved reproof. We know how we feel toward those who have got from us a talent or two of silver and a change of raiment through a plausible tale of woe. But why did not Elisha limit his denunciation to the sins which had actually been committed? This man had asked for a talent of silver and two changes of raiment. Naaman forced an extra talent upon him. But a silver-tongued preacher must have his say, and it reminds one of the old-time Bryan's attacks upon Wall Street: "Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and olive yards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and men-servants, and maid-servants?"—*The Churchman.*

* * *

History Repeats Itself

We are being told over and over again that we are living in a new age and that old things are passed away. There is truth in this statement, but there is need for careful weighing of historic evidence. Dr. Mathew Biddle Brown, that wise teacher of youth, used to say: "The trouble with preachers is that they don't know History." Consider this. In 1850 Carlyle published his "Latter Day Pamphlets." They were published during the widespread revolutionary movements of 1848-9. At that time he wrote: "There must be a new world, if there is to be a world at all. The human beings in Europe can never return to the old sorry routine, and proceed with any steadiness or continuance therein—this small hope is not now a tenable one. These days of universal death must be days of universal rebirth, if the ruin is not to be total and final."

These words might have been written yesterday.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

* * *

The correspondent of a large business concern had been invited out to dinner by a friend. At the table the host asked him to say grace. It was a new experience, but he was not to be found wanting.

"Dear Lord," he began, "we thank thee for all thy favors of recent date. Permit us to express our heartfelt gratitude. We trust that we may continue to merit your confidence and that we shall receive many more blessings from you in the future. Amen."—*Store News.*

* * *

A college professor may yield as readily as a peanut politician to the temptation of being epigrammatic before a crowd, irrespective of facts or sense. Professor Walter B. Pitkin, of Columbia, said in a speech in Cooper Union:

"An adult is either a finished product, or he's sub-intelligent. No matter what kind of a law you have, you cannot change the habits upon which people have been brought up. That is why there are 276,000,000 bootleggers for the 110,000,000 population. People cannot be made over, and the sooner the politicians accept that as a first principle in politics, the sooner we'll see a little sanity."

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A country is not made by the number of square miles it includes, but by the number of square people it contains.

All the history of civilization gives the lie to this absurd generalization. People, and peoples, can be "made over;" they can be brought out of the darkness into larger light. Time is too precious to waste in a labored argument; but he would be a defective freshman who could not adduce headings for a thesis which would wipe out Prof. Pitkin's piffle: for instance,

Gladiatorial shows in Rome

Chattel Slavery in America

Cannibalism in Fiji

Lotteries in American Religious Communities

Prize-fighting in England

Polygamy in Uganda

The Open Saloon in America

*Et tu, Professor, go to. Where? To School.—
The Living Church.*

* * *

Recently on the streets of a large city I saw a crowd of about two hundred people gathered about a miserable, run-down Ford car. Pressing my way through the crowd, I saw police officers take from the car a furtive looking man with two and one-half quarts of liquor. A bystander said: "That just goes to show that prohibition don't prohibit."

"My friend," I replied, "do you realize that in this town before prohibition we had 480 open saloons, with 720 other persons holding federal liquor licenses but paying no license fee to the state, with twenty-eight great vans carrying liquor day and night, and with refrigerator cars full of it arriving several times a day? Instead of great moving vans, now we have rickety little Ford cars containing two and one-half quarts. Instead of 480 open saloons, we have a few frightened bootleggers slinking around the alley getting rid of pints of liquor at exorbitant prices, and even some of this liquor is not consumed after being paid for, for the simple reason that the customer is afraid he will be risking his life by drinking it."

The man on the street, with his mouth hanging open and a startled look in his eyes, said: "Well, I guess that is so!"—*Clarence True Wilson.*

* * *

When the Methodist ministers of Chicago passed a resolution condemning President Nicholas Murray Butler for his unfavorable comments on the Eighteenth Amendment, Dr. Butler replied as follows:

"The reported action of the Chicago Methodist preachers is one more exhibition of that un-American and un-Christian intolerance which is just now the besetting sin of our people. Personally I obey the law and urge others to obey it, because it is the law and without regard to any opinions of my own as to its justice and morality. I regard constitutional prohibition as the most serious and powerful enemy which those who labor for temperance or the control of the liquor traffic have ever had to fight. Just now we are fighting a losing battle, and the liquor traffic is gaining on us day by day. My confidence in the American people, however, is such that I believe they will sooner or later be roused from their intellectual and moral lethargy on this subject and frame both their conduct and their laws in accordance with the precepts and practice of our Lord and the teachings of the Scriptures. The so-called Christian churches seem for the moment to have pretty well deserted Christianity." The Methodist preachers voted to make the reply of the university president a matter of record in their minutes and to respond, reaffirming their position.

Upton Dr. Butler's words a Presbyterian paper commented thus:

Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, went out to Columbus, Ohio, and stood up where all the country could hear him and declared that the Eighteenth Amendment is unenforceable and threw the weight of his own influential name against it and thereby gave comfort and courage to every lawbreaker and bootlegger in the United States. It is bad morals and disloyal citizenship for a man in his position or in any position to do a thing like this. On the other hand, Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of History in Harvard University, went to New York and spoke words that Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler should have been there to hear. Said Dr. Hart: "There are no more dangerous radicals than those who violate the Volstead law because they believe it infringes upon their personal liberty. There are two good reasons for the Volstead act, the first of which is the enormous harm that has been done by drink. The second reason is that the experience of one hundred years has shown that the liquor business has always been an organized political business. It has meddled in politics throughout the Union and has had affiliations with every party. The liquor men have never obeyed the law." So speaks the editor of a "History of the American Nation" in twenty-eight volumes and in these two sentences he has summed up the history of one hundred years of agitation to get the Eighteenth Amendment. And "it is written" and will there stay.

* * *

We insist upon being ruled by Puritans. Every occupant of the White House for as far back as you care to go has been essentially Puritan. Can you imagine either of the two great parties venturing to nominate a Presidential candidate of known loose life? It would be suicidal. In lighter affairs the American people may be willing to be catered to for their pleasure and entertainment by men of another type, but not when the serious side of their national life is involved. In that province they maintain an absolutely rigid standard of life and conduct.

Make no mistake about it. No foreign standards or codes of conduct which conflict with our predominant Puritanism will ever be allowed to exist in America. The whole country will refuse to tolerate them without distinction of race or creed. For there is a sense in which Christians of all creeds and sects are one in this with all right-minded Hebrews. They all believe in a divine order in human society, and they all can teach each other and learn from each other, and cooperate with each other in keeping that order complied with.—*S. Parkes Cadman.*

* * *

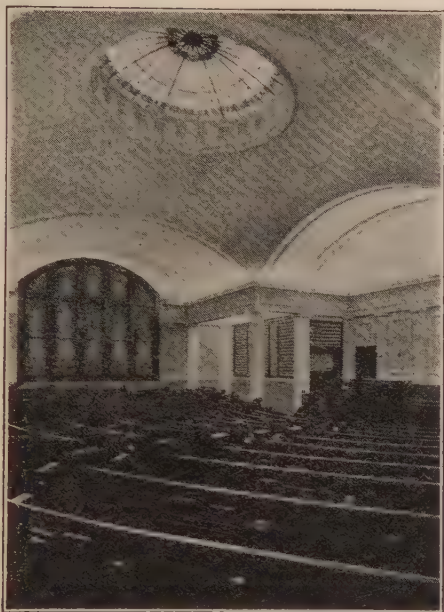
The sneer at "mother's apron-strings" comes from the unsuccessful, the "smart set," the "high flyers," the vamps and from the *he* and *she* flappers. Here is what three presidents of the United States said and did.

"All I am, I owe to my angel mother."—*Lincoln.*

When James A. Garfield took the oath on assuming the office of President of the United States, surrounded by the usual inaugural throng, he kissed the Bible, then turned and kissed his mother. In that act he had expressed a son's love for the mother who had helped to bring him to his high estate.

President McKinley furnished fast young America a striking example of loyalty and affection for mother. Time and again during his arduous duties as president, he left the seat of govern-

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ment to be by the bedside of his sick mother in her humble Ohio home.

* * *

Teaching Greek and Laying Brick

A bricklayer in New York has a daughter who wants to study Greek. Her father went to the Greek professor of a local college who lives next door to him and asked himself if he would give her lessons. The professor consented to do so. When asked what charges he would make, the professor suggested that he should receive the same remuneration per hour as the girl's father received for laying brick. The latter denounced his charges as exorbitant and flounced out of the house in anger.—*United Presbyterian*.

* * *

"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep"

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,

Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this:
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,

The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch crown, to light the brows?
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

—Elizabeth B. Browning.

* * *

Myself

I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able, as days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye;
I don't want to stand, with the setting sun,
And hate myself for things I've done.

I don't want to keep on a closet shelf
A lot of secrets about myself,
And fool myself, as I come and go,
Into thinking that nobody else will know
The kind of man I really am;
I don't want to dress up myself in sham.

I want to go out with my head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect;
But here in the struggle for fame and pelf
I want to be able to like myself.
I don't want to look at myself and know
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.

I can never hide myself from me;
I see what others may never see;
I know what others may never know;
I never can fool myself, and so,
Whatever happens I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience-free.

—Edgar A. Guest.

* * *

The wages of sin are paid right on time.

SHREWD COMMENT

Some people attribute all their successes to themselves and their failures to their circumstances.

* * *

One reason why people borrow so much trouble is because they don't have to give any security, pay interest, or even return the principal.—*Religious Telescope*.

* * *

Nothing on earth can smile but man. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers between them both—more bewitching than either.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

* * *

Here are two phrases in a recent book that jar one out of his accustomed and beloved rut: "The forbidden luxury of cheap melancholy," and "The unconquerable gladness of the Christian."—*The Chapel Bell*.

* * *

The typical American is not and never will be the "melting pot" product of European immigration. He is the Protestant, Anglo-Saxon, ancestral type exemplified by Presidents Harding and Coolidge.—*Chapel Bell*.

* * *

On order depends all intellectual progress. Without it all schools close, libraries are empty, and education stops. Disorder was the forerunner of the Dark Ages.—*Calvin Coolidge*.

* * *

Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built.—*Lincoln*.

* * *

Good habits are not made on birthdays, nor Christian character at the New Year. The workshop of character is everyday life.—*Maltbie D. Babcock*.

* * *

Here is a bit of wise and warning philosophy which appeared on a billboard in front of old First Church, Boston: "The line of least resistance is as mischievous with a man as with a river; it makes both crooked." —*Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

* * *

There was no bitterness in her poverty; she met, looked at it, often even laughed at it, for it bound all the family together hand in hand; it taught endurance, self-dependence, and, best of all lessons, self-renunciation.—*Dinah Maria Mulock*.

* * *

Years ago Mark Twain having been introduced to many kings and queens, to say nothing of dukes and earls, was introduced to the German Kaiser. When he came home his little daughter, commenting on it said, "Pretty soon you will know everybody but God, won't you, papa?"

* * *

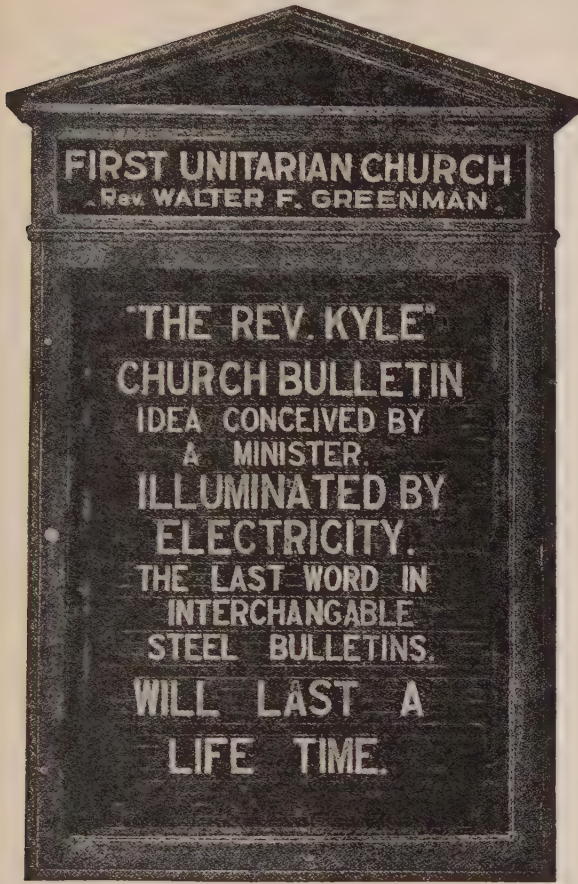
Two persons were tried the same day by the same judge in a municipal court in Boston according to the press. One of them was found guilty and fined for sounding his horn and the other for not sounding it. We understand this experience. (All Editors do. Eds. Exp.)—*Killam's Kollum* in *The Baptist*.

* * *

Prof. Delton D. Howard of Northwestern University says there are six reasons why students

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fail: "Too little sleep; too much play; not enough study; too much leisure; fast eating; and diversified thinking."

* * *

We have been a most favored people. We ought to be a most generous people. We have been a most blessed people. We ought to be a most thankful people.—*President Coolidge.*

* * *

A Real Revival

Several weeks ago Emil Uhlman, a farmer of Petersburg, Ind., missed six big chickens, and a few nights later three more springers disappeared. Two weeks ago a big revival meeting started at Alford, two miles east of Petersburg, and there were a great many conversions. Last week Uhlman's chickens began returning home. One night six chickens came back, and a few nights later the other three arrived.

* * *

Facts are stupid things until brought into connection with some general law.—*Agassiz.*

* * *

You cannot maintain peace by force, for who will supply, who will control, who will direct the force? Great nations may indeed discipline a weak power. But when great nations do not agree

among themselves, who shall guard the guardians? There is only one way to the goal—a long and difficult way,—by the cultivation of the spirit of friendship and good-will among the peoples.—*Charles E. Hughes.*

* * *

Folks and Boats

Some folks are like row-boats, for they have to be pulled wherever they go. Sometimes it is a hard struggle to keep them pointed in the right direction.

Others are like sail-boats. If the wind blows east, that's their direction. If it blows west, they go that way. Of course it is possible for them to "beat against the wind," but they don't often do it. They are inclined to follow every wind of emotion and popular sentiment.

Others still are like power-boats who drive against wind or tide and in face of great difficulties keep their even course.

Which are you like?—*The Booster—Thermal, Cal.*

* * *

There never was a time when we could say: "It is yesterday," and there will never be a time when we can say: "It is tomorrow"—forever and forever it is today. The past has ceased to be and the future does not exist. Therefore, whatever we

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hope to accomplish must be done in the now. The present is all we have; and somewhere hidden away in the magic words, "Today" and "Now," lies the secret of happiness.

* * *

A Yale University professor told his class that "prayer is simply a remnant of the belief in magic, which, during the primitive savage state of man, was characteristic of all of us, but which we have been gradually outgrowing." Some so-called educators are wonderfully persistent in maintaining their relationship with the savages.—*Religious Telescope.*

* * *

Someone has figured it out, with the aid of a slide rule and a calendar, that there were 398 "weeks" last year during which people were expected to buy some special article or commodity, or to do or not do some special thing, or to eat more or eat less of some food, or to think more or worry less or pray longer.—*Advertising Fortnightly.*

* * *

Behind a large body of worshippers in any church, there is always a story of how it came into being. With some differences, and a few exceptions, it is a combination of organization, pastoral work, and preaching. These three, but the greatest of these is preaching, the most difficult of all the arts. Kipling says there are sixty-nine ways of writing "tribal lays" and every one of them is right. There are just as many ways of preaching the gospel, and every one is right.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

* * *

To love God and to seek to serve and please him is the sum of human duty, and it is forever incredible that God should demand any more or be satisfied with any less. The divine aim is to bring men into the loving recognition and acceptance of the divine will. Forgiveness by the heavenly Father is no more difficult than forgive-

ness by an earthly father, and in both cases what is desired is the establishment of the filial spirit in the heart and will of the wayward child.—*Borden P. Bowne.*

* * *

"Do you know the Saviour?" said the missionary to a little waif she had just discovered. "No, I don't know that man." "Well, dear, do you know God?"

"I heard of him; he is the man what if you talks to he won't come in the night and hurt you." What a conception of the Tender Shepherd, the little children's Friend!

* * *

Dr. H. H. Lowry carried his school through the crises of the Boxer year and of the overthrow of the monarchy in 1911. It was in the following year that the first permanent president of the Chinese Republic, Yuan Shih-kai, gave him the famous interview in which he charged the missionaries with responsibility for the establishment of the republic.

"Your excellency, the missionaries have always made it a point not to interfere in politics," Dr. Lowry assured him.

"That is true," Yuan Shih-kai replied, "but by your preaching of God who is the Father of all men and loves all men equally and holds all men as equal before him, you have made this change in our government inevitable."

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God's Income Tax

A Children's Sermon in Which Form 1040 is Featured

REV. RALPH STOODY, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Long ago, so we are told in the book of Genesis, God put Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden to dress it. Everything was to belong to them. It was all theirs to enjoy, except one small corner of the garden where grew the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. This was God's share of the garden. This definite portion he kept for himself.

Temptation came, which led to the very first sin of the world. It was committed when Adam and Eve tried to appropriate for their own use God's share. This always has been a black sin.

Not long after, so the book of Genesis tells us, the sons of Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, each made an offering to God. "By faith Abel offered up a more excellent sacrifice" than Cain. Do you know why it was "more excellent"? Was it not because Cain held back for himself part of God's share? Once more trouble came from trying to keep from our Good Father his rightful share. When men do that they always get into trouble. Cain was so jealous of his brother, whose offering God approved, that he killed Abel, and in consequence became a fugitive in the earth.

Later Abraham and Jacob, and still later Moses, vowed to give God a tenth. That was to be his share. While men did this they found success and when they forgot and dipped their hand into God's share for their own profit they found unhappiness.

Jesus himself gave to his Father the share that he had been taught belonged to God. He said to an audience one day: "Ye pay tithes, these things ought ye have done," thus approving the principle. So important is the relation of a man to his possessions that Jesus used sixteen of his parables to show the right and wrong uses of money.

Since the Great War there has been a new income tax collected with which to pay the great debt of our country. On a blank like this (show income tax blank) all people whose salary or wage is higher than a certain amount must set down the amount of their incomes. Then from these figures the income tax is estimated. Hard as are arithmetic examples, men have told me that this job is the hardest problem they have ever tackled.

But in figuring Uncle Sam's income tax, he first asks us to make an allowance for another tax, God's income tax. (Turn over blank and read)

"Deductions: Enter on line six any contributions or gifts made during the year to any corporation or fund organized and operated for religious, charitable or educational purposes. The amount claimed shall not exceed 15% of the net income."

"Thus," says Uncle Sam, "pay your income tax to God first of all. He has prior claim. His is first—mine second."

I notice, too, on this income tax blank that there is a paragraph entitled "Penalties." Strange to say there are many men who try to keep back the share of their income that goes to the government. They make false statements. They deceive and delude the tax collector. Why anyone would do this it is hard to understand. It is by the safety and protection afforded by the government that we are sure of any income at all. Yet so many are tempted to evade the tax, that I read:

"Penalties: For making fraudulent return, not to exceed \$10,000 fine or one year's imprisonment, or both."

There are folks who try to escape God's income tax in just this same way. They try to hold back God's share for their own uses. They deceive themselves and try to convince others as well as themselves that God has not given them quite enough, and so they will keep his part. Very strange it is, however, that the people who do pay God's income tax find that they get along better than when they did not. It seems as though really they have more.

God has some penalties, like Uncle Sam. Among them is the feeling that we are not partners with him in the great work of Christ in the world. I knew a grown man once who used to weep when he remembered that he refused to buy a gravel pit that later brought great financial returns to the owner. What will be the feeling of condemnation to a man who is offered a partnership with God in the great work of rebuilding the world and finds that he has lost all of the profit that it would have given in this life, and found bankruptcy in the world to come? Another penalty is that we are deprived of the great blessedness which comes from giving God his share. Adam and Eve and the murderer, Cain, each one suffered God's penalties for trying to use his portion. Everyone who holds back God's income tax suffers. Those who pay it are blest.

A doctor, an architect, and a Bolshevik were discussing as to the priority of their occupations. The doctor said, "When Adam's side was opened and a rib removed to make woman, there was a surgical operation—medicine was the oldest calling." The architect said, "Yes, but when the earth was made, out of chaos, there was the building process, the use of materials according to a plan. The architect's is still older." The Bolshevik smiled and said, "But who supplied the chaos?"—*Farm Life.*

ROLLING UP THE BARBED WIRE

Rev. Richard Braunstein, Highland, N. Y.

Barbed wire: "A twisted wire full of sharp points, or thornlike projections."—Dictionary.

"Men whose teeth are spears and arrows and their tongues a sharp sword."—The Psalmist.

The minister of the gospel and the professor of literature were walking across the fields which led to a trout brook. While their objective was fishing their conversation was philosophical. Nearing a fence the professor asked, "Do you believe that the wicked are punished after death?" The minister did not answer at once. Impaled by his coat tail on a barbed wire fence he struggled to extricate himself. Gaining his freedom at last he replied with fire in his eye, "If there is no hell there ought to be for the man who invented barbed wire." This cryptic remark was a whole system of philosophy in itself.

Figuratively speaking there is a lot of barbed wire in the world. It contributes in a very large measure to the hurt and hindrance of life. The varied forms of selfishness and jealousy existing in almost every relationship are heart-breaking and make history repeat itself in countless crucifixions. "A man's inhumanity to man"—is it not the supreme task of the Church to aim at this in the endeavor to destroy? On the other hand much barbed wire can be found within the sacred confines of the church. There are still denominational discords and petty oppositions. Let the "church up the street" glory in the success of the "church down the street." Of course we should do our best to gain a large hearing and constituency but with *honor*. Let the best man win. The best man is the man who is ethical. No battle is rightly won unless it is fought according to the rules of honor and justice. Our object is the establishment of the kingdom of God in our midst, not the building up of a denomination. Denominational places in the ecclesiastical sun are gained with the ideals of the New Testament. Personal aims and political wire-pulling build neither the kingdom or denominations. Where the green of envy exists in the place of the red of sacrifice there follows defeat both for the local church and the values of God that the church is supposed to offer. The helping hand is more Christian—pity that this must be worded when it should be apparent—than the kicking foot. The word of encouragement is more constructive than the phrase of criticism.

The world war was won by the co-operation and coordinating of all the interests and societies called the "Allied Drives." We worked together. Let each man and church do their best. No community is over-manned or over-churched when men and churches are true to Jesus Christ. It is only when selfishness and jealousy are allowed to insinuate themselves in our plans that we are a disgrace in the eyes

of those whom we seek to help.

"Physician heal thyself," quotes the world.

"You that preach ethics, be ethical," says the unregenerate.

"In honor preferring one another," states the Bible.

The Master Preacher however said the last word on the subject, "Do unto others that which you would have others do unto you."

The above is not an attack on the ministry or church members. It is merely a reminder of the fact that "personal zeal" may defeat the purpose for which it is manifested. The end does not always justify the means. There are some ministers who do not practice what they preach. Not even the writer all of the time. He is a small man who can reach his ideals. Nevertheless we ministers should allow no corner in our thinking that works for the destruction of another man's work nor the defeat of his purpose—a purpose which is the same as our purpose, namely creating a type of life and a form of righteousness that is a series of quotation marks from the Life of Christ. A course of Professional Ethics is needed in the curriculum of our divinity schools. "The soul of every reform is the reform of the soul." "Young man, if you would make the world better, you must be better," said Carlyle.

The reader is requested to read "Inter-Church Ethics" on page 791 of the March 1924, *Expositor*.

We are glad that the author of "Inter-Church Ethics" had the courage to write as he did. We are not a mutual admiration society neither can it be said that "coals are carried to Newcastle" when others preach to preachers.

TEXTUAL PREACHING COMMENDED

At a meeting of ministers the several plans of sermonizing were discussed. Some used the expository method, others were textual preachers, but the great majority were topical preachers. While every minister of the Gospel knows the nature of the textual plan I submit an outline for the sake of example: "And the word of the Lord came unto Jonah, the son of Amittai, saying, Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me." Jonah 1:1, 2. To preach from that passage to the satisfaction of the preacher and the edification of the congregation, the following plan cannot be much astray:

I. The call. "And the word of the Lord came unto Jonah, the son of Amittai."

II. The commission. "Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city."

III. The message. "And cry against it."

IV. The reason. "For their wickedness is come up before me."

The claim that the textual method is the best may be confirmed by the consideration

that the Christian ministry is enjoined to "preach the Word." We are not commanded to preach about it, but to preach it. If the topical plan is followed, there is danger of departing from the simplicity and spirituality of truth, which are indispensable to the right presentation of the Gospel. Ministers, like all men, are human, and need some obstacle to prevent them from overstepping the limits of wisdom. We need have no fear of not doing our duty as preachers of the Gospel if we study our Bible and explain its contents. One is very liable to become a preacher upon topics which are not always in harmony with the dignity of the pulpit. If such a minister is not on the alert he will find himself presenting as Gospel that which is not.

We also contend for the textual method of sermonizing because a student of the Bible never need be at a loss for a subject that will be suitable for the pulpit. The Bible is a large book. If a minister has had the advantage of a theological seminary course and is a devoted student of the Word he will always have more texts on hand than he can use. No doubt those who employ the topical method keep a book in which are noted the subjects suggested in various ways. Some have all they need; others have less than necessary. That may be the experience of some who are purely expository preachers; and if it is, it is because the Bible is not studied as it should be. A settled pastor must appear before his congregation nearly one hundred times a year besides speaking at the weekly meetings, funerals and extra services. This is no unimportant consideration. Only a minister who teaches the contents of Scripture can do it. An infidel or atheist cannot sustain himself long in one place. A minister of the Gospel can settle over a church and remain all his life in the same charge, and, if he is a good student, appear before his people every Sunday with something fresh from God's Word. A textual preacher can do it. Can a topical preacher?

The textual method is commended because no other is so satisfactory to preacher and people.—*Rev. Charles L. Palmer.*

The spring which supplied the home of Roger Williams with water is still flowing. An elderly gentleman, visiting it recently, was greatly affected by the associations of the place, and expressed a desire to drink from the spring.

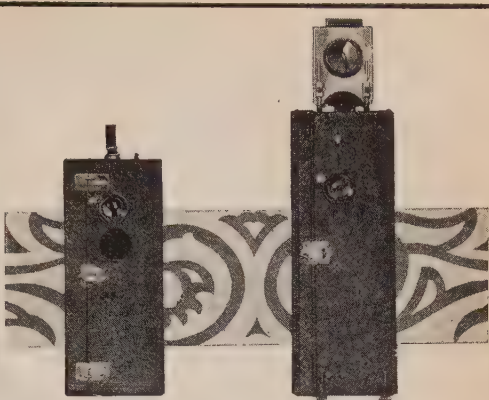
The attendant said: "The water is not now used. There is doubt of its purity. One takes a risk in drinking it."

But the faithful saint replied: "Water that was good enough for Roger Williams is good enough for me, and I'll drink it."

And he did.—*Ill. Trumpet Call.*

* * *

We may not all be great lights throwing our gleams far out over dark waters but every one of us may be a "lower light," brightening our own small corner in life, and reaching out to those near by.



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REEL ONE—*First Sunday morning away from Old Home Town. Nine A. M.*

"Well! Well! Now for the first Sunday in the big burg! Just a week ago was the last service in the old church. It was great! The old preacher prayed for those who were going away among strangers. That class of my boys gave me a travelling case. Some of the girls (Bless their hearts! Fine girls! Very fine girls!) gave me two boxes of fudge to eat on the train. Old Deacon Stevenson came up and said—how did he put it? Yes, this was it—'Well, John, you're going away. There is nothing left to say but the things that men don't say to one another.' And then he turned away and walked out of the door. Oh, yes, the choir sang 'God be with you till we meet again.' Silly old hymn, outgrown, so they say in the city, but it did get under my skin. Great little choir that, even if some of the city folk did say last summer that Aunt Eliza, the main soprano, couldn't even look upstairs in the general direction of upper C without her voice cracking. Let it crack! I'd give a heap to hear her sing 'There Were Ninety and Nine' this very day. Well, I must get off to church this morning and get acquainted before another day is gone or I'll be so lonesome I'll chuck my job. It's the big one round the corner for me. A church the size of that must have a thousand friendly folks in it. Here goes."

REEL TWO—*First Service in the New Church.*

"Say, look at the people. It would look like a funeral or a wedding back home. Something special must be on this morning. It'll take me a month before I get the names of all these women and get so I can call all the men Dick or Bill as I used to do back home.

"We couldn't afford to have that many in the choir down home; it would be too big a drain on the congregation. Now our folks back home were never afraid to show off their clothes in the choir; some said they were a bit too eager for it and that Betsy Billings never would go in the choir till her uncle gave her that new satin. But these people wear gowns. That's one way of keeping your neighbors from knowing how long you wear the old ones. Trust the city folks to think of things!

"Their organist can't be very sure of himself not to accompany the choir on that anthem. He must be a new fellow and nervous. Now, our organist back home wasn't afraid to carry right through anything with the choir and when they bore on hardest she was always right there with the grand noise. But

this fellow just sits there sort of helpless like and waives his hands at them as if he was telling them to stop and begin over again at the fifth line.

"The way they screech, taking those high notes! Now, Aunt Eliza always said you could get the most music around what she used to call 'the middle register' and so I guess she got me used to it. Well, well, I suppose I'll get used to anything.

"What a still and solemn crowd these people are! No smiling and bowing across the church. These men must all be bankers and corporation lawyers and college professors and plutocrats of some sort or they wouldn't be carrying around such wonderful clothes and such dignity.

"Gracious! I'm out of the church and never had a word from a soul. One man gave me a fishy stare and another loaned me his hand for a minute when I insisted on saying 'Howdy' and another, just when I was going to speak to him turned to someone else and said kind'a languidly, 'Get your husband, Mrs. Jones, and go home with us. I have the car with me.' That was all."

REEL THREE—*Second Sunday.*

"Well, I'm still at it. No one knows what my name is yet."

REEL FOUR—*Third Sunday.*

"Progress at last! One man attempted to call me by name but got it wrong."

REEL FIVE—*Fourth Week. Fellowship Supper.*

"Well, here I am and we are having a great time. I've met a hundred people already. Say, the minister and that big lawyer must be real human to laugh at such bum jokes as they have had here tonight; I'm warming up to them. I'll wager that that college president looks as much like a buffoon as I do when he gets into a suit of pajamas. These women can make pies that melt in your mouth and are just as good as any ever trimmed by the Ladies' Aiders back home. And aren't they gracious about insisting on the second cup of tea? Say, man alive, but when that soprano from the choir came in here and sang 'Annie Laurie' and let them bring her back for two more pieces, she simply won my heart out and out.

"These fellowship suppers, as they call them, are certainly well named. Folks are real human down here and a chap gets acquainted in no time. This is the church for me."

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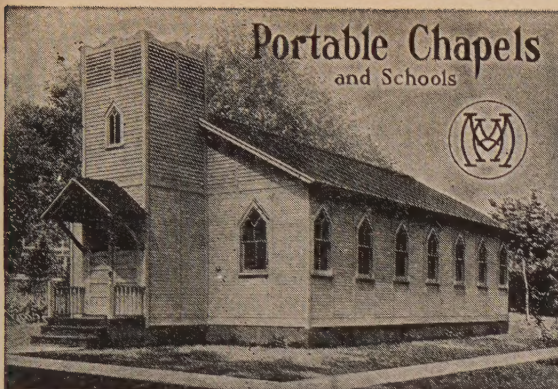
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